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THE GOSPELS OF KING CANUTE. (Eleventh Century.)

The handsome MS. from which the Plate is taken is preserved amongst the Royal MSS. in the British Museum. It consists of 150 leaves of vellum measuring 13½ by 10½ inches.

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	C.B.
	<i>Pedro Calderon de La</i>
of the British <i>Calderon de La</i>	
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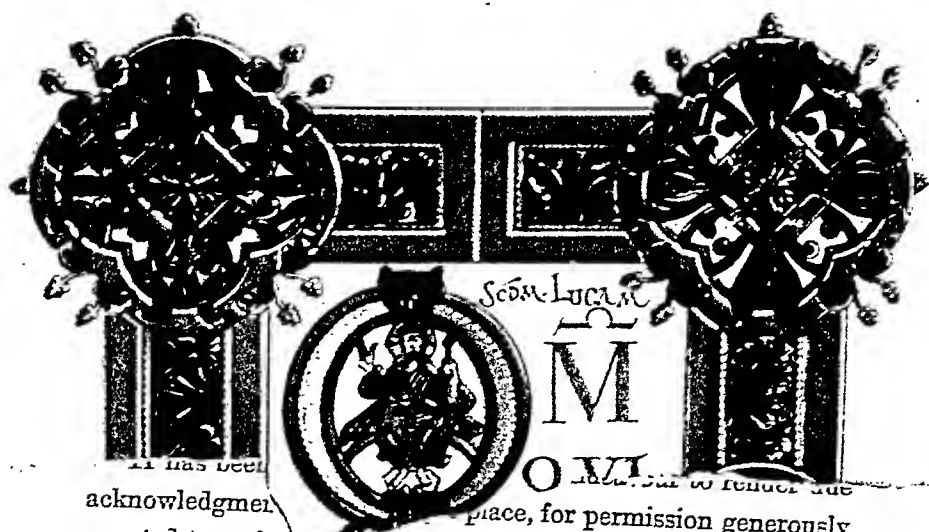
VOLUME VII

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INTRODUCTION
to VOL. VII

"THE LITERATURE OF RELIGIOUS
CRITICISM"

WRITTEN FOR
"THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE"

BY
THE VERY REV.
FREDERICK WILLIAM FARRAR
Dean of Canterbury



THE GOSPELS OF KING CANUTE. (Eleventh Century.)

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THE LITERATURE OF RELIGIOUS CRITICISM

BY DEAN FARRAR

RELIGIOUS criticism has always been active in every age in which there has been any intellectual life at all. Religion—by which, in the broadest sense of the word, we ultimately mean the theory and the practice of duties which result from the relations between God and man—must always be a primary concern of human life. All who believe that the Creator has not remained eternally silent to the creatures of His hands, but that,

E'en in the absolute drench of dark,
God, stooping, shows sufficient of His light
For those i' the dark to walk by,—

will form their conception of religion from what they regard as His direct revelations to the soul of man. Our view as to what God requires of us is of such infinite importance as to surpass all others. In many ages the Priests of every variety of religion have tried to suppress enquiry by authority. They have claimed to be the sole authorised repositories of divine influence—the sole authorised interpreters of God's will; the sole dispensers of His grace. Whenever their views—often emphasised by free resort to torture and the stake—have acquired a tyrannous dominance, the religion of the multitude has usually sunk into a mechanical fetish-worship, which, relying for salvation on outward observances, has admitted of the widest possible divorce between religion and morality. Whatever may be the perils of free enquiry they are infinitely less to be dreaded than those of a stagnant mummery, or of a subservient ignorance which rests content with the most glaring falsities. No

sacerdotal caste, no human being, no Pope of Rome or Llama of Thibet, has the remotest right to claim infallibility. The education of the human race constantly advances. I have just quoted the lines of Robert Browning; but we may adduce the equally emphatic testimony of the other foremost poet of our generation—Lord Tennyson. He wrote—

Our little systems have their day;
 They have their day, and cease to be:
 They are but broken lights of thee,
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

and again—

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
 And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
 Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

The light is constantly shining on amid the darkness; and "God," says George Eliot, "shows all things in the slow history of their ripening."

Since then, the views of every progressive age *must* differ, in many particulars, from those which prevailed in the generations which preceded it, it becomes a most pertinent enquiry for us, at the close of another century, whether the incessant and unfettered activity of the human mind in all matters of enquiry has resulted in shaking any of the fundamental conceptions in the religion of those millions—amounting to nearly one-third of the entire human race—"who profess and call themselves Christians."

Obviously—considering that no century has been more intellectually restless than this, and in no century has education in Europe been more widely disseminated—it would require not one brief paper, but several volumes, to enter in detail into the whole subject; to estimate the religious effect produced by many epoch-making writings during an age in which "of making books there is no end"; and to define the changes of opinion caused by the discoveries of science during times in which—more than at any



DEAN FARRAR

other period of the world's history—"many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased." Such a book, written by a student of competent wisdom and learning, and given to the world before the beginning of the year 1900, might be a very precious boon. But to so full an enquiry this paper must only be regarded as an infinitesimal contribution.

I

First, as to the most fundamental of all enquiries—Has the progress of science, or the widening of all sources of enquiry, weakened our sense of *the existence of God*? We are, I think, justified in meeting the question with a most decided negative. Judging by all the data open to us, we may safely assert that Infidelity has *not* increased. It is much less prevalent than it seems to have been in the days of the French Revolution; nor have we in modern society any phenomenon which resembles the state of things in the eighteenth century, when we are told that "wits" and men of the world openly repudiated all religion, and when, as Bishop Butler tells us at the beginning of his "Analogy," the essential truths of Christianity were often scoffed at as though they were exploded absurdities not worth discussion. "It is come," he says, "I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much as a subject of enquiry, but that it is, now at length, discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly, they treat it as if, in the present age, *this were an agreed point among all people of discernment*; and nothing remained but to set it up as a *principal subject of mirth and ridicule*." No one would say that such broad and coarse infidelity is now at all common. It is sometimes supposed that there are many infidels among our working men. I can only say that when I was the Rector of a London Parish, and was familiar with the condition of a large number of working men of various grades, I found many who were addicted to drink, and many who rarely if ever set foot inside a church, but I cannot recall even one of them who had the smallest leaning towards infidel opinions.

Infidelity is sometimes confused with Agnosticism, but they

are wide as the poles asunder. "Agnosticism" is a word of recent birth. It has as yet hardly found its way into our dictionaries. It does not occur either in Latham's edition of Johnson's Dictionary, or in Littré's French Dictionary.¹ It was, I believe, first suggested by the late Professor Huxley in a meeting of the Metaphysical Society in 1869. But as one who had the privilege of knowing Professor Huxley for many years, and of frequently meeting him, I can say that, so far from being an infidel, he was a man of a reverent and even of a religious mind. Never in his life did he, or Darwin, or Tyndall, dream of denying the existence of God. Their scientific enquiries had no doubt deepened in their minds the sense of the uncertainties of all human belief; the conviction that the limits of truth are vaster and more vague than is allowed for in many systems; the feeling that if the curtain which hangs between us and the unseen world be but "thin as a spider's web," it is yet "dense as midnight." But a *reverent and limited* Agnosticism is by no means an unmitigated evil. Even the ancient Jewish Rabbis, whom none can accuse of a spirit of incredulity, had the apothegm "*Learn to say, I do not know.*" A sense of our human limitations may serve as a counterpoise to the easy familiarity which, as it has been said, talks of God "as though He were a man in the next room," or writes scholastic folios of minute dogmatism which have about as much stability as a pyramid build upon its apex. "Agnosticism" may be no more than a strengthened conviction that "what we know is little, what we are ignorant of is immense." In the most solemn parts of Scripture we are warned of this truth. In Exodus we are told that "the people stood afar off," and only Moses "drew near into the thick darkness, where God was." "Canst thou by searching find out God?" asks Zophar in the Book of Job.

Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?
 It is as high as Heaven, what canst thou do?
 Deeper than Sheol: what canst thou know?

"Verily thou art a God that hidest Thyself," says Isaiah. "How

¹ It is fully handled in Dr. Murray's New English Dictionary. An Agnostic is one who holds "that God is unknown and unknowable."

unsearchable are God's judgments," says St. Paul, "and His ways past finding out!"¹ For who hath known the mind of the Lord, and who hath been his counsellor? But the greatest and best Agnostic men of science of modern days, even while with the Psalmist they would say of God that "clouds and darkness are round about Him," would nevertheless have been the first to add that "righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne." And this gradually became the mental attitude even of J. S. Mill, in spite of the effects of his early training. If he held that we are built around by an impenetrable wall of darkness, and that "*omnia exeunt in mysterium*," his later writings show that he also believed that man has a lamp in his hand, and may walk safely in the little circle of its light. It may, I think, be truly said that many great Agnostics *inclined* to believe and *did* believe, even when they were unable to say that they *knew*. They would have sympathised with the condemned criminal, who, though he had been denying the existence of God, was heard to fling himself on his knees, a moment afterwards, in an agnony of prayer; and they would have been inclined to utter, though without its tone of despair, the wild cry which he uttered on the scaffold, "O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!" If, with the late Sir James Stephen, they might have compared life to "a mountain pass, in the midst of whirling snow and blinding mist, through which we get glimpses now and then of paths which may be deceptive," they would have added with him—in answer to the question "What must we do?"—"Be strong and of a good courage. Act for the best; hope for the best; and take what comes."

Next to the fundamental conviction that there is a God of Love and Righteousness, who cares for the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hands, religious enquiry in our century has mainly turned on three subjects—the nature of Inspiration as regards the Holy Scriptures; the character of future Retribution; and the Divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

¹ See Rom. xi. 33; Job xi. 7-9; Ps. xxxvi. 6; Col. ii. 2, 3, etc.

II

As to the belief in man's *immortality and the doctrine of a future life*, little need here be said. All that study and criticism have done for us in this direction has resulted in pure gain. The all-but-universal belief in a future life is instinctive in human nature, and has never been shaken. It is a conviction which transcends disproof, and does not depend on logical demonstration. The heart of man cries aloud to God with perfect confidence.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust ;
Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And Thou hast made him :—Thou art just !

As to the belief in the *nature and conditions* of our future life, modern thought has inclined more and more to the view that they can only be described in symbols which cannot be crudely interpreted—that Heaven does not mean a golden city in the far-off blue, but the state of a soul cleansed from the stain of sin, and enjoying the Grace and Presence of God ; and that Hell is not a crude and glaring everlasting bonfire, where those who are the creatures of God's hand writhe in the interminable anguish of torturing flames, but the misery of alienation from all that is pure and holy, which must continue until that alienation has been removed, and God has become all in all.

III

As regards *the Scriptures*, enough books have been written in the nineteenth century alone to stock a very large library. Has the time come in which we can form a true estimate as to their general results ?

1. Unquestionably the theoretic conception of the manner in which Scripture has been given to us has undergone a wide and permanent change. The notion of what is called "Verbal Inspiration" in its narrowest sense, does not seem to have prevailed in the Early Church. The later forms of Judaism, after the days of Ezra, had indeed made a sort of fetish of the Old Testament, much

as the Mussulman makes of his Qu'ran. The Scribes had counted the number of letters which the book contained; they could tell you the middle letter of the whole volume; they could say how many verses began with this or that letter; and that there were only three verses which began with the letter S. They observed that the word *Van* ("and") occurs fourteen times in Gen. ix. 20-25; and that in the first and last verses of the Old Testament, such and such a letter occurred exactly the same number of times. Yet even in the midst of this stereotyped fetishism, there were occasional gleams of biblical criticism. They did not place the book of Daniel among the prophets, but in the *Kethubim*, or *Hagiographa*. It was a very long time before the book of Esther was admitted into the Canon. Great doubts were felt about Ecclesiastes; the school of Shammai pronounced against it.¹ The final and secure admission of Ezekiel as one of the sacred books was only secured by the elaborate ingenuity of Rabbi Chananiah ben Chiskiyah.² It "would have been suppressed because of its contradictions to the law, but the Rabbi by the help of 300 bottles of oil prolonged his lucubrations till he succeeded in reconciling all the discrepencies." And biblical criticism took the form of "explaining away" all that was felt to be obsolete or undeniable even in the regulations of the Levitic law.

By means of the ingenious shufflings known as "*Erubhin*" or "mixtures," the school of Hillel managed to get rid of limitations as soon as they were found to be disagreeable. In the New Testament we find absolutely nothing to sanction the utterly false, meaningless, and fanatical dogma, that (as Dean Burgon expressed it) "every book, every chapter, every verse, every word—what say I?—*every letter*" of the Holy Book came direct from God! The Apostles had never been encouraged in any such doctrines by their Lord. On the contrary, He freely criticised fundamental positions of the Mosaic law. He told the Jews that Moses had given them divorce because of the hardness of their hearts, but that in the beginning it was not so; and He not only treated as a matter of

indifference, but completely abrogated, so far-reaching a regulation as that of "clean" and "unclean" meats—that law of *Kashar* and *Tamé* which continues valid among Jews to this day. For when He taught that it is only that which cometh from *within* which defileth a man, "this He said, making all meats clean."¹ Many of the early Christians indeed gave up, in great measure, all respect for the authority of Mosaic dispensation. So early and widely popular a book as the Epistle of Barnabas, went so far as to say that circumcision of the flesh had been enacted, not by God, but by an evil Demiurge.² In course of time something of the former Judaic notion of mechanical inspiration was reintroduced. Yet St. Augustine said even of the Evangelists that they wrote "*ut quisque meminerat vel ut cuique cordi erat*"—which is a notion widely different from that of "verbal dictation." St. Jerome was imbued with the spirit of a critic; and when his contemporaries raged against him as a "*corruptor sanctarum scripturarum*," he called them "two-footed asses" (*aselli bipedes*)! There was of course no "biblical criticism" amid the sacerdotal despotism, and during the "deep slumber of decided opinions" which prevailed in the Middle Ages. But with the revival of learning came the New Testament of Erasmus, and—heedless of the outrageous clamour excited by fearless truthfulness, he rightly omitted the spurious text about the "three heavenly witnesses" in St. John's Epistles. Luther was an even audacious critic. He attached supreme authority to his own subjective views; and unable to see the importance and glory of the Epistle of St. James, he called it "A right-down strawy Epistle, which contained no evangelic truth." Like many in the Reformed Churches, he also slighted the Book of Revelation as an insoluble enigma, and scarcely regarded it as a true part of canonical Scripture. Even in the Roman Church, R. Simon, in his *Critical History of the Old Testament*, pointed out the remarkable difference between the Jehovistic and Elohistie documents in Genesis. That difference had been noticed as far back as the thirteenth century by the Jew Kalonymus, who wrote these remarkable words: "From the beginning of Genesis up to the passage of the Sabbatic rest (ii. 1-3)

¹ *Mark* vii. 19.

² *Ep. Barn.* c. 9.

only *Elohim* occurs, and not once *Jehovah*. From ii. 4, 5, we find *Jehovah - Elohim*; from v.-vi. 9, only *Jehovah*. This strange use of the names of God cannot be accidental, but gives, according to my opinion, some hidden hints which are too wonderful for me to understand." R. Simon's *Histoire Critique* was suppressed in France by the influence of Bossuet, but his hint was followed up by the physician Astruc (d. 1766), who first developed in his anonymous "Conjectures" the theory of four separate documents (A.B.C.D. and A.B.) which had been already mentioned by Simon, Le Clerc, and Fleury. In spite of the frantic screams of ignorant opposition, the labour and genius of open-minded scholars, such as Mill, Bentley, Bengel, Wetstein, and in this century of Griesbach, Lachmann, Tregelles, and Tischendorf, slowly but inevitably paved the way for the broader, yet deeply reverent views of the nature of inspiration which have been established by the greatest biblical writers of the present day, such as Westcott, Hort, Lightfoot, Driver, and Cheyne; and by hosts of German scholars, of whom it may now be said that there is not one of the smallest fame or distinction who does not believe (as did Bishop Colenso), that in the gift of inspiration there are human elements commingling with the divine.

The labours of several generations of eminent and holy scholars, who have loved Truth more than Tradition, have broken down the ignorant bigotry of mechanical and untenable hypotheses, and have shown that the facts which result from the criticism and history of each book and part of the Old Testament must be carefully considered apart from a supposed orthodoxy, which is often no better than stereotyped unprogressiveness and opinionated infallibility. *God's Orthodoxy*, it has been well said, "is the truth." Hence it is now regarded as a matter of established fact, among all serious and competent scholars, that the Pentateuch is composed of composite documents. Professor Cheyne, in a paper read before the Church Congress in 1883, did not hesitate to make the confident assertion that, if either exegesis or the church's representation of religious truth is to make any decided progress, the results of the literary analysis of the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua into

several documents must be accepted as facts; and that the Book of Deuteronomy was not known as a whole till the age of Josiah; and that some of those Levitic ordinances which are not so much as alluded to in the entire Old Testament, may not have been established till after the days of the prophet Ezekiel. There is a general acceptance among scholars of the opinion that the Books of Isaiah and Zechariah, respectively, were the works of at least *two* writers, one of whom (in each instance) wrote at a considerably later date than the other. It is a view which is becoming daily more widely accepted, that there are "Haggadistic" elements in the Books of Jonah and of Daniel, and that both books are of much later dates than those of the prophets whose name they bear. These opinions have long been regarded as indisputable by leading scholars. Defence after defence has been written of the authenticity of the Book of Daniel, both before and since the elaborate volume of Dr. Pusey; but the defenders differ from each other on the most important questions, and now even the most conservative theologians are beginning to see that the old positions are entirely untenable. Professor Stanton of Cambridge, a cautious student, yet says, in his *Hulscan Lectures* on the Jewish Messiah, that the Book of Daniel is assigned to the Maccabean era even by many orthodox critics; and that "the chief difficulty which the earlier date must have, consists in the fact that the communication of such detailed information about events in a comparatively distant future would not be according to the laws of Divine Revelation which we trace in other cases."

I have used the word "Haggadistic"; and a right appreciation of the meaning of the word is of the utmost importance.

There were among the Jews two schools of ancient commentary—the one called the *Halacha*, which consisted of minute exposition of, and inferences from, the written and oral law; the other called *Haggada*, which dealt more with moral and religious teaching, and gave play to the imagination. The latter method of instruction had practically existed in all ages, and there is nothing whatever derogatory to the sacred majesty of the Bible in the beliefs that divine truths should have been sometimes conveyed in the form of

allegory or Parable. Our Lord's parables convey the divinest lessons which God has ever communicated to man; yet they are confessedly "*Parables*"—i.e. they are truths conveyed by imaginary stories. The notion that some of the biblical narratives are of this Haggadistic character goes back even to the days of the Fathers. For instance, St. Gregory of Nyssa, the brother of St. Basil of Cæsarea, and a writer of learning and genius, goes so far as to apply the terms Ἰουδαϊκὴ φλυαρία, "Jewish babble" to a merely *literal* acceptance of the story of Babel; and even as far back as 1782, we find Bishop Horsley (Sermon XVI.) saying of the earliest narratives of Genesis, that they are not necessarily meant to be literally taken. "Divines of the most unimpeachable orthodoxy, says Coleridge, "and most averse to the allegorising of scripture history in general, have held without blame the allegoric explanation. And indeed no unprejudiced man can pretend to doubt that if, in any other book of Eastern origin, he met with trees of life and knowledge, or talking snakes, he would want no other proofs that it was an allegory that he was reading, and intended to be understood as such." Imaginations which are not yet wholly paralysed by the arrogant infallibility of self-satisfied nescience, will soon get to see that the grandeur and value of the uniquely noble lessons conveyed by the Book of Jonah are not in the slightest degree impaired by the supposition that they are conveyed under the form of imaginary incidents. That the book was written, in whole or in part, after the Exile is the view of Kleinert, Ewald, Bleek, Nöldeke, Schrader, Reuss, Orelli, Hitzig, Köhler, and many others. Gesenius, De Wette, Knobel, Orelli, Cheyne, Kuenen, Dean Plumptre, and most modern critics admit the legendary element. Dr. Otto Zöckler says that the book is "didactic, not historic," and it is now generally held that the idea of the sea-monster is derived from the metaphoric language in such passages as Isa. xxvii. 1; Jer. ii. 34.¹

Human language is and must be an imperfect medium for the conveyance of truth. "Language," it has been said, "is but an

¹ For further information I may refer to my little book on *The Minor Prophets* ("Men of the Bible," Nisbet).

asymptote to thought." Ages ago the wisest Rabbis said and taught that "the law speaks in the tongue of the sons of men."

There is nothing which, in the light of history and criticism, we have learnt respecting the Bible which is not involved in the principle that in inspired utterances there is still a human element. At any rate, knowledge is knowledge. The light which comes from heaven—the light which is derived from earnest and truthful study—cannot lead us astray. The grandeur of that which is uttered to us by the voice of God has not been in the smallest degree impaired by any of the certain conclusions which study has revealed. We feel none the less the thrill and splendour of Isaiah's magnificent utterances, if we are convinced that there are two Isaiahs, of whom the second may have lived a century later than the first; nor do we lose the large lessons of toleration, of pity, of the impossibility of flying from God, of God's abounding tenderness, of the shaming into fatuity of man's little hatreds, if advancing knowledge compels us to recognise that the book of Jonah is, as a whole, a Jewish Haggadah.

2. Let us turn to the New Testament. It may now be regarded as indisputable that the Epistle to the Hebrews was not written by St. Paul. No critic worth the name would any longer maintain that it is. It may also be regarded as certain that if St. Peter had any hand at all in the Second Epistle which goes by his name, yet other hands have been at work upon it. There are still unsettled problems about the Apocalypse. But on the whole the assaults of criticism on the stronghold of the New Testament have been defeated all along the line. There are arguments of overwhelming strength to prove that the thirteen Epistles which are attributed to St. Paul are the genuine expressions of his teeming intellect. The authenticity and credibility of the three Synoptists have been fiercely attacked, but have never been shaken. Book after book has been written to prove that the Fourth Gospel was not the work of the Apostle St. John; but those books have not brought conviction to the most learned and open-minded critics. If any one will read the introduction to this Gospel by Bishop Westcott in the *Speaker's Commentary*, he will see how

marvellously strong, how varied, how minute, and in many particulars how unexpected, is the mass of cogent evidence to convince us that in the Gospel we are reading the very words of the "Disciple whom Jesus loved";—and, in any case, we can say with Herder, "That little book is a still, deep sea in which the heavens, with the sun and stars, are mirrored; and if there are eternal truths—and such there are—for the human race, they are to be found in the Gospel of St. John."

It is no longer disputable that the last sixteen verses of St. Mark are a later and dubious appendix to that Gospel; that the narrative of the woman taken in adultery, in John viii. 1-11, —though bearing evidence of its own truth—was no part of the original Gospel: that the text about the three heavenly witnesses (1 John v. 7, 8) is spurious; that the verse about the angel troubling the water of the Pool of Bethesda (John v. 4) should have no place in the genuine text of the Fourth Gospel; that the Eunuch's confession is an interpolation into the text of Acts viii. 37; and that the word "fasting" has been introduced by ascetic scribes into Matt. xvii. 21, Mark ix. 29, 1 Cor. vii. 5, Acts x. 30. But although criticism has, in hundreds of instances, amended the text and elucidated the meaning of almost every page of the New Testament, it has done nothing to shake, but rather much to enhance, our conviction that throughout its treatises the witness of God standeth sure. And, as a general result, we may affirm that the Jewish race possessed an insight respecting the nature of God and His relations to men, which was a special gift to them, for the dissemination of which they were set apart; and that by this inspired mission they have rendered higher and deeper services to mankind than it gained from the æsthetic susceptibilities of Greece, or the strong imperialism of Rome. When we read their sacred books, we are listening to the Prophets of a prophetic race. Nor are these the mere assertions of believers; they have been stated quite as strongly by advanced sceptics. If Cardinal Newman said of the Bible that "its light is like the body of heaven in its clearness, its vastness like the bosom of the sea, its variety like scenes of nature," Renan said with no less strength of con-

constitution of Nature." And he adds, "He who denies the Scripture to have been from God, upon account of these difficulties, may for the very same reason deny the world to have been formed by Him."¹

IV

We now approach the central subject of our religion—our belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. With the belief in Him, the belief in Christianity must stand or fall. It is but a few months since we committed to the grave, amid a nation's tears, the foremost statesman of our century—Mr. W. E. Gladstone. He was a man of splendid intellectual power, as well as of the loftiest eloquence; and it is one sign of the unshaken dominance of the faith in Christ that he—familiar as he was with the literature of almost every nation—could yet say from his heart, "All I write, and all I think, and all I hope, is based upon the Divinity of our Lord, the one central hope of our poor wayward race." It is not long since we lost in Robert Browning one of the deepest and greatest of our poets; and Mr. Browning wrote that—

The acknowledgment of God in Christ,
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All problems in the world, and out of it.

Now the Divinity of Christ has been the subject of vehement attack in all ages. The Jews from the first represented Him as a *mezith* or "deceiver"; and besides the angry and disdainful allusions to Him in Talmudic writings, which spoke of Him as a *Mamzer*, and as "that man," Jewish hatred in the Middle Ages concentrated itself into an amazing mixture of nonsense and blasphemy in the *Toldoth Jeshu*. Among Gentiles, Celsus, the Epicurean Philosopher, wrote his famous "True Discourse," to destroy all His claims for ever; and he was effectually answered by Origen. In the thirteenth century appeared the book now only known by its name, "*De tribus impostoribus*," which was attributed to the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa II., and ranked Christ with Moses and Mahomet. All these attacks have fallen absolutely

¹ *Id. Introd.*

flat and dead, and have ceased to have a particle of significance. But in the eighteenth century in England—through the writings of Hobbes, Bolingbroke, and Hume; in France, by those of Voltaire, Von Holbach and the Encyclopædists; in Germany as the gradual outcome of systems of philosophy which culminated in Hegel, and of which the sceptical elements were brought to a head by the Wolfenbüttel Fragments and the *Leben Jesu* of Strauss,—the belief of thousands was for a time impaired, if not finally destroyed. Out of a mass of sceptical literature two books may be selected as representing the culmination of disbelief in the Divinity of Christ, and as having been specially influential in the spread of that disbelief—the *Leben Jesu* of Strauss, and the *Vie de Jésus* of Ernest Renan. To these I will not add the anonymous work on *Supernatural Religion*, for it was full of the grossest inaccuracies, and it ceased to have any influence when its many instances of sciolism were exposed by the learning and power of Bishop Lightfoot.

Strauss was a pupil of Hegel, and the main position of his once famous, but already half forgotten, *Life of Jesus*, was that it was not history but “a myth”: in other words, that it was nothing but a series of symbols dressed up in an historic form,—convictions thrown into the form of poetry and legend. He went much farther than Hegel, or De Wette, or Schleiermacher, and instead of urging that Jesus had created round him an atmosphere of imagination and excitement, tried to show “that Christ had not founded the Church, but that the Church had invented Christ, and formed him out of the predictions of the Old Testament, and the hopes and expectations of the days founded on them.”¹ He admitted little or nothing which was truly historical in the Gospel miracles. The attempt to establish this opinion broke down under its own baselessness. It was seen in its naked absurdity when Bruno Bauer attributed Christianity to the direct invention of an individual, and Feuerbach treated *all* human religion as self-deception. Herder truly said that “If the fishermen of Galilee invented such a history, God be praised that they

¹ See Hagenbach's *German Rationalism*, p. 371.

invented it"; and further, we may say that if they *did* invent it, the inventors would be as great as the hero. Strauss himself tore to shreds the old attempts of Dr. Paulus to represent the miracles as mere natural events; but how impossible it was to support anything like a religion on views such as his, he himself showed in his subsequent *Glaubenslehre* (1840), in which he expressed his belief that no reconciliation was possible between science and Christianity. Strauss's whole method is vitiated by his two pre-assumptions—(1) that all miracles are impossible; and (2) that the Gospels have no pretence to historical authority. The readers of the Gospels have felt that "It is the Spirit that beareth witness, because the Spirit is truth"; and ordinary reasoners realise at once that the trivial and fantastic hypotheses of a rationalising scepticism are shattered on the two vast facts of Christianity and Christendom. And, like all who have attacked the Divinity of our Lord, even Strauss seems almost compelled to fall down on his knees before Him. He says that "Jesus stands foremost among those who have given a higher ideal to Humanity;" that "It is impossible to refrain from admiring and loving Him; and that never at any time will it be possible to rise above Him, nor to imagine any one who shall be even equal with Him."

Renan's *Vie de Jésus* appeared in 1865. In many respects, if its scepticism be subtracted from it, it was a beautiful book. The author was a learned and brilliant man of genius, and was the master of an eminently fascinating style, through which breathes a charming personality. Yet how utterly inefficient were the deplorable methods by which he tried to set at nought the faith of Christians! Let two instances suffice. For nearly nineteen centuries the religion, the history, and the moral progress of mankind have been profoundly affected by the Resurrection. And yet Renan thinks it sufficient to account for the Resurrection by saying, "Divine power of love! sacred moments in which the passion of an *hallucinée* gives to the world a resuscitated God!" Such a mode of treating the convictions of centuries of Christians, who have numbered in their ranks some of the keenest and most brilliant thinkers in the race of man, can only be regarded as

utterly frivolous. For the sake of a subjective prejudice it sets aside all the records of the New Testament, and the nineteen centuries of splendid progress which have had their origin in the faith which those records founded. So far was "la passion d'une hallucinée," from having founded the belief in the Resurrection that the Apostles, who had found it impossible to realise the prophecies of Resurrection which they had heard from the lips of their Lord, were most reluctant, and most slow of heart to believe the most positive evidence. So far from being prepared beforehand to accept or to invent a Resurrection, "they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a Spirit," when Christ Himself stood before them. When Mary of Magdala and the other women told them that they had seen Jesus, so far from being credulous enough to be carried away by hallucinations, they regarded their words as "idle talk" (*ἄηρος* "babble," a word of entire contempt)—and they disbelieved them: nay, they even rejected the witness of the two disciples to whom He had appeared on the way to Emmaus, and Thomas was dissatisfied with the affirmation of the whole Apostolic band. So far from "regarding it as the height of absurdity to suppose that Jesus could be held by death," their despairing conviction that the bridegroom had indeed been taken from them, was so all but insuperable that it required the most decisive personal eye-witness to overcome it. Again, consider the way in which Renan treats the Resurrection of Lazarus! Although Eleazar was one of the commonest of Jewish names, he assumes that the story of the resuscitation of Lazarus rose from some confusion about the Lazarus of the Parable who was carried into Abraham's bosom; and in some very confused sentences he more than hints that the story of his death and resurrection was the result of a collusion between Jesus, Mary, and Martha, and that Jesus in some way or other gave way to the suggestion of the sisters, because, in the impure city of Jerusalem he had lost "something of his original transparent clearness,"¹ "Peut-être l'ardent désir de fermer la bouche à ceux qui niaient outrageusement la mission divine le leur ami, entraîna-t-elle ces personnes passionnées

¹ *Vie de Jésus*, 372.

au delà de toutes les bornes. Il faut se rappeler que, dans cette ville impure et pesante de Jérusalem, *Jésus n'était pas lui-même*. Sa conscience, par la faute des hommes, et non par la sienne, *avait perdu quelque chose de la limpidité primordiale*." Strange that a man of even ordinary intelligence could expect any one to get rid of a miracle by the hypothesis that the Lord of truth,—He whose life and teaching have created in the world the conviction that "it is better to die than lie,"—lent Himself to a coarse and vulgar make-believe! Christianity surely has nothing to fear from such reconstructions of the Gospel History as these!

Most of the books written to disprove the Divinity of the Saviour suggest some *brand-new hypothesis*; one after another they have their brief vogue, are trumpet^d by unbelievers as a refutation of Christianity, and then pass into oblivion, if not into contempt. They have not shaken the belief reigning in millions of hearts in every region of the habitable globe; and the Christian world, without the smallest misgiving, will still exclaim, in the words of the inscription on the obelisk reared by the Pope Sixtus in front of St. Peter's at Rome, on soil once wet with the blood of martyrs:—

"CHRISTUS VINCIT, CHRISTUS REGNAT, CHRISTUS
IMPERAT, CHRISTUS AB OMNI MALO
PLEBEM SUAM DEFENDAT."

The Christian world continues, and will for long ages hence continue, to offer up the prayer—

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made!

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OF

FAMOUS LITERATURE.

ATHOS, PORTHOS, AND ARAMIS.

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS, PÈRE.

(From "The Three Musketeers.")

[ALEXANDRE DUMAS, PÈRE, French novelist and dramatist, was born July 24, 1803; his grandmother was a Haytian negress. His youth was roving and dissipated; the few years after he became of age were spent in Paris experimenting in literary forms; at twenty-six he took the public by storm with his play "Henry III. and his Court." He was probably the most prolific great writer that ever lived, his works singly and in collaboration amounting to over two thousand volumes; he had some ninety collaborators, few of whom ever did successful independent work. A catalogue of his productions would fill many pages of this work. The most popular of his novels are: "The Three Musketeers" series (including "Twenty Years After" and "The Viscount de Bragelonne") and "The Count of Monte Cristo." He died December 5, 1870.]

THE BASTION OF ST. GERVAIS.

ON arriving at his friends' quarters, D'Artagnan found them assembled in the same room. Athos was thinking, Porthos was twisting his mustache; and Aramis was reading his prayers in a charming little book, bound in blue velvet.

"By my soul, gentlemen," said he, "I hope that what you have to tell me is worth the trouble, otherwise I should not forgive your depriving me of rest after a night passed in dismantling a bastion, entirely by myself. Ah! why were you not there, gentlemen? It was hot work!"

"We were in another place, where it was by no means cold either," said Porthos, giving his mustache a turn peculiar to himself.

"Hush!" said Athos.

"Oh, oh!" said D'Artagnan, understanding the slight frown of the musketeer, "it seems that there is something new stirring."

"Aramis," said Athos, "you breakfasted at the Parpaillot tavern the day before yesterday, I believe."

"Yes."

"How are things there?"

"Why, I fared but poorly myself; it was a fast day, and they had only eggs."

"What," said Athos, "in a seaport, and no fish?"

"They say that the dike which the cardinal is digging drives the fish out into the open sea," said Aramis, resuming his pious reading.

"But that is not what I wanted to know, Aramis," continued Athos. "Were you free, and did no one disturb you?"

"Why, I think that there were not many idlers," replied Aramis. "Yes, in fact, for what you want, Athos, I think we shall do well enough at the Parpaillot."

"Come, then, let us to the Parpaillot," said Athos, "for here the walls are like sheets of paper."

D'Artagnan, who was accustomed to his friend's manner, and understood by a word, a gesture, or a look from him that circumstances called for seriousness, took his arm and went out with him, without uttering a word. Porthos followed them, in conversation with Aramis.

On their way they met Grimaud, and Athos beckoned him to attend them. Grimaud, according to custom, obeyed in silence. The poor fellow had finished by almost forgetting how to speak.

When they arrived at the Parpaillot, it was seven in the morning, and the day was just beginning to dawn. The three friends ordered a good breakfast, and entered a room where the landlord assured them that they would not be disturbed.

The hour was, unfortunately, ill chosen for a consultation. The morning drum had just been beaten; every one was busy shaking off the sleepiness of night, and to drive away the dampness of the morning air, came to take a little dram at the tavern. Dragoons, Swiss guards, musketeers, and light cavalry succeeded one another with a rapidity very beneficial to the business of mine host, but very unfavorable to the designs of our four friends, who replied but sullenly to the salutations, toasts, and jests of their companions.

"Come," said Athos, "we shall invite some rousing quarrel on our hands presently, and we do not want that just now."

D'Artagnan, tell us about your night's work : we will tell you ours afterward."

"In fact," said one of the light cavalry, who, whilst rocking himself, held in his hand a glass of brandy, which he slowly sipped, "in fact, you were in the trenches, you gentlemen of the guards, and it seems to me that you had a squabble with the Rochellais."

D'Artagnan looked at Athos, to see whether he ought to answer this intruder who thrust himself into the conversation.

"Well," said Athos, "did you hear M. de Busigny, who did you the honor to address you? - Tell us what took place in the night, since these gentlemen desire it."

"Did you not take a bastion?" asked a Swiss, who was drinking rum and beer mixed.

"Yes, sir," replied D'Artagnan, bowing, "we had that honor. And also, as you have heard, we introduced a barrel of powder under one of the angles, which, on exploding, made a very pretty breach, without reckoning that, as the bastion is very old, all the rest of the building is much shaken."

"And what bastion is it?" asked a dragoon who held, spitted on his saber, a goose which he had brought to be cooked.

"The bastion St. Gervais," replied D'Artagnan, "from behind which the Rochellais annoyed our workmen."

"And was it warm work?"

"Yes. We lost five men and the Rochellais some eight or ten."

"Balzampleu!" said the Swiss, who, in spite of the admirable collection of oaths which the German language possesses, had got a habit of swearing in French.

"But it is probable," said the light horseman, "that they will send pioneers to repair the bastion this morning."

"Yes, it is probable," said D'Artagnan.

"Gentlemen," said Athos, "a wager!"

"Ah! a wager," said the Swiss.

"What is it?" asked the light horseman.

"Stop," said the dragoon, laying his saber like a spit on the two great iron dogs which kept up the fire in the chimney, "I am busy. A dripping pan here, you noodle of a landlord, that I may not lose one drop of the fat of this celestial bird."

"He is right," said the Swiss, "the juice of a goose is very good with puddings."

"There!" said the dragoon; "and now for the wager. We are listening, M. Athos."

"Well, M. de Busigny," said Athos, "I bet you that my three comrades, Messieurs Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan, and myself will go and breakfast in the bastion of St. Gervais, and that we will stay there for one hour by the clock, whatever the enemy may do to dislodge us."

Porthos and Aramis looked at each other, for they began to understand.

"Why," said D'Artagnan, stooping to Athos' ear, "you are going to get us all killed without mercy."

"We shall be more certainly killed if we do not go," replied Athos.

"Ah, faith, gentlemen," said Porthos, throwing himself back in his chair, and twisting his mustache, "that is a fine wager, I hope."

"And I accept it," said M. de Busigny. "Now we must fix the stakes."

"You are four, gentlemen," said Athos, "and we are four: a dinner for eight—will that suit you?"

"Just the thing!" replied M. de Busigny.

"The very thing!" added the dragoon.

"That will do!" exclaimed the Swiss. The fourth auditor, who had remained silent throughout the conversation, bowed his head, as a sign that he acquiesced in the proposition.

"The déjeuner of these gentlemen is ready," said the landlord.

"Well, then, bring it here," said Athos.

The landlord obeyed. Athos called Grimaud, showed him a large basket, which was lying in a corner, and made him a sign to wrap up in the napkins all the eatables that had been brought.

Grimaud, comprehending at once that they were going to breakfast on the grass, took the basket, packed up the eatables, put in the bottles, and took the basket up in his arms.

"But where are you going to eat this breakfast?" said the landlord.

"What does it signify to you," replied Athos, "provided you are paid for it?" And he threw two pistoles majestically on the table.

"Shall I get you change, sir?" said mine host.

"No; but add a couple of bottles of champagne, and the difference will pay for the napkins."

The landlord had not made quite such a good thing of it as he at first expected; but he recompensed himself for it by palming off, on his four guests, two bottles of Anjou wine, instead of the two bottles of champagne.

"M. de Busigny, will you regulate your watch by mine, or permit me to regulate mine by yours?" inquired Athos.

"Whichever you please," said the light dragoon, drawing from his fob a very beautiful watch encircled with diamonds. "Half-past seven," added he.

"Five and thirty minutes after seven," said Athos; "we shall remember that I am five minutes in advance, sir."

Then bowing to the astonished waiters, the four young men took the road toward the bastion of St. Gervais, followed by Grimaud, who carried the basket, not knowing where he was going, and, from the passive obedience that was habitual to him, not thinking even of inquiring.

Whilst they were within the precincts of the camp, the four friends did not exchange a word; they were, besides, followed by the curious, who, having heard of the wager, wished to know how they would extricate themselves from the affair. But when once they had got beyond the lines of fortification, and found themselves in the open country, D'Artagnan, who was entirely ignorant of what they were about, thought it high time to demand some explanation.

"And now, my dear Athos," said he, "have the kindness to tell me where you are going."

"You can see well enough," replied Athos, "we are going to the bastion."

"But what are we going to do there?"

"You know very well — we are going to breakfast there."

"But why do we not breakfast at the Parpaillot?"

"Because we have most important things to tell you, and it was impossible to converse for five minutes in that tavern with all those troublesome fellows, who come and go, and continually address us. Here, at least," continued Athos, pointing to the bastion, "no one will come to interrupt us."

"It appears to me," said D'Artagnan, with that prudence which was so intimately and so naturally connected with his superb courage — "it appears to me that we could have found

some retired spot, somewhere in the sand hills, on the sea-shore."

"Where we should have been seen all four in council together, so that, in a quarter of an hour, the cardinal would have been informed by his spies that we were holding a consultation."

"Yes," said Aramis. "Athos is right; *animadvertuntur in desertis*."

"A desert would not have been a bad place," remarked Porthos; "but the difficulty is to find it."

"There is no desert where a bird could not pass over one's head, or a fish jump from the water, or a rabbit run from her seat; and I believe that bird, fish, and rabbit, one and all, have become the cardinal's spies. It is much better, therefore, to pursue our enterprise. Besides, we cannot now recede without disgrace. We have made a bet—a bet which could not have been foreseen, and of which I defy any one to guess the true cause. To win it, we must remain an hour in the bastion. Either we shall, or shall not, be attacked. If we are not, we shall have time to talk, and no one will hear us: for I will answer for it that the walls of that bastion have no ears. If we are attacked, we will talk just the same, and shall, moreover, by defending ourselves, be covered with glory. So you see that everything is favorable to us."

"Yes," said D'Artagnan, "but we shall inevitably be shot."

"Yes," rejoined Athos, "but you know very well that the bullets most to be feared are not those of the enemy."

"Yet it seems to me," said Porthos, "that for such an expedition we should at least have brought our muskets."

"You are a simpleton, friend Porthos; why should we encumber ourselves with a useless burden?"

"I do not find a good regulation musket, with a dozen cartridges and a powderflask, useless in front of an enemy."

"Well," rejoined Athos, "did you not hear what D'Artagnan said?"

"And what did D'Artagnan say?" asked Porthos.

"D'Artagnan says that in last night's attack as many as eight or ten French were killed, and as many of the enemy."

"Well?"

"There has not been time to strip them, has there, seeing there was something more urgent to attend to?"

"Well?"

"Well, we shall find their muskets, powderflasks, and cartridges, and, instead of four muskets and a dozen balls, we shall have about fifteen muskets and a hundred rounds of ammunition to fire."

"Oh, Athos!" said Aramis, "you are indeed a great man!"

Porthos bowed his head in token of acquiescence.

D'Artagnan alone did not appear quite convinced.

Grimaud unquestionably partook of the young man's incredulity; for, seeing that they continued to march toward the bastion, of which he had before had some suspicion, he plucked his master by the skirt of his coat.

"Where are you going?" he inquired by a sign.

Athos pointed to the bastion.

"But," said the silent Grimaud, still in the same dialect, "we shall leave our skins there."

Athos raised his eyes and his hands to heaven.

Grimaud set down his basket on the ground, and seated himself upon it, shaking his head.

Athos took a pistol from his belt, looked at the priming, cocked it, and leveled it at Grimaud's ear.

Grimaud found himself lifted up and on his legs, as if by magic.

Athos then beckoned to him to take up the basket, and to march in front.

Grimaud obeyed; so that all the poor fellow had gained by this momentary pantomime was that he had been transformed from the rear guard to the van.

Having reached the bastion, the four friends looked behind them. More than three hundred soldiers, of every kind, had assembled at the entrance of the camp; and, in a separate group, they saw M. de Busigny, the dragoon, the Swiss, and the fourth wagerer.

Athos took off his hat, raised it on the end of his sword, and waved it in the air.

All the spectators returned his salutation, accompanying this act of politeness with a loud hurrah, which reached their ears.

After this occurrence they all four disappeared in the bastion, where Grimaud had already preceded them.

THE COUNCIL OF THE MUSKETEERS.

As Athos had foreseen, the bastion was tenanted alone by about a dozen dead — French and Rochellais.

"Gentlemen," said Athos, who had taken command of the expedition, "whilst Grimaud sets the table, let us begin by collecting muskets and ammunition. We can, moreover, converse whilst we are doing it. These gentlemen," added he, pointing to the dead bodies, "do not hear us."

"But we may, nevertheless, throw them into the ditches," said Porthos, "having first satisfied ourselves that they have nothing in their pockets."

"Yes," replied Athos, "but that is Grimaud's business."

"Well, then," said D'Artagnan, "let Grimaud search them, and throw them over the walls."

"Not upon any account," said Athos. "They may be of the utmost use to us."

"These dead of use to us!" exclaimed Porthos. "Ah, nonsense! you are surely going crazy, my dear friend."

"Do not judge rashly, advise both gospel and cardinal," replied Athos. "How many muskets are there, gentlemen?"

"Twelve."

"How much ammunition?"

"A hundred rounds."

"It is quite as many as we shall need: let us load our muskets."

induced you to take a charming little excursion: here is an admirable breakfast; and away over yonder, are five hundred persons, as you may perceive through the embrasures, who take us for madmen or heroes—two classes of fools that very much resemble each other.”

“But this secret?”

“I saw My Lady last night,” said Athos.

D’Artagnan was carrying his glass to his lips; but at the sound of her ladyship’s name, his hand trembled so that he placed his glass on the ground, in order that he might not spill its contents.

“You have seen your wi——”

“Hush, then!” interrupted Athos; “you forget, my dear fellow, that these gentlemen are not, like you, initiated in my family affairs. I have seen her ladyship.”

“And where happened that?” demanded D’Artagnan.

“About two leagues from hence, at the Red Dovecote.”

“In that case, I am a lost man,” said D’Artagnan.

“Not just yet,” replied Athos; “for, by this time, she must have quitted the shores of France.”

D’Artagnan breathed again.

“But, after all,” inquired Porthos, “who is this lady?”

“A charming woman!” said Athos, tasting a glass of sparkling wine. “Scamp of a landlord!” exclaimed he, “who gives us Anjou for champagne, and who thinks we shall be deceived by the substitution! Yes!” continued he, “a charming woman, to whom our friend D’Artagnan has done something unpardonable, for which she is seeking every human means to avenge herself—a month ago, by trying to get him shot; a week ago, by sending him poison; and yesterday, by demanding his head of the cardinal.”

“What! demanding my head of the cardinal?” cried D’Artagnan, pale with terror.

“Yes,” said Porthos, “it is as true as gospel; for I heard her with my own ears.”

“And I also,” said Aramis.

“Then,” said D’Artagnan, letting his arm fall in a desponding manner, “it is useless to struggle longer: I may as well blow out my brains at once, and have done with it.”

“That is the last folly a man should perpetrate,” said Athos, “seeing it is the only one which will admit of no remedy.”

“But with such enemies I shall never escape,” said D’Ar-

tagnan. "First, my unknown antagonist of Meung; then, De Wardes, on whom I inflicted four wounds; next, this lady whose secret I found out; and, lastly, the cardinal, whose vengeance I intercepted."

"Well!" said Athos, "and all this makes only four, and we are four—one against one. Egad! if we may trust to Grimaud's signs, we are now about to engage with a far greater number of foes. What's the matter, Grimaud? Considering the seriousness of the circumstance, I permit you to speak, my friend; but be laconic, I beseech you. What do you see?"

"A troop."

"How many persons?"

"Twenty men."

"What sort of men?"

"Sixteen sappers and four dragoons."

"How far are they off?"

"Five hundred paces."

"Good! We have still time to finish our fowl, and to drink a glass of wine. To your health, D'Artagnan!"

"Your health!" repeated Aramis and Porthos.

"Well, then, to my health; although I do not imagine that your good wishes will be of much benefit to me."

"Bah!" said Athos. "God is great, as the Mohammedans say, and the future is in His hands."

Then, having swallowed his wine and put the glass down, Athos carelessly arose, took the first musket that came to hand, and strolled toward an embrasure.

The three others did the same. As for Grimaud, he had orders to place himself behind them and to reload their muskets.

An instant afterward they saw the troop appearing. It came along a kind of branch trench, which formed a communication between the bastion and the town.

"Zounds!" said Athos, "it is scarcely worth while to disturb ourselves for a score of fellows armed with pickaxes, mattocks, and spades! Grimaud ought to have quietly beckoned to them to go about their business, and I am quite convinced that they would have left us to ourselves."

"I must doubt it," said D'Artagnan, "for they come forward with great resolution. Besides, in addition to the workmen, there are four soldiers, and a brigadier, armed with muskets."

"That is because they have not seen us," replied Athos.

"Faith," said Aramis, "I confess that I am reluctant to fire upon these poor devils of citizens."

"He is a bad priest," said Porthos, "who pities heretics."

"Upon my word," said Athos, "Aramis is right. I will give them a preliminary talking to."

"What the plague are you doing?" cried D'Artagnan; "you will get yourself shot, my dear fellow."

But Athos paid no attention to this warning, and mounting on the breach, his fusee in one hand and his hat in the other:—

"Gentlemen," said he, bowing courteously, and addressing himself to the soldiers and pioneers, who, astonished by this apparition, halted at about fifty paces from the bastion; "gentlemen, we are, some of my friends and myself, engaged at breakfast in the bastion. Now you know that nothing is more disagreeable than to be disturbed at breakfast; so we entreat you, if you really have business here, to wait till we have finished our repast, or to come back in a little while: unless, indeed, you experience the salutary desire of forsaking the ranks of rebellion, and coming to drink with us to the health of the king of France."

"Take care, Athos," said D'Artagnan; "don't you see that they are taking aim at you."

"Yes, yes," said Athos; "but these are citizens, who are shocking bad marksmen, and will take particular care to shoot wide of the mark."

In fact, at that moment four shots were fired, and the bullets whistled around Athos, but without one touching him.

Four shots were instantaneously returned, but with a far better aim than that of the aggressors; three soldiers fell dead, and one of the pioneers was wounded.

"Grimaud," said Athos, from the breach, "another musket."

Grimaud obeyed instantly.

The three friends had also reloaded their arms. A second discharge soon followed the first, and the brigadier and two pioneers fell dead. The rest of the troop took to flight.

"Come, gentlemen, a sortie!" said Athos.

The four friends rushed out of the fort; reached the field of battle; picked up the muskets of the soldiers, and the half-pike of the brigadier; and, satisfied that the fugitives would never stop till they reached the town, they returned to the bastion, bearing with them the trophies of their victory.

"Reload, Grimaud," said Athos, "and let us, gentlemen, continue our breakfast and conversation. Where were we?"

"I recollect," said D'Artagnan; "you were saying that, after having demanded my head of the cardinal, her ladyship had left the shores of France. And where is she going?" added D'Artagnan, who was painfully anxious about the lady's itinerary.

"She is going to England," replied Athos.

"And with what object?"

"To assassinate the Duke of Buckingham, or to get him assassinated."

D'Artagnan uttered an exclamation of surprise and indignation.

"It is infamous!" exclaimed he.

"Oh, as to that," said Athos, "I beg you to believe that I concern myself very little about it. Now that you have finished, Grimaud," continued he, "take the half-pike of our brigadier, fasten a napkin to it, and fix it on the end of our bastion, that those rebellious Rochellais may see that they are opposed to brave and loyal subjects of the king."

Grimaud obeyed without reply: and an instant afterward the white flag floated over the heads of the four friends. A cry of joy, a thunder of applause, saluted its appearance. Half the camp was at the barriers.

"What?" said D'Artagnan, "you concern yourself but little about her killing Buckingham, or causing him to be killed? The duke is our friend."

"The duke is an Englishman: the duke fights against us: let her do therefore as she likes with the duke. I care as little about him as an empty bottle."

As Athos said this, he threw, some fifteen yards before him, a bottle which he held in his hand, and from which he had just emptied the last drop into his own glass.

"Wait an instant," said D'Artagnan, "I will not abandon Buckingham in that manner; he gave us some very beautiful horses."



CARDINAL RICHELIEU

by, if such is your pleasure ; but that which most engaged my attention at the time, and I am sure you will understand why, D'Artagnan, was how to get from this woman a *carte blanche*, which she had extorted from the cardinal, and by means of which she might get rid of you, and perhaps the whole of us, with impunity."

"This creature is a very demon," said Porthos, holding his plate to Aramis, who was cutting up a fowl.

"And this document," said D'Artagnan, "did it remain in her hands?"

"No, it passed into mine. I cannot say without some trouble ; for, if I did, I should tell a lie."

"My dear Athos," said D'Artagnan, "I can no longer count the times I owe my life to you."

"Then it was to visit her that you quitted us?" said Aramis.

"Exactly so."

"And you have got the cardinal's letter?" inquired D'Artagnan.

"Here it is," replied Athos.

He took the precious paper from the pocket of his coat. D'Artagnan unfolded it with a hand, of which he did not attempt to hide the trembling, and read : —

It is by my order, and for the good of the state, that the bearer of this did that which he has now done.

RICHELIEU.

"It is, in fact, a regular absolution," said Aramis.

"We must destroy this paper," said D'Artagnan, who seemed to read in it his own sentence of death.

"On the contrary," said Athos, "it must be most scrupulously preserved ; and I would not give it up for the golden louis that would cover it."

"And what will she do now?" inquired D'Artagnan.

"Why," said Athos, carelessly, "she will write to the cardinal that a cursed musketeer named Athos took her safeguard from her by force ; and she will, at the same time, advise his eminence to get rid of him, and also of his two friends, Porthos and Aramis. The cardinal will recollect that these are the very men that are always in his way. Then, some fine morning, he will have D'Artagnan arrested, and, that he may not be bored to death by solitude ; will send us to keep him company in the Bastile."

"Ah!" said Porthos, "I think that you are making some rather dismal jokes."

"I am not joking," replied Athos.

"Do you know," said Porthos, "that I fancy it would be a more venial crime to twist this cursed lady's neck than those of these poor devils of Huguenots, who have never committed any greater crime than singing in French the very same psalms we sing in Latin."

"What does the abbé say to that?" quietly asked Athos.

"In that I am quite of Porthos' opinion."

"And I also," said D'Artagnan.

"Happily, she is far away," added Porthos; "for I confess she would much annoy me here."

"She annoys me in England, as well as in France," said Athos.

"She annoys me everywhere," said D'Artagnan.

"But, when you had her in your power," said Porthos, "why did you not drown, strangle, or hang her? It is only the dead who never return."

"Do you think so, Porthos?" said Athos, with a dark smile, which D'Artagnan alone could understand.

"I have an idea," said D'Artagnan.

"Let us hear it," cried the musketeers.

"*To arms!*" exclaimed Grimaud.

The young men arose hastily, and ran to their muskets.

This time there was a small band advancing, composed of twenty or five and twenty men, no longer pioneers, but soldiers of the garrison.

"Suppose we now return to the camp," said Porthos; "it seems to me that the match is not equal."

"Impossible, for three reasons," answered Athos. "The first is, because we have not finished our breakfast. The second, because we have still some important affairs to talk about; and the third, it will be still ten minutes before the hour elapses."

"But, nevertheless," said Aramis, "we must arrange a plan of battle."

"It is vastly simple," replied Athos. "As soon as the enemy is within musket shot, we must fire; if he continues to advance, we must fire again; in fact, we must fire away as long as we have guns loaded. If the remnant of the band should then wish to mount to the assault, we must let the besiegers

descend as far as the ditch, and then we must heave on their heads a large mass of the wall, which only keeps up now by a miracle of equilibrium."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Porthos. "Athos, you are undoubtedly a born generalissimo, and the cardinal, who thinks himself a great warrior, is a mere corporal to you."

"Gentlemen," said Athos, "do not waste your ammunition, I beseech you; let each pick out his man."

"I have got mine," said D'Artagnan.

"And I mine," said Porthos.

"And I the same," said Aramis.

"Fire!" cried Athos.

The four guns made but one report, and four men fell.

The drum then beat, and the little band advanced to the charge.

The shots of the four friends were then fired without regularity, but invariably with the same deadly effect. Yet, as though they had known the numerical weakness of their opponents, the Rochellais continued to advance at a quick pace.

At three other shots, two men fell: yet the march of those who remained unwounded did not slacken.

Having reached the foot of the bastion, there were still twelve or fifteen of the enemy. A last discharge staggered, but did not arrest, them. They leaped into the ditch, and prepared to scale the breach.

"Now, my friends," said Athos, "let us finish them at one blow. To the wall! to the wall!"

And the four friends, assisted by Grimaud, set themselves to topple over, with the barrels of their muskets, an enormous mass of wall, which bowed as though the wind waved it, and loosening itself from its foundation, now fell with a tremendous crash into the ditch. A fearful cry was heard: a cloud of dust ascended toward the skies, and—all was over.

"Can we have crushed them all from the first to the last?" said Athos.

"Faith, it looks very like it," replied D'Artagnan.

"No," said Porthos; "there are two or three of them escaping, quite crippled."

In fact, three or four of these unfortunate beings, covered with mire and blood, fled along the hollow way and regained the town. They were all that had not perished of the little band.

Paris, and our letter will hardly have reached Angers before we ourselves shall be in a dungeon."

"As for getting a letter safely delivered to the queen," said Aramis, blushing, "I myself will undertake it. I know a very skillful person at Tours——"

Aramis stopped—seeing Athos smile.

"Well! will you not adopt this plan, Athos?" inquired D'Artagnan.

"I do not entirely reject it," replied Athos, "but I would merely observe to Aramis that he cannot himself leave the camp; and that, with anybody but one of ourselves, there will be not the slightest security that, two hours after the messenger has started, all the capuehins, all the alguazils, all the black bonnets of the cardinal, will not know your letter by heart; and your very skillful person immediately arrested."

"Without calculating," added Porthos, "that the queen would try to save the Duke of Buckingham, but would leave us to our fate."

"Gentlemen," said D'Artagnan, "Porthos' objection is full of sense!"

"Ah, ha! what is going on in the town?" said Athos. "They are beating to arms."

The four friends listened, and the sound of the drum reached their ears.

"You will see," continued Athos, "that they will send an entire regiment against us."

"You do not expect us to stand our ground against an entire regiment?" said Porthos.

"Why not?" replied the musketeer. "I am just in the humor, and would hold it against an army, if we had only had the precaution to bring another dozen of wine!"

"Upon my word, the drum sounds nearer," said D'Artagnan.

"Let them come," replied Athos; "there is a quarter of an hour's march between the town and this place. It is more time than we shall require to arrange our plans. If we go away from here, we shall never again find such a convenient spot. And listen, gentlemen: the most appropriate idea in the world has come into my mind."

"Let us hear it."

Athos made a sign for his valet to come to him.

"Grimaud," said Athos, pointing to the dead bodies which lay in the bastion, "you will take these gentlemen, fix them

"I answer for Bazin," replied Aramis.

"And I for Planchet," added D'Artagnan.

"In fact," said Porthos, "if we cannot leave the camp, our servants can."

"Certainly," added Aramis; "so we will write the letters this very day, give them sufficient money, and send them on the journey."

"We will give them sufficient money?" said Athos: "then you have got money, have you?"

The four friends looked at each other, and a cloud passed over the brows which had been for an instant brightened.

"Attention," cried D'Artagnan; "I see black and red points in movement below there. What were you saying about a regiment, Athos? It is a regular army."

"Faith, yes," replied Athos, "there they are. Do you see the crafty fellows, who are advancing without drum or trumpet! Ah, ah! Have you finished, Grimaud?"

Grimaud gave a sign in the affirmative, and pointed to a dozen dead bodies, which he had placed in the most picturesque attitudes—some carrying arms, others seeming to take aim, others sword in hand.

"Bravo!" cried Athos, "that does credit to your imagination."

"It is all the same," said Porthos; "and yet I should like to understand it."

"Let us decamp first," said D'Artagnan; "you will understand afterward."

"One moment, gentlemen—wait one moment; let us give Grimaud time to take away the breakfast things."

"Ah!" said Aramis; "here are the black and red points becoming visibly larger, and I am of D'Artagnan's opinion: I believe that we have no time to lose in regaining the camp."

"Faith," said Athos, "I have nothing more to say against a retreat: we bet for one hour, and we have remained an hour and a half. There is nothing more to argue or communicate: so let us be off, gentlemen, let us be off."

Grimaud had already commenced his retreat, with the basket and the fragments. The four friends followed behind him, and took about a dozen steps.

"Ah! What the plague are we about, gentlemen?" exclaimed Athos.

"Have you forgotten anything?" inquired Aramis.

The French on their side, perceiving their adventurous comrades returning, uttered cries of frantic enthusiasm.

At length, a fresh firing was heard, and this time the bullets were actually flattened on the stones around the four friends, and whistled mournfully about their ears. The Rochellais had at last taken possession of the bastion.

"They are a set of awkward fellows," remarked Athos: "how many of them have we killed? A dozen?"

"Or fifteen."

"How many did we make jelly of?"

"Eight or ten."

"And, in exchange for this, we have not got a scratch. Ah! yes, though! What is the matter there with your hand, D'Artagnan? It is bleeding."

"It is nothing," replied D'Artagnan.

"Was it a spent ball?"

"No."

"What then?"

We have said that Athos loved D'Artagnan as his own son, and though of a gloomy and inflexible character, he sometimes manifested toward the young man a solicitude truly paternal.

"Merely a scratch," replied D'Artagnan. "I caught my fingers between two stones—that of the wall and that of my ring—and the skin is cut."

"See what it is to wear diamonds, my master," said Athos, contemptuously.

"Ah!" exclaimed Porthos, "there is a diamond, in fact; and why the plague, then, as there is a diamond, do we battle about having no money?"

"See, there, now," said Aramis.

"Well done, Porthos; this time you really have an idea."

"Certainly," continued Porthos, bridling up at Athos' compliment; "and since there is a diamond, let us sell it."

"But," said D'Artagnan, "it is the queen's diamond."

"One reason more," said Athos—"the queen saving the Duke of Buckingham, her lover; nothing can be more just—the queen saving us, her friends: nothing can be more moral. Let us sell the diamond. What does the abbé say? I do not ask Porthos' opinion—it is already given."

"Why, I think," said Aramis, blushing, "that as the ring does not come from a mistress, and, consequently, is not a love token, D'Artagnan may sell it."

"My dear fellow, you speak like theology personified. So your advice is——"

"To sell the diamond," replied Aramis.

"Well," said D'Artagnan, gayly, "let us sell the diamond, and say no more about it."

The fusillade still continued, but the friends were beyond its reach, and the Rochellais seemed to be firing only for the satisfaction of their own pugnacity.

"Faith," said Athos, "it was quite time for this idea of Porthos' to present itself; for here we are at the camp. So now, gentlemen, not another word about this business. We are observed. They are coming to meet us, and we shall be carried home in triumph."

In fact, as we have already said, the whole camp was in commotion. More than two thousand soldiers had witnessed, as at a theater, the fortune-favored bravado of the four friends—a bravado of which they had been far from suspecting the true motive. Nothing could be heard but cries of "Long live the guards! Long live the musketeers!" M. de Busigny was the first who came to press the hand of Athos, and to confess that he had lost his bet. The dragoon and the Swiss followed him; and all their comrades followed the dragoon and the Swiss. There was no end to the congratulations, shaking of hands, embraces, and inextinguishable laughter at the Rochellais; and, last, the tumult was so great that the cardinal supposed there was a mutiny, and sent La Houdinière, the captain of his guards, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. The incident was related to his messenger with all the warmth of enthusiasm.

"Well?" demanded the cardinal, on seeing La Houdinière return.

"Well, my lord," replied the latter, "it is three musketeers and a guardsman, who laid a bet with M. de Busigny to go and breakfast in the bastion of St. Gervais; and who, whilst at breakfast, maintained their ground for two hours against the Rochellais, and killed I know not how many of the enemy."

"Did you learn the names of these musketeers?"

"Yes, my lord."

"What are they?"

"Messrs. Athos, Porthos, and Aramis."

"Always my three brave fellows!" muttered the cardinal.
"And the guard?"



THE THREE MUSKETEERS

"M. d'Artagnan."

"My young madcap again ! Decidedly these four men must be mine."

On the same evening, the cardinal spoke to M. de Tréville of the exploit, which formed the subject of conversation throughout the whole camp. M. de Tréville, who had heard the recital of the adventure from the lips of those who were its heroes, recounted it in all its particulars to his eminence, without forgetting the episode of the tablecloth flag.

"Very good, M. de Tréville," said the cardinal ; "give me this glorious standard, I entreat you. I will get three fleurs-de-lis embroidered on it in gold, and will give it to you as the battle flag of your company."

"My lord," said M. de Tréville, "that would be unjust towards the guards. M. d'Artagnan does not belong to me, but to M. des Essarts."

"Well, then, take him yourself," said the cardinal, "it is hardly fair that these four brave soldiers, who love each other so well, should not serve in the same company."

On the same evening, M. de Tréville announced this good news to the three musketeers, and to D'Artagnan, inviting them all four to breakfast with him on the following day.

D'Artagnan could not contain himself for joy. We know that the dream of his life had been to be a musketeer.

The three friends were also profoundly delighted.

"Faith," said D'Artagnan to Athos, "yours was a triumphant idea ; and as you said, we have gained glory by it, besides being able to hold a conversation of the greatest importance."

"Which we may henceforth renew without suspicion ; for, with God's help, we shall henceforth be looked upon as cardinalists."

On the same evening D'Artagnan went to pay his respects to M. des Essarts, and to inform him of his promotion.

M. des Essarts, who had great affection for D'Artagnan, offered him any assistance that he might require, as this change of regiment brought with it the expense of a new equipment.

D'Artagnan declined this aid ; but thinking the opportunity a good one, he requested him to ascertain the value of the diamond, which he placed in his hands, stating that he wished him to turn it into money.

At eight o'clock the next morning, M. des Essarts' valet

came to D'Artagnan and handed to him a bag, containing seven thousand livres in gold. It was the price of the queen's diamond.



THE FATE OF MORDAUNT.

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *PÈRE*.

(From "Twenty Years After.")

THE SKIFF "LIGHTNING."

MORDAUNT glided through the subterranean passage, and, gaining the neighboring house, stopped to take breath.

"Good," said he, "a mere nothing. Scratches, that is all. Now to my work."

He walked on at a quick pace, till he reached a neighboring cavalry barrack, where he happened to be known. Here he borrowed a horse, the best in the stables, and in a quarter of an hour was at Greenwich.

"'Tis well," said he, as he reached the river bank. "I am half an hour before them. Now," he added, rising in the stirrups, and looking about him, "which, I wonder, is the 'Lightning'?"

At this moment, as if in reply to his words, a man lying on a coil of cables rose and advanced a few steps toward him. Mordaunt drew a handkerchief from his pocket, and tying a knot at each corner—the signal agreed upon—waved it in the air, and the man came up to him. He was wrapped in a large rough cape, which concealed his form and partly his face.

"Do you wish to go on the water, sir?" said the sailor.

"Yes, just so. Along the Isle of Dogs."

"And perhaps you have a preference for one boat more than another. You would like one that sails as rapidly——"

"As lightning," interrupted Mordaunt.

"Then mine is the boat you want, sir. I'm your man."

"I begin to think so, particularly if you had not forgotten a certain signal."

"Here it is, sir," and the sailor took from his coat a handkerchief, tied at each corner.

"Good, quite right!" cried Mordaunt, springing off his

horse. "There's not a moment to lose; now take my horse to the nearest inn, and conduct me to your vessel."

"But," asked the sailor, "where are your companions? I thought there were four of you."

"Listen to me, sir; I'm not the man you take me for; you are in Captain Rogers' post, are you not, under orders from General Cromwell? Mine, also, are from him!"

"Indeed, sir, I recognize you; you are Captain Mordaunt. Don't be afraid; you are with a friend. I am Captain Groslow. The general remembered that I had formerly been a naval officer, and he gave me the command of this expedition. Is there anything new in the wind?"

"Nothing."

"I thought, perhaps, that the king's death ——"

"Has only hastened their flight; in ten minutes they will, perhaps, be here. I am going to embark with you. I wish to aid in the deed of vengeance. All is ready, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"The cargo on board?"

"Yes—and we are sailing from Oporto to Antwerp, remember."

"'Tis well."

They then went down to the Thames. A boat was fastened to the shore by a chain fixed to a stake. Groslow jumped in, followed by Mordaunt, and in five minutes they were quite away from that world of houses which then crowded the outskirts of London; and Mordaunt could discern the little vessel riding at anchor near the Isle of Dogs. When they reached the side of this felucca, Mordaunt, dexterous in his eagerness for vengeance, seized a rope and climbed up the side of the vessel with a coolness and agility very rare among landmen. He went with Groslow to the captain's berth—a sort of temporary cabin of planks—for the chief apartment had been given up by Captain Rogers to the passengers, who were to be accommodated at the other extremity of the boat.

"They will have nothing to do with this side of the ship, then," said Mordaunt.

"Nothing at all."

"That's a capital arrangement. Return to Greenwich, and bring them here. I shall hide myself in your cabin. You have a longboat?"

"That in which we came."

"It appeared light and well constructed."

"Quite a canoe."

"Fasten it to the poop with ropes — put the oars into it, so that it may follow in the track, and there will be nothing to do except to cut the cords away. Put a good supply of rum and biscuit in it for the seamen; should the night happen to be stormy, they will not be sorry to find something to console themselves with."

"Consider all this done. Do you wish to see the powder room?"

"No. When you return, I will set the fuse myself, but be careful to conceal your face, so that you cannot be recognized by them."

"Never fear."

"There's ten o'clock striking at Greenwich."

Groslow then, having given the sailor on duty an order to be on the watch with more than usual vigilance, went down into the longboat, and soon reached Greenwich. The wind was chilly, and the jetty was deserted, as he approached it; but he had no sooner landed than he heard a noise of horses galloping upon the paved road.

These horsemen were our friends, or rather, an *avant-garde*, composed of D'Artagnan and Athos. As soon as they arrived at the spot where Groslow stood, they stopped, as if guessing that he was the man they wanted. Athos alighted, and calmly opened the handkerchief tied at each corner, whilst D'Artagnan, ever cautious, remained on horseback, one hand upon his pistol, leaning forward watchfully.

On seeing the appointed signal, Groslow, who had at first crept behind one of the cannon planted on that spot, walked straight up to the gentlemen. He was so well wrapped up in his cloak, that it would have been impossible to have seen his face even if the night had not been so dark as to render precaution superfluous; nevertheless, the keen glance of Athos perceived at once it was not Rogers who stood before them.

"What do you want with us?" he asked of Groslow.

"I wish to inform you, my lord," replied Groslow, with an Irish accent, feigned of course, "that if you are looking for Captain Rogers you will not find him. He fell down this morning and broke his leg; but I'm his cousin; he told me everything, and desired me to look out for and conduct you to any place named by the four gentlemen who should bring me

a handkerchief tied at each corner, like that one which you hold and one which I have in my pocket."

And he drew out the handkerchief.

"Was that all he said?" inquired Athos.

"No, my lord; he said you had engaged to pay seventy pounds if I landed you safe and sound at Boulogne, or any other port you chose in France."

"What do you think of all this?" said Athos, in a low tone, to D'Artagnan, after explaining to him in French what the sailor had said in English.

"It seems a likely story—to me."

"And to me, too."

"Besides, we can but blow out his brains if he proves false," said the Gascon; "and you, Athos, you know something of everything, and can be our captain. I dare say you know how to navigate, should he fail us."

"My dear friend, you guess well. My father meant me for the navy, and I have some vague notions about navigation."

"You see!" cried D'Artagnan.

They then summoned their friends, who, with Blaisois, Musqueton, and Grimaud, promptly joined them—leaving Parry behind them, who was to take their horses back to London; and they all proceeded instantly to the shore, and placed themselves in the boat, which, rowed by Groslow, began rapidly to clear the coast.

"At last," exclaimed Porthos, "we are afloat."

"Alas," said Athos, "we depart alone."

"Yes; but all four together, and without a scratch; which is a consolation."

"We are not yet at our destination," observed the prudent D'Artagnan; "beware of misadventure."

"Ah! my friend," cried Porthos, "like the crows, you always bring bad omens. Who could intercept us in such a night as this—pitch dark—when one does not see more than twenty yards before one?"

"Yes—but to-morrow morning——"

"To-morrow we shall be at Boulogne. But it is refreshing to hear Monsieur d'Artagnan confess that he's afraid."

"I not only confess it, but am proud of it," returned the Gascon; "I'm not such a rhinoceros as you are. Oho! what's that?"

"The 'Lightning,'" answered the captain, "our felucca."

"So far, so good," laughed Athos.

They went on board, and the captain instantly conducted them to the berth prepared for them—a cabin which was to serve for all purposes, and for the whole party; he then tried to slip away under pretext of giving orders to some one.

"Stop a moment," cried D'Artagnan; "pray how many men have you on board, captain?"

"I don't understand," was the reply.

"Explain it, Athos."

Groslow, on the question being interpreted, answered, "Three, without counting myself."

"Oh!" exclaimed D'Artagnan. "I begin to be more at my ease; however, whilst you settle yourselves, I shall make the round of the boat."

"As for me," said Porthos, "I will see to the supper."

"A very good idea, Porthos," said the Gascon. "Athos, lend me Grimaud, who, in the society of his friend Parry, has, perhaps, picked up a little English, and can act as my interpreter."

"Go, Grimaud," said Athos.

D'Artagnan, finding a lantern on the deck, took it up, and with a pistol in his hand he said to the captain, in English, "Come" (being, with the classic English oath, the only English words he knew), and so saying, he descended to the lower deck.

This was divided into three compartments: one which was covered by the floor of that room in which Athos, Porthos, and Aramis were to pass the night; the second was to serve as the sleeping room for the servants; the third, under the prow of the ship, was under the temporary cabin in which Mordaunt was concealed.

"Oho!" cried D'Artagnan, as he went down the steps of the hatchway, preceded by the lantern; "what a number of barrels! one would think one was in the cave of Ali Baba. What is there in them?" he added, putting his lantern on one of the bins.

The captain seemed inclined to go upon deck again, but, controlling himself, he answered:—

"Port wine."

"Ah! port wine! 'tis a comfort," said the Gascon, "since we shall not die of thirst. Are they all full?"

Grimaud translated the question, and Groslow, who was wiping the perspiration from off his forehead, answered:—

"Some full, others empty."

D'Artagnan struck the barrels with his hand, and having ascertained that he spoke the truth, pushed his lantern, greatly to the captain's alarm, into the interstices between the barrels, and finding that there was nothing concealed in them:—

"Come along," he said; and he went toward the door of the second compartment.

"Stop!" said the Englishman. "I have the key of that door;" and he opened the door, with a trembling hand, into the second compartment, where Musqueton and Blaisois were preparing supper.

Here there was evidently nothing to seek, or to apprehend, and they passed rapidly to examine the third compartment.

This was the room appropriated to the sailors. Two or three hammocks hung upon the ceiling, a table and two benches composed the entire furniture. D'Artagnan picked up two or three old sails, hung on the walls, and meeting nothing to suspect, regained, by the hatchway, the deck of the vessel.

"And this room?" he asked, pointing to the captain's cabin.

"That's my room," replied Groslow.

"Open the door."

The captain obeyed. D'Artagnan stretched out his arm, in which he held the lantern, put his head in at the half-opened door, and seeing that the cabin was nothing better than a shed:

"Good," he said. "If there is an army on board it is not here that it is hidden. Let us see what Porthos has found for supper." And thanking the captain, he regained the state cabin, where his friends were.

Porthos had found nothing; and with him fatigue had prevailed over hunger. He had fallen asleep, and was in a profound slumber when D'Artagnan returned. Athos and Aramis were beginning to close their eyes, which they half opened when their companion came in again.

"Well?" said Aramis.

"All is well; we may sleep tranquilly."

On this assurance the two friends fell asleep; and D'Artagnan, who was very weary, bade good night to Grimaud, and laid himself down in his cloak, with naked sword at his side, in such a manner that his body barricaded the passage, and that it should be impossible to enter the room without upsetting him.

PORT WINE.

In ten minutes the masters slept; not so the servants — hungry and uncomfortable.

"Grimaud," said Musqueton to his companion, who had just come in after his round with D'Artagnan, "art thou thirsty?"

"As thirsty as a Scotchman!" was Grimaud's laconic reply.

And he sat down and began to cast up the accounts of his party, whose money he managed.

"Oh, lackadaisy! I'm beginning to feel queer!" cried Blaisois.

"If that's the case," said Musqueton, with a learned air, "take some nourishment."

"Do you call that nourishment?" said Blaisois, pointing to the barley bread and pot of beer upon the table.

"Blaisois," replied Musqueton, "remember that bread is the true nourishment of a Frenchman, who is not always able to get bread: ask Grimaud."

"Yes, but beer!" asked Blaisois, sharply, "is that their true drink?"

"As to that," answered Musqueton, puzzled how to get out of the difficulty, "I must confess that to me beer is as disagreeable as wine is to the English."

"What! Monsieur Musqueton! The English—do they dislike wine?"

"They hate it."

"But I have seen them drink it."

"As a punishment. For example, an English prince was plumped into a butt of Malmsey. I heard the Chevalier d'Herblay say so. It *settled* him."

"The fool!" cried Blaisois. "I wish I had been in his place."

"Thou canst be," said Grimaud, writing down his figures.

"How?" asked Blaisois, "I can? Explain yourself."

Grimaud went on with his sum, and cast up the whole.

"Port," he said, extending his hand in the direction of the first compartment examined by D'Artagnan and himself.

"Eh? eh? ah?—those barrels I saw through the door?"

"Port!" replied Grimaud, beginning a fresh sum.

"I have heard," said Blaisois, "that port is a very good wine."

"Excellent!" cried Musqueton, smacking his lips.

"Excellent!"

"Supposing these Englishmen would sell us a bottle," said the honest Blaisois.

"Sell!" cried Musqueton, about whom there was a remnant of his ancient marauding character left. "One may well perceive, young man, that you are inexperienced. Why buy what one can take?"

"Take?" answered Blaisois. "To covet one's neighbor's chattels is forbidden, I believe."

"What a childish reason!" said Musqueton, condescendingly; "yes, childish; I repeat the word. Where did you learn, pray, to consider the English neighbors?"

"The saying's true, dear Mouston; but I don't remember where."

"Childish — still more childish," replied Musqueton. "Hadst thou been ten years engaged in war as Grimaud and I have been, my dear Blaisois, you would know the difference there is between the goods of others and the goods of enemies. Now an Englishman is an enemy; this port wine belongs to the English, therefore it belongs to us."

"And our masters?" asked Blaisois, stupefied by this harangue, delivered with an air of profound sagacity, "will they be of your opinion?"

Musqueton smiled disdainfully.

"I suppose that you think it necessary that I should disturb the repose of these illustrious lords to say, 'Gentlemen, your servant, Musqueton, is thirsty.' What does Monsieur Bracieux care, think you, whether I am thirsty or not?"

"'Tis a very expensive wine," said Blaisois, shaking his head.

"Were it liquid gold, Monsieur Blaisois, our masters would not deny themselves this wine. Know that Monsieur de Bracieux is rich enough to drink a tun of port wine, even if obliged to pay a pistole for every drop;" his manner became more and more lofty every instant: then he arose, and after finishing off the beer at one draught, he advanced majestically to the door of the compartment where the wine was. "Ah! locked!" he exclaimed; "these devils of English, how suspicious they are!"

"Shut!" said Blaisois; "ah! the deuce it is; unlucky, for I feel the sickness coming on squimier and squimier."

"Shut!" repeated Musqueton.

"But," Blaisois ventured to say, "I have heard you relate, Monsieur Musqueton, that once on a time, at Chantilly, you fed your master and yourself with partridges which were snared, carps caught by a line, and wine drawn with a corkscrew."

"Perfectly true; but there was an air hole in the cellar, and the wine was in bottles. I cannot throw the loop through this partition, nor move with a pack thread a cask of wine which may, perhaps, weigh two hundred pounds."

"No, but you can take out two or three boards of the partition," answered Blaisois, "and make a hole in the cask with a gimlet."

Musqueton opened his great round eyes to the utmost, astonished to find in Blaisois qualities for which he did not give him credit.

"'Tis true," he said; "but where can I get a chisel to take the planks out—a gimlet, to pierce the cask?"

"Trousers," said Grimaud, still squaring his accounts.

"Ah, yes!" said Musqueton.

Grimaud, in fact, was not only the accountant, but the armorer of the party; and as he was a man full of forethought, these trousers, carefully rolled up in his valise, contained every sort of tool for immediate use.

Musqueton, therefore, was soon provided with tools, and he began his task. In a few minutes he had extracted three boards. He tried to pass his body through the aperture; but not being like the frog in the fable, who thought he was larger than he really was, he found he must take out three or four more before he could get through.

He sighed and set to work again.

Grimaud had now finished his accounts. He arose, and stood near Musqueton.

"I," he said.

"What?" said Musqueton.

"I can pass ——"

"True—you"—answered Musqueton, casting a glance at the long thin form of his friend; "you can pass, and easily—go in then."

"Rinse the glasses," said Grimaud.

"Now," said Musqueton, addressing Blaisois; "now you shall see how we old soldiers drink when we are thirsty."

"My cloak," said Grimaud, from the bottom of the hold:

"What do you want?" asked Blaisois.

"My cloak—stop up the aperture with it."

"Why?" asked Blaisois.

"Simpleton!" exclaimed Musqueton; "suppose any one came into the room."

"Ah, true," cried Blaisois, with evident admiration; "but it will be dark in the cellar."

"Grimaud always sees, dark or light—night as well as day," answered Musqueton.

"Silence," cried Grimaud, "some one is coming."

In fact, the door of their cabin was opened. Two men, wrapped in their cloaks, appeared.

"Oh, ho!" said they, "not in bed at a quarter past eleven? That's against all rules. In a quarter of an hour let every one be in bed, and snoring."

These two men then went toward the compartment in which Grimaud was secreted; opened the door, entered and shut it after them.

"Ah!" cried Blaisois; "he's lost!"

"Grimaud's a cunning fellow," murmured Musqueton.

They waited for ten minutes, during which time no noise was heard which might indicate that Grimaud was discovered; and at the expiration of that anxious interval the two men returned, closed the door after them, and repeating their orders that the servants should go to bed, and extinguish their lights, disappeared.

At that very moment Grimaud drew back the cloak which hid the aperture, and came in with his face livid, his eyes staring wide open with terror, so that the pupils were contracted almost to nothing, with a large circle of white around them. He held in his hand a tankard full of some dark substance or another; and approaching the gleam of light shed by the lamp he uttered this single monosyllable—"Oh!" with such an expression of extreme terror that Musqueton started, alarmed, and Blaisois was near fainting from fright.

Both, however, cast an inquisitive glance into the tankard—it was full of gunpowder.

Convinced that the ship was full of powder instead of having a cargo of wine, Grimaud hastened to awake D'Artagnan, who had no sooner beheld him than he perceived that something extraordinary had taken place. Imposing silence, Gri-

maud put out the little night lamp, then knelt down, and poured into the lieutenant's ear a recital melodramatic enough not to require play of feature to give it pith.

This was the gist of his strange story:—

The first barrel that Grimaud had found on passing into the compartment he struck—it was empty. He passed on to another—it also was empty; but the third which he tried was, from the dull sound it gave out, evidently full. At this point Grimaud stopped, and was preparing to make a hole with his gimlet, when he found a spigot; he therefore placed his tankard under it, and turned the spout; something, whatever it was the cask contained, fell silently into the tankard.

Whilst he was thinking that he should first taste the liquor which the tankard contained, before taking it to his companions, the door of the cellar opened, and a man with a lantern in his hands, and enveloped in a cloak, came and stood just before the hogshead, behind which Grimaud, on hearing him come in, instantly crept. This was Groslow. He was accompanied by another man who carried in his hand something long and flexible, rolled up, resembling a washing line.

"Have you the wick?" asked the one who carried the lantern.

"Here it is," answered the other.

At the voice of this last speaker, Grimaud started, and felt a shudder creeping through his very marrow. He rose gently, so that his head was just above the round of the barrel; and, under the large hat, he recognized the pale face of Mordaunt.

"How long will this fuse burn?" asked this person.

"Nearly five minutes," replied the captain.

"Then tell the men to be in readiness—don't tell them why now; when the clock strikes a quarter after midnight collect your men. Get down into the longboat."

"That is when I have lighted the match?"

"I will undertake that. I wish to be sure of my revenge—are the oars in the boat?"

"Everything is ready."

"'Tis well."

Mordaunt knelt down and fastened one end of the train to the spigot, in order that he might have nothing to do but to set it on fire at the opposite end with the match.

He then arose.

"You hear me—at a quarter past midnight—in fact, in twenty minutes."

"I understand all perfectly, sir," replied Groslow; "but allow me to say, there is great danger in what you undertake—would it not be better to intrust one of the men to set fire to the train?"

"My dear Groslow," answered Mordaunt, "you know the French proverb, 'Nothing one does not do one's self is ever well done.' I shall abide by that rule."

Grimaud had heard all this—had seen the two mortal enemies of the musketeers—had seen Mordaunt adjust the fuse; then he felt, and felt again, the contents of the tankard that he held in his hand; and, instead of the lively liquor expected by Blaisois and Musqueton, he found beneath his fingers the grains of some coarse powder.

Mordaunt went away with the captain. At the door he stopped to listen.

"Do you hear how they sleep?" he said.

In fact, Porthos could be heard snoring through the partition.

"'Tis God who gives them into our hands," answered Groslow.

"This time the devil himself shall not save them," rejoined Mordaunt.

And they went out together.

END OF THE PORT-WINE MYSTERY.

D'Artagnan, as one may suppose, listened to all these details with a growing interest. He awoke Aramis, Athos, and Porthos; and then, stretching out his arms, and closing them again, the Gascon collected in one small circle the three heads of his friends, so near as almost to touch each other.

He then told them under whose command the vessel was in which they were sailing that night; that they had Groslow for their captain, and Mordaunt acting under him as his lieutenant. Something more deathlike than a shudder, at this moment, shook the brave musketeers. The name of Mordaunt seemed to exercise over them a mysterious and fatal influence—to summons ghastly terror with its very sound.

"What is to be done?" asked Athos.

"You have some plan?"

D'Artagnan replied by going toward a very small, low

window, just large enough to let a man through. He turned it gently on its hinges.

"There," he said, "is our road."

"The deuce—it is a very cold one, my dear friend," said Aramis.

"Stay here, if you like, but I warn you, 'twill be rather too warm presently."

"But we cannot swim to the shore."

"The longboat is yonder, lashed to the felucca. We will take possession of it, and cut the cable. Come, my friends."

"A moment's delay," said Athos; "our servants?"

"Here we are," they cried.

Meantime the three friends were standing motionless before the awful sight which D'Artagnan, in raising the shutters, had disclosed to them through the narrow opening of the window.

Those who have once beheld such a spectacle know that there is nothing more solemn, more striking, than the raging sea, rolling, with its deafening roar, its dark billows beneath the pale light of a wintry moon.

"Gracious heaven! we are hesitating," cried D'Artagnan; "if we hesitate, what will the servants do?"

"I do not hesitate, you know," said Grimaud.

"Sir," interposed Blaisois, "I warn you that I can only swim in rivers."

"And I not at all," said Musqueton.

But D'Artagnan had now slipped through the window.

"You have decided, friend?" said Athos.

"Yes," the Gascon answered; "Athos! you, who are a perfect being, bid spirit triumph over body."

"Do you, Aramis, order the servants—Porthos, kill every one who stands in your way."

And, after pressing the hand of Athos, D'Artagnan chose a moment when the ship rolled backward, so that he had only to plunge into the water up to his waist.

Athos followed him before the felucca rose again on the waves: the cable which tied the boat to the vessel was then seen plainly rising out of the sea.

D'Artagnan swam to it, and held it, suspending himself by this rope, his head alone out of water.

In one second Athos joined him.

Then they saw, as the felucca turned, two other heads peeping—those of Aramis and Grimaud.

"I am uneasy about Blaisois," said Athos: "he can, he says, only swim in rivers."

"When people can swim at all they can swim anywhere. To the bark! to the bark!"

"But Porthos, I do not see him.

"Porthos is coming — he swims like Leviathan."

Porthos, in fact, did not appear. Musqueton and Blaisois had been appalled by the sight of the black gulf below them, and had shrunk back.

"Come along! I shall strangle you both if you don't get out," said Porthos at last, seizing Musqueton by the throat. "Forward! Blaisois."

A groan, stifled by the grasp of Porthos, was all the reply of poor Blaisois, for the giant, taking him neck and heels, plunged him into the water headforemost, pushing him out of the window as if he had been a plank.

"Now, Musqueton," he said, "I hope you don't mean to desert your master?"

"Ah, sir," replied Musqueton, his eyes filling with tears, "why did you reënter the army? We were all so happy in the Château de Pierrefonds!"

And, without any other complaint, passive and obedient, either from true devotion to his master, or from the example set by Blaisois, Musqueton leapt into the sea headforemost. A sublime action, at all events, for Musqueton looked upon himself as dead. But Porthos was not a man to abandon an old servant; and when Musqueton rose above the water, blind as a newborn puppy, he found he was supported by the large hand of Porthos, and that he was thus enabled, without having occasion even to move, to advance toward the cable with the dignity of a very triton.

In a few minutes, Porthos had rejoined his companions, who were already in the boat; but when, after they had all got in, it came to his turn, there was great danger that in putting his huge leg over the edge of the boat he would upset the little vessel. Athos was the last to enter.

"Are you all here?" he asked.

"Ah! have you your sword, Athos?" cried D'Artagnan.

"Yes."

"Cut the cable, then."

Athos drew a sharp poniard from his belt and cut the cord.

The felucca went on; the boat continued stationary, rocked only by the swashing waves.

"Come, Athos!" said D'Artagnan, giving his hand to the count; "you are going to see something curious," added the Gascon.

FATALITY.

Scarcely had D'Artagnan uttered these words than a ringing and sudden noise was heard resounding through the felucca, which now became dim in the obscurity of the night.

"That, you may be sure," said the Gascon, "means something."

They then, at the same instant, perceived a large lantern carried on a pole appear on the deck, defining the forms of shadows behind it.

Suddenly a terrible cry, a cry of despair, was wafted through space, and as if the shrieks of anguish had driven away the clouds, the veil which hid the moon was cleared away, and the gray sails and dark shrouds of the felucca were plainly visible beneath the silvery light.

Shadows ran, as if bewildered, to and fro on the vessel, and mournful cries accompanied these delirious walkers. In the midst of these screams they saw Mordaunt upon the poop, with a torch in hand.

The agitated figures, apparently wild with terror, consisted of Groslow, who, at the hour fixed by Mordaunt, had collected his men, and the sailors. Groslow, after having listened at the door of the cabin to hear if the musketeers were still asleep, had gone down into the cellar, convinced by their silence that they were all in a deep slumber. Then Mordaunt had run to the train—impetuous as a man who is excited by revenge and full of confidence—as are those whom God blinds—he had set fire to the wick of niter.

All this while, Groslow and his men were assembled on deck.

"Haul up the cable, and draw the boat to us," said Groslow.

One of the sailors got down the side of the ship, seized the cable, and drew it—it came without the least resistance.

"The cable is cut!" he cried, "no boat!"

"How! no boat!" exclaimed Groslow; "it is impossible."

"'Tis true, however," answered the sailor; "there's nothing in the wake of the ship, besides here's the end of the cable."

"What's the matter?" cried Mordaunt, who, coming up out of the hatchway, rushed to the stern, waving his torch.

"Only that our enemies have escaped—they have cut the cord, and gone off with the boat."

Mordaunt bounded with one step to the cabin, and kicked open the door.

"Empty!" he exclaimed; "the infernal demons!"

"We must pursue them," said Groslow; "they can't be gone far, and we will sink them, passing over them."

"Yes, but the fire," ejaculated Mordaunt; "I have lighted it."

"Ten thousand devils!" cried Groslow, rushing to the hatchway; "perhaps there is still time to save us."

Mordaunt answered only by a terrible laugh, threw his torch into the sea, and plunged in after it. The instant Groslow put his foot upon the hatchway steps, the ship opened like the crater of a volcano. A burst of flame arose toward the skies with an explosion like that of a hundred cannon; the air burned, ignited by flaming embers, then the frightful lightning disappeared, the brands sank, one after another, into the abyss, where they were extinguished, and, save for a slight vibration in the air, after a few minutes had lapsed, one would have thought that nothing had happened.

Only—the felucca had disappeared from the surface of the sea, and Groslow and his three sailors were consumed.

The four friends saw all this—not a single detail of this fearful scene escaped them. At one moment, bathed as they were in a flood of brilliant light, which illumined the sea for the space of a league, they might each be seen—each by his own peculiar attitude and manner expressing the awe which, even in their hearts of bronze, they could not help experiencing. Soon a torrent of vivid sparks fell round them—then, at last, the volcano was extinguished—then all was dark and still—the floating bark and heaving ocean.

They sat silent and dejected.

"By heaven!" at last said Athos, the first to speak, "by this time, I think, all must be over."

"Here, my lords! save me! help!" cried a voice, whose mournful accents reaching the four friends, seemed to proceed from some phantom of the ocean.

All looked around—himself started.

"~~Th~~ he! it is his—

All still remained silent—the eyes of all were turned in the direction where the vessel had disappeared—endeavoring in vain to penetrate the darkness. After a minute or two they were able to distinguish a man, who approached them, swimming vigorously.

Athos extended his arm toward him—“Yes, yes, I know him well,” he said.

“He—again!” cried Porthos, who was breathing like a blacksmith’s bellows, “why, he is made of iron.”

“Oh, my God!” muttered Athos.

Aramis and D’Artagnan whispered to each other.

Mordaunt made several strokes more, and raising his arm in sign of distress above the waves—“Pity, pity on me! gentlemen—in Heaven’s name—my strength is failing me; I am dying.”

The voice that implored aid was so piteous that it awakened pity in the heart of Athos.

“Miserable wretch,” he exclaimed.

“Indeed!” said D’Artagnan, “monsters have only to complain to gain your sympathy. I believe he’s swimming toward us. Does he think we are going to take him in? Row, Porthos, row.” And setting the example, he plowed his oar into the sea—two strokes took the bark on twenty fathoms further.

“Ah! ah!” said Porthos to Mordaunt, “I think we have you now, my hero!”

“Oh! Porthos!” murmured the Comte de la Fère.

“Oh pray! for mercy’s sake, don’t fly from me. For pity’s sake!” cried the young man, whose agony-drawn breath at times, when his head went under water, under the wave, exhaled and made the icy waters bubble.

D’Artagnan, however, who had consulted with Aramis, spoke to the poor wretch. “Go away,” he said, “your repentance is too recent to inspire confidence. See! the vessel in which you wished to fry us is still smoking; and the situation in which you are is a bed of roses compared to that in which you wished to place us, and in which you have placed Monsieur Groslow and his companions.”

“Sir!” replied Mordaunt, in a tongue of deep despair, “my penitence is sincere. Gentlemen, I am young, scarcely twenty-three years old. I was drawn on by a very natural resentment to avenge my mother. You would have done what I did.”

Mordaunt wanted now only two or three fathoms to reach

the boat — for the approach of death seemed to give him supernatural strength.

"Alas!" he said, "I am then to die? you are going to kill the son, as you killed the mother! Surely, if I am culpable, and if I ask for pardon, I ought to be forgiven."

Then — as if his strength failed him — he seemed unable to sustain himself above the water, and a wave passed over his head, which drowned his voice.

"Oh! this is torture to me!" cried Athos.

Mordaunt reappeared.

"For my part," said D'Artagnan, "I say, this must come to an end; murderer, as you were, of your uncle! executioner, as you were, of King Charles! incendiary! I recommend you to sink forthwith to the bottom of the sea; and if you come another fathom nearer, I'll stave your wicked head in with this oar."

"D'Artagnan! D'Artagnan!" cried Athos, "my son, I entreat you; the wretch is dying: and it is horrible to let a man die without extending a hand to save him. I cannot resist doing so; he must live."

"Zounds!" replied D'Artagnan, "why don't you give yourself up directly, feet and hands bound, to that wretch? Ah! Comte de la Fère, you wish to perish by his hands! I, your son, as you call me, I will not let you!"

'Twas the first time D'Artagnan had ever refused a request from Athos.

Aramis calmly drew his sword, which he had carried between his teeth as he swam.

"If he lays his hand on the boat's edge, I will cut it off — regicide that he is."

"And I," said Porthos. "Wait."

"What are you going to do?" asked Aramis.

"Throw myself in the water, and strangle him."

"Oh, gentlemen!" cried Athos, "be men! be Christians! See! death is depicted on his face! Ah! do not bring on me the horrors of remorse! Grant me this poor wretch's life. I will bless you. I —"

"I am dying!" cried Mordaunt, "come to me! come to me!"

D'Artagnan began to be touched. The boat at this moment turned round; and the dying man was by that turn brought nearer Athos.

"Monsieur the Comte de la Fère," he cried, "I supplicate

you! pity me! I call on you! where are you? I see you no longer—I am dying—help me! help me!”

“Here I am, sir!” said Athos, leaning, and stretching out his arm to Mordaunt with that air of dignity and nobility of soul habitual to him, “here I am, take my hand and jump into our boat.”

Mordaunt made a last effort—rose—seized the hand thus extended to him, and grasped it with the vehemence of despair.

“That’s right,” said Athos, “put your other hand here.” And he offered him his shoulder as another stay and support, so that his head almost touched that of Mordaunt; and these two mortal enemies were in as close an embrace as if they had been brothers.

“Now, sir,” said the count, “you are safe—calm yourself.”

“Ah! my mother,” cried Mordaunt, with eyes on fire with a look of hate impossible to paint. “I can only offer thee one victim, but it shall, at any rate, be the one thou wouldst thyself have chosen!”

And whilst D’Artagnan uttered a cry, Porthos raised the oar, and Aramis sought a place to strike, a frightful shake given to the boat precipitated Athos into the sea; whilst Mordaunt, with a shout of triumph, grasped the neck of his victim, and, in order to paralyze his movements, twined arms and legs around the musketeer. For an instant, without an exclamation, without a cry for help, Athos tried to sustain himself on the surface of the waters, but the weight dragged him down; he disappeared by degrees; soon, nothing was to be seen except his long floating hair; then both men disappeared, and the bubbling of the water, which, in its turn, was soon effaced, alone indicated the spot where these two had sunk.

Mute with horror, the three friends had remained open-mouthed, their eyes dilated, their arms extended like statues, and, motionless as they were, the beating of their hearts was audible. Porthos was the first who came to himself—he tore his hair.

“Oh!” he cried, “Athos! Athos! thou man of noble heart; woe is me! I have let thee perish!”

At this instant, in the midst of the silver circle, illumined by the light of the moon, the same whirlpool which had been made by the sinking men was again obvious, and first were seen, rising above the waves, a wisp of hair—then a pale face with open eyes, yet, nevertheless, the eyes of death; then a

body which, after rising of itself even to the waist above the sea, turned gently on its back, according to the caprice of the waves, and floated.

In the bosom of this corpse was plunged a poniard, the gold hilt of which shone in the moonbeams.

"Mordaunt! Mordaunt!" cried the three friends, "'tis Mordaunt!"

"But Athos!" exclaimed D'Artagnan.

Suddenly the boat leaned on one side beneath a new and unexpected weight, and Grimaud uttered a shout of joy; every one turned round, and beheld Athos, livid, his eyes dim, and his hands trembling, supporting himself on the edge of the boat. Eight vigorous arms lifted him up immediately, and laid him in the boat, where, directly, Athos was warmed and reanimated, reviving with the caresses and cares of his friends, who were intoxicated with joy.

"You are not hurt?" asked D'Artagnan.

"No," replied Athos, "and he ——"

"Oh, he! now we may say at last, thank heaven! he is really dead. Look!"—and D'Artagnan, obliging Athos to look in the direction that he pointed, showed him the body of Mordaunt floating on its back, which, sometimes submerged, sometimes rising, seemed still to pursue the four friends with looks of insult and of mortal hatred.

At last he sank. Athos had followed him with a glance in which the deepest melancholy and pity were expressed.

"Bravo, Athos!" cried Aramis, with an emotion very rare in him.

"A capital blow you gave!" cried Porthos.

"I have a son. I wished to live," said Athos.

"In short," said D'Artagnan, "this has been the will of God."

"It was not I who killed him," sighed Athos, in a soft, low tone, "'twas destiny."

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS, PÈRE.

(From "The Viscount of Bragelonne.")

HIGH TREASON.

THE ungovernable fury which took possession of the king at the sight and at the perusal of Fouquet's letter to La Vallière by degrees subsided into a feeling of pain and extreme weariness. Youth, invigorated by health and lightness of spirits, requiring soon that what it loses should be immediately restored — youth knows not those endless, sleepless nights which enable us to realize the fable of the vulture unceasingly feeding on Prometheus. In cases where the man of middle life, in his acquired strength of will and purpose, and the old, in their state of natural exhaustion, find incessant augmentation of their bitter sorrow, a young man, surprised by the sudden appearance of misfortune, weakens himself in sighs, and groans, and tears, directly struggling with his grief, and is thereby far sooner overthrown by the inflexible enemy with whom he is engaged. Once overthrown, his struggles cease. Louis could not hold out more than a few minutes, at the end of which he had ceased to clench his hands, and scorch in fancy with his looks the invisible objects of his hatred; he soon ceased to attack with his violent imprecations not M. Fouquet alone, but even La Vallière herself; from fury he subsided into despair, and from despair to prostration. After he had thrown himself for a few minutes to and fro convulsively on his bed, his nerveless arms fell quietly down; his head lay languidly on his pillow; his limbs, exhausted with excessive emotion, still trembled occasionally, agitated by muscular contractions; while from his breast faint and infrequent sighs still issued. Morpheus, the tutelary deity of the apartment, towards whom Louis raised his eyes, wearied by his anger and reconciled by his tears, showered down upon him the sleep-inducing poppies with which his hands are ever filled; so presently the monarch closed his eyes and fell asleep. Then it seemed to him, as it often happens in that first sleep, so light and gentle, which raises the body above the couch, and the soul above the earth — it seemed to him, we say, as if the god Morpheus, painted



THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK

on the ceiling, looked at him with eyes resembling human eyes; that something shone brightly, and moved to and fro in the dome above the sleeper; that the crowd of terrible dreams which thronged together in his brain, and which were interrupted for a moment, half revealed a human face, with a hand resting against the mouth, and in an attitude of deep and absorbed meditation. And strange enough, too, this man bore so wonderful a resemblance to the king himself, that Louis fancied he was looking at his own face reflected in a mirror; with the exception, however, that the face was saddened by a feeling of the profoundest pity. Then it seemed to him as if the dome gradually retired, escaping from his gaze, and that the figures and attributes painted by Lebrun became darker and darker as the distance became more and more remote. A gentle, easy movement, as regular as that by which a vessel plunges beneath the waves, had succeeded to the immovableness of the bed. Doubtless the king was dreaming, and in this dream the crown of gold, which fastened the curtains together, seemed to recede from his vision, just as the dome, to which it remained suspended, had done, so that the winged genius which, with both its hands, supported the crown, seemed, though vainly so, to call upon the king, who was fast disappearing from it. The bed still sank. Louis, with his eyes open, could not resist the deception of this cruel hallucination. At last, as the light of the royal chamber faded away into darkness and gloom, something cold, gloomy, and inexplicable in its nature seemed to infect the air. No paintings, nor gold, nor velvet hangings, were visible any longer, nothing but walls of a dull gray color, which the increasing gloom made darker every moment. And yet the bed still continued to descend, and after a minute, which seemed in its duration almost an age to the king, it reached a stratum of air black and chill as death, and then it stopped. The king could no longer see the light in his room, except as from the bottom of a well we can see the light of day. "I am under the influence of some atrocious dream," he thought. "It is time to awaken from it. Come! let me wake."

Every one has experienced the sensation the above remark conveys; there is hardly a person who, in the midst of a nightmare, whose influence is suffocating, has not said to himself, by the help of that light which still burns in the brain when every human light is extinguished, "It is nothing but a

after all." This was precisely what Louis XIV. said to himself; but when he said, "Come, come! wake up," he perceived that not only was he already awake, but still more, that he had his eyes open also. And then he looked all round him. On his right hand and on his left two armed men stood in stolid silence, each wrapped in a huge cloak, and the face covered with a mask; one of them held a small lamp in his hand, whose glimmering light revealed the saddest picture a king could look upon. Louis could not help saying to himself that his dream still lasted, and that all he had to do to cause it to disappear was to move his arms or to say something aloud; he darted from his bed, and found himself upon the damp, moist ground. Then, addressing himself to the man who held the lamp in his hand; he said:—

"What is this, monsieur, and what is the meaning of this jest?"

"It is no jest," replied in a deep voice the masked figure that held the lantern.

"Do you belong to M. Fouquet?" inquired the king, greatly astonished at his situation.

"It matters very little to whom we belong," said the phantom; "we are your masters now, that is sufficient."

The king, more impatient than intimidated, turned to the other masked figure. "If this is a comedy," he said, "you will tell M. Fouquet that I find it unseemly and improper, and that I command it should cease."

The second masked person to whom the king had addressed himself was a man of huge stature and vast circumference. He held himself erect and motionless as any block of marble. "Well!" added the king, stamping his foot, "you do not answer!"

"We do not answer you, my good monsieur," said the giant, in a stentorian voice, "because there is nothing to say."

"At least, tell me what you want?" exclaimed Louis, folding his arms with a passionate gesture.

"You will know by and by," replied the man who held the lamp.

"In the mean time tell me where I am."

"Look."

Louis looked all round him; but by the light of the lamp which the masked figure raised for the purpose, he could perceive nothing but the damp walls, which glistened here and

there with the slimy traces of the snail. "Oh—oh!—a dungeon," cried the king.

"No, a subterranean passage."

"Which leads——"

"Will you be good enough to follow us?"

"I shall not stir from hence!" cried the king.

"If you are obstinate, my dear young friend," replied the taller of the two, "I will lift you up in my arms, and roll you up in your own cloak, and if you should happen to be stifled, why—so much the worse for you."

As he said this, he disengaged from beneath his cloak a hand of which Milo of Crotona would have envied him the possession, on the day when he had that unhappy idea of rending his last oak. The king dreaded violence, for he could well believe that the two men into whose power he had fallen had not gone so far with any idea of drawing back, and that they would consequently be ready to proceed to extremities, if necessary. He shook his head and said: "It seems I have fallen into the hands of a couple of assassins. Move on, then."

Neither of the men answered a word to this remark. The one who carried the lantern walked first, the king followed him, while the second masked figure closed the procession. In this manner they passed along a winding gallery of some length, with as many staircases leading out of it as are to be found in the mysterious and gloomy palaces of Ann Radcliffe's creation. All these windings and turnings, during which the king heard the sound of running water *over his head*, ended at last in a long corridor closed by an iron door. The figure with the lamp opened the door with one of the keys he wore suspended at his girdle, where, during the whole of the brief journey the king had heard them rattle. As soon as the door was opened and admitted the air, Louis recognized the balmy odors that trees exhale in balmy summer nights. He paused, hesitatingly, for a moment or two; but the huge sentinel who followed him thrust him out of the subterranean passage.

"Another blow," said the king, turning towards the one who had just had the audacity to touch his sovereign; "what do you intend to do with the King of France?"

"Try to forget that word," replied the man with the lamp, in a tone which as little admitted of a reply as one of the famous decrees of Minos.

"You deserve to be broken on the wheel for the words that

you have just made use of," said the giant, as he extinguished the lamp his companion handed to him; "but the king is too kind-hearted."

Louis, at that threat, made so sudden a movement that it seemed as if he meditated flight; but the giant's hand was in a moment placed on his shoulder, and fixed him motionless where he stood. "But tell me, at least, where we are going," said the king.

"Come," replied the former of the two men, with a kind of respect in his manner, and leading his prisoner towards a carriage which seemed to be in waiting.

The carriage was completely concealed amid the trees. Two horses, with their feet fettered, were fastened by a halter to the lower branches of a large oak.

"Get in," said the same man, opening the carriage door and letting down the step. The king obeyed, seated himself at the back of the carriage, the padded door of which was shut and locked immediately upon him and his guide. As for the giant, he cut the fastenings by which the horses were bound, harnessed them himself, and mounted on the box of the carriage, which was unoccupied. The carriage set off immediately at a quick trot, turned into the road to Paris, and in the forest of Senart found a relay of horses fastened to the trees in the same manner the first horses had been, and without a postilion. The man on the box changed the horses, and continued to follow the road towards Paris with the same rapidity; so that they entered the city about three o'clock in the morning. The carriage proceeded along the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, and, after having called out to the sentinel, "by the king's order," the driver conducted the horses into the circular inclosure of the Bastille, looking out upon the courtyard, called La Cour du Gouvernement. There the horses drew up, reeking with sweat, at the flight of steps, and a sergeant of the guard ran forward. "Go and wake the governor," said the coachman, in a voice of thunder.

With the exception of this voice, which might have been heard at the entrance of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, everything remained as calm in the carriage as in the prison. Ten minutes afterwards, M. de Baisemeaux appeared in his dressing gown on the threshold of the door. "What is the matter now?" he asked; "and whom have you brought me there?"

The man with the lantern opened the carriage door, and

said two or three words to the one who acted as driver, who immediately got down from his seat, took up a short musket which he kept under his feet, and placed its muzzle on his prisoner's chest.

"And fire at once if he speaks!" added aloud the man who alighted from the carriage.

"Very good," replied his companion, without another remark.

With this recommendation, the person who had accompanied the king in the carriage ascended the flight of steps, at the top of which the governor was awaiting him. "M. d'Herblay!" said the latter.

"Hush!" said Aramis. "Let us go into your room."

"Good heavens! what brings you here at this hour?"

"A mistake, my dear M. de Baisemeaux," Aramis replied quietly. "It appears that you were quite right the other day."

"What about?" inquired the governor.

"About the order of release, my dear friend."

"Tell me what you mean, monsieur—no, monseigneur," said the governor, almost suffocated by surprise and terror.

"It is a very simple affair: you remember, dear M. de Baisemeaux, that an order of release was sent to you."

"Yes, for Marchiali."

"Very good! we both thought that it was for Marchiali?"

"Certainly; you will recollect, however, that I would not credit it, but that you compelled me to believe it?"

"Oh! Baisemeaux, my good fellow, what a word to make use of!—strongly recommended, that was all."

"Strongly recommended, yes; strongly recommended to give him up to you: and that you carried him off with you in your carriage."

"Well, my dear M. de Baisemeaux, it was a mistake; it was discovered at the ministry, so that I now bring you an order from the king to set at liberty—Seldon, that poor Scotch fellow, you know."

"Seldon! are you sure this time?"

"Well, read it yourself," added Aramis, handing him the order.

"Why," said Baisemeaux, "this order is the very same that has already passed through my hands."

"Indeed?"

"It is the very one I assured you I saw the other evening. *Parbleu!* I recognize it by the blot of ink."

"I do not know whether it is that; but all I know is that I bring it for you."

"But then, about the other?"

"What other?"

"Marchiali?"

"I have got him here with me."

"But that is not enough for me. I require a new order to take him back again."

"Don't talk such nonsense, my dear Baisemeaux; you talk like a child! Where is the order you received respecting Marchiali?"

Baisemeaux ran to his iron chest and took it out. Aramis seized hold of it, coolly tore it in four pieces, held them to the lamp, and burnt them. "Good heavens! what are you doing?" exclaimed Baisemeaux, in an extremity of terror.

"Look at your position quietly, my good governor," said Aramis, with imperturbable self-possession, "and you will see how very simple the whole affair is. You no longer possess any order justifying Marchiali's release."

"I am a lost man!"

"Far from it, my good fellow, since I have brought Marchiali back to you, and all accordingly is just the same as if he had never left."

"Ah!" said the governor, completely overcome by terror.

"Plain enough, you see; and you will go and shut him up immediately."

"I should think so, indeed."

"And you will hand over this Seldon to me, whose liberation is authorized by this order. Do you understand?"

"I—I——"

"You do understand, I see," said Aramis. "Very good." Baisemeaux clasped his hands together.

"But why, at all events, after having taken Marchiali away from me, do you bring him back again?" cried the unhappy governor, in a paroxysm of terror, and completely dumfounded.

"For a friend such as you are," said Aramis—"for so devoted a servant, I have no secrets;" and he put his mouth close to Baisemeaux's ear, as he said in a low tone of voice, "You know the resemblance between that unfortunate fellow and——"

"And the king?—yes!"

"Very good; the very first use that Marchiali made of his liberty was to persist—— Can you guess what?"

"How is it likely I should guess?"

"To persist in saying that he was king of France; to dress himself up in clothes like those of the king; and then pretend to assume that he was the king himself."

"Gracious Heavens!"

"That is the reason why I have brought him back again, my dear friend. He is mad and lets every one see how mad he is."

"What is to be done, then?"

"That is very simple; let no one hold any communication with him. You understand that when his peculiar style of madness came to the king's ears, the king, who had pitied his terrible affliction, and saw that all his kindness had been repaid by black ingratitude, became perfectly furious; so that, now—and remember this very distinctly, dear M. de Baisemeaux, for it concerns you most closely—so that there is now, I repeat, sentence of death pronounced against all those who may allow him to communicate with any one else but me or the king himself. You understand, Baisemeaux, sentence of death!"

"You need not ask me whether I understand."

"And now, let us go down, and conduct this poor devil back to his dungeon again, unless you prefer he should come up here."

"What would be the good of that?"

"It would be better, perhaps, to enter his name in the prison book at once!"

"Of course, certainly; not a doubt of it."

"In that case, have him up."

Baisemeaux ordered the drums to be beaten and the bell to be rung, as a warning to every one to retire, in order to avoid meeting a prisoner about whom it was desired to observe a certain mystery. Then, when the passages were free, he went to take the prisoner from the carriage, at whose breast Porthos, faithful to the directions which had been given him, still kept his musket leveled. "Ah! is that you, miserable wretch?" cried the governor, as soon as he perceived the king. "Very good, very good." And immediately, making the king get out of the carriage, he led him, still accompanied by Porthos, who

had not taken off his mask, and Aramis, who again resumed his, up the stairs, to the second Bertaudière, and opened the door of the room in which Philippe for six long years had bemoaned his existence. The king entered the cell without pronouncing a single word: he faltered in as limp and haggard as a rain-struck lily. Baisemeaux shut the door upon him, turned the key twice in the lock, and then returned to Aramis. "It is quite true," he said in a low tone, "that he bears a striking resemblance to the king; but less so than you said."

"So that," said Aramis, "you would not have been deceived by the substitution of the one for the other."

"What a question!"

"You are a most valuable fellow, Baisemeaux," said Aramis; "and now, set Seldon free."

"Oh, yes. I was going to forget that. I will go and give orders at once."

"Bah! to-morrow will be time enough."

"To-morrow! — oh, no. This very minute."

"Well; go off to your affairs, I will away to mine. But it is quite understood, is it not?"

"What 'is quite understood'?"

"That no one is to enter the prisoner's cell, except with an order from the king; an order which I will myself bring."

"Quite so. Adieu, monseigneur."

Aramis returned to his companion. "Now, Porthos, my good fellow, back again to Vaux, and as fast as possible."

"A man is light and easy enough, when he has faithfully served his king; and, in serving him, saved his country," said Porthos. "The horses will be as light as if our tissues were constructed of the wind of heaven. So let us be off." And the carriage, lightened of a prisoner who might well be—as he in fact was—very heavy in the sight of Aramis, passed across the drawbridge of the Bastille, which was raised again immediately behind it.

THE MORNING.

In vivid contrast to the sad and terrible destiny of the king imprisoned in the Bastille, and tearing, in sheer despair, the bolts and bars of his dungeon, the rhetoric of the chroniclers of old would not fail to present, as a complete antithesis, the picture of Philippe lying asleep beneath the royal canopy. We do not pre-

tend to say that such rhetoric is always bad, and always scatters, in places where they have no right to grow, the flowers with which it embellishes and enlivens history. But we shall, on the present occasion, carefully avoid polishing the antithesis in question, but shall proceed to draw another picture as minutely as possible, to serve as foil and counterfoil to the one in the preceding chapter. The young prince alighted from Aramis' room, in the same way the king had descended from the apartment dedicated to Morpheus. The dome gradually and slowly sank down under Aramis' pressure, and Philippe stood beside the royal bed, which had ascended again after having deposited its prisoner in the secret depths of the subterranean passage. Alone, in the presence of all the luxury which surrounded him; alone, in the presence of his power; alone, with the part he was about to be forced to act, Philippe for the first time felt his heart, and mind, and soul expand beneath the influence of a thousand mutable emotions, which are the vital throbs of a king's heart. He could not help changing color when he looked upon the empty bed, still tumbled by his brother's body. This mute accomplice had returned, after having completed the work it had been destined to perform; it returned with the traces of the crime; it spoke to the guilty author of that crime, with the frank and unreserved language which an accomplice never fears to use in the company of his companion in guilt; for it spoke the truth. Philippe bent over the bed, and perceived a pocket handkerchief lying on it, which was still damp from the cold sweat which had poured from Louis XIV.'s face. This sweat-bestained handkerchief terrified Philippe, as the gore of Abel frightened Cain.

"I am face to face with my destiny," said Philippe, his eyes on fire, and his face a livid white. "Is it likely to be more terrifying than my captivity has been sad and gloomy? Though I am compelled to follow out, at every moment, the sovereign power and authority I have usurped, shall I cease to listen to the scruples of my heart? Yes! the king has lain on this bed; it is indeed his head that has left its impression on this pillow; his bitter tears that have stained this handkerchief: and yet, I hesitate to throw myself on the bed, or to press in my hand the handkerchief which is embroidered with my brother's arms. Away with such weakness; let me imitate M. d'Herblay, who asserts that a man's action should

be always one degree above his thoughts ; let me imitate M. d'Herblay, whose thoughts are of and for himself alone, who regards himself as a man of honor, so long as he injures or betrays his enemies only. I, I alone, should have occupied this bed, if Louis XIV. had not, owing to my mother's criminal abandonment, stood in my way ; and this handkerchief, embroidered with the arms of France, would in right and justice belong to me alone, if, as M. d'Herblay observes, I had been left my royal cradle. Philippe, son of France, take your place on that bed ; Philippe, sole king of France, resume the blazonry that is yours ! Philippe, sole heir presumptive to Louis XIII., your father, show yourself without pity or mercy for the usurper who, at this moment, has not even to suffer the agony of the remorse of all that you have had to submit to."

With these words, Philippe, notwithstanding an instinctive repugnance of feeling, and in spite of the shudder of terror which mastered his will, threw himself on the royal bed, and forced his muscles to press the still warm place where Louis XIV. had lain, while he buried his burning face in the handkerchief still moistened by his brother's tears. With his head thrown back and buried in the soft down of his pillow, Philippe perceived above him the crown of France, suspended, as we have stated, by angels with outspread golden wings.

A man may be ambitious of lying in a lion's den, but can hardly hope to sleep there quietly. Philippe listened attentively to every sound ; his heart panted and throbbed at the very suspicion of approaching terror and misfortune ; but confident in his own strength, which was confirmed by the force of an overpoweringly resolute determination, he waited until some decisive circumstance should permit him to judge for himself. He hoped that imminent danger might be revealed to him, like those phosphoric lights of the tempest which show the sailors the altitude of the waves against which they have to struggle. But nothing approached. Silence, that mortal enemy of restless hearts, and of ambitious minds, shrouded in the thickness of its gloom during the remainder of the night the future king of France, who lay there sheltered beneath his stolen crown. Towards the morning a shadow, rather than a body, glided into the royal chamber ; Philippe expected his approach, and neither expressed nor exhibited any surprise.

"Well, M. d'Herblay?" he said.

"Well, sire, all is accomplished."

"How?"

"Exactly as we expected."

"Did he resist?"

"Terribly! tears and entreaties."

"And then?"

"A perfect stupor."

"But at last?"

"Oh! at last, a complete victory, and absolute silence."

"Did the governor of the Bastile suspect anything?"

"Nothing."

"The resemblance, however——"

"Was the cause of the success."

"But the prisoner cannot fail to explain himself. Think well of that. I have myself been able to do as much as that, on a former occasion."

"I have already provided for every chance. In a few days, sooner if necessary, we will take the captive out of his prison, and will send him out of the country, to a place of exile so remote——"

"People can return from their exile, M. d'Herblay."

"To a place of exile so distant, I was going to say, that human strength and the duration of human life would not be enough for his return."

Once more a cold look of intelligence passed between Aramis and the young king.

"And M. du Vallon?" asked Philippe, in order to change the conversation.

"He will be presented to you to-day, and confidentially will congratulate you on the danger which that conspirator has made you run."

"What is to be done with him?"

"With M. du Vallon?"

"Yes; confer a dukedom on him, I suppose."

"A dukedom," replied Aramis, smiling in a significant manner.

"Why do you laugh, M. d'Herblay?"

"I laugh at the extreme caution of your idea."

"Cautious; why so?"

"Your majesty is doubtless afraid that that poor Porthos may probably become a troublesome witness, and you wish to get rid of him."

"What! in making him a duke?"

"Certainly; you would assuredly kill him, for he would die from joy, and the secret would die with him."

"Good heavens!"

"Yes," said Aramis, phlegmatically; "I should lose a very good friend."

At this moment, and in the middle of this idle conversation, under the light tone of which the two conspirators concealed their joy and pride at their mutual success, Aramis heard something which made him prick up his ears.

"What is that?" said Philippe.

"The dawn, sire."

"Well?"

"Well, before you retired to bed last night, you probably decided to do something this morning at break of day."

"Yes, I told my captain of the musketeers," replied the young man, hurriedly, "that I should expect him."

"If you told him that, he will certainly be here, for he is a most punctual man."

"I hear a step in the vestibule."

"It must be he."

"Come, let us begin the attack," said the young king, resolutely.

"Be cautious, for heaven's sake. To begin the attack, and with D'Artagnan, would be madness. D'Artagnan knows nothing, he has seen nothing; he is a hundred miles from suspecting our mystery in the slightest degree; but if he comes into this room the first this morning, he will be sure to detect something of what has taken place, and which he would imagine it his business to occupy himself about. Before we allow D'Artagnan to penetrate into this room, we must air the room thoroughly, or introduce so many people into it that the keenest scent in the whole kingdom may be deceived by the traces of twenty different persons."

"But how can I send him away, since I have given him a rendezvous?" observed the prince, impatient to measure swords with so redoubtable an antagonist.

"I will take care of that," replied the bishop, "and in order to begin, I am going to strike a blow which will completely stupefy our man."

"He too is striking a blow, for I hear him at the door," added the prince, hurriedly.

And in fact, a knock at the door was heard at that moment. Aramis was not mistaken ; for it was indeed D'Artagnan who adopted that mode of announcing himself.

We have seen how he passed the night in philosophizing with M. Fouquet, but the musketeer was very weary even of feigning to fall asleep, and as soon as earliest dawn illumined with its gloomy gleams of light the sumptuous cornices of the superintendent's room, D'Artagnan rose from his armchair, arranged his sword, brushed his coat and hat with his sleeve, like a private soldier getting ready for inspection.

"Are you going out?" said Fouquet.

"Yes, monseigneur. And you?"

"I shall remain."

"You pledge your word?"

"Certainly."

"Very good. Besides, my only reason for going out is to try and get that reply, — you know what I mean?"

"That sentence, you mean —"

"Stay, I have something of the old Roman in me. This morning, when I got up, I remarked that my sword had not caught in one of the *aiguillettes*, and that my shoulder belt had slipped quite off. That is an infallible sign."

"Of prosperity?"

"Yes, be sure of it ; for every time that that confounded belt of mine sticks fast to my back, it always signified a punishment from M. de Tréville, or a refusal of money by M. de Mazarin. Every time my sword hung fast to my shoulder belt, it always predicted some disagreeable commission or another for me to execute, and I have had showers of them all my life through. Every time, too, my sword danced about in its sheath, a duel, fortunate in its result, was sure to follow : whenever it dangled about the calves of my legs, it signified a slight wound ; every time it fell completely out of the scabbard, I was booked, and made up my mind that I should have to remain on the field of battle, with two or three months under surgical bandages into the bargain."

"I did not know your sword kept you so well informed," said Fouquet, with a faint smile, which showed how he was struggling against his own weakness. "Is your sword bewitched, or under the influence of some imperial charm?"

"Why, you must know that my sword may almost be regarded as part of my own body. I have heard that certain

men seem to have warnings given them by feeling something the matter with their legs, or a throbbing of their temples. With me, it is my sword that warns me. Well, it told me of nothing this morning. But, stay a moment—look here, it has just fallen of its own accord into the last hole of the belt. Do you know what that is a warning of?”

“No.”

“Well, that tells me of an arrest that will have to be made this very day.”

“Well,” said the superintendent, more astonished than annoyed by this frankness, “if there is nothing disagreeable predicted to you by your sword, I am to conclude that it is not disagreeable for you to arrest me.”

“You! arrest *you*!”

“Of course. The warning——”

“Does not concern you, since you have been arrested ever since yesterday. It is not you I shall have to arrest, be assured of that. That is the reason why I am delighted, and also the reason why I said that my day will be a happy one.”

And with these words, pronounced with the most affectionate graciousness of manner, the captain took leave of Fouquet in order to wait upon the king. He was on the point of leaving the room, when Fouquet said to him, “One last mark of kindness.”

“What is it, monseigneur?”

“M. d’Herblay; let me see M. d’Herblay.”

“I am going to try and get him to come to you.”

D’Artagnan did not think himself so good a prophet. It was written that the day would pass away and realize all the predictions that had been made in the morning. He had accordingly knocked, as we have seen, at the king’s door. The door opened. The captain thought that it was the king who had just opened it himself; and this supposition was not altogether inadmissible, considering the state of agitation in which he had left Louis XIV. the previous evening; but instead of his royal master, whom he was on the point of saluting with the greatest respect, he perceived the long, calm features of Aramis. So extreme was his surprise that he could hardly refrain from uttering a loud exclamation. “Aramis!” he said.

“Good morning, dear D’Artagnan,” replied the prelate, coldly.

“You here!” stammered out the musketeer.

"His majesty desires you to report that he is still sleeping, after having been greatly fatigued during the whole night."

"Ah!" said D'Artagnan, who could not understand how the bishop of Vannes, who had been so indifferent a favorite the previous evening, had become in half a dozen hours the most magnificent mushroom of fortune that had ever sprung up in a sovereign's bedroom. In fact, to transmit the orders of the king even to the mere threshold of that monarch's room, to serve as an intermediary of Louis XIV. so as to be able to give a single order in his name at a couple of paces from him, he must have become more than Richelieu had ever been to Louis XIII. D'Artagnan's expressive eye, half-opened lips, his curling mustache, said as much indeed in the plainest language to the chief favorite, who remained calm and perfectly unmoved.

"Moreover," continued the bishop, "you will be good enough, monsieur le capitaine des mousquetaires, to allow those only to pass into the king's room this morning who have special permission. His majesty does not wish to be disturbed just yet."

"But," objected D'Artagnan, almost on the point of refusing to obey this order, and particularly of giving unrestrained passage to the suspicions which the king's silence had aroused — "but, monsieur l'évêque, his majesty gave me a rendezvous for this morning."

"Later, later," said the king's voice, from the bottom of the alcove; a voice which made a cold shudder pass through the musketeer's veins. He bowed, amazed, confused, and stupefied by the smile with which Aramis seemed to overwhelm him, as soon as those words had been pronounced.

"And then," continued the bishop, "as an answer to what you were coming to ask the king, my dear D'Artagnan, here is an order of his majesty, which you will be good enough to attend to forthwith, for it concerns M. Fouquet."

D'Artagnan took the order which was held out to him. "To be set at liberty!" he murmured. "Ah!" and he uttered a second "ah!" still more full of intelligence than the former; for this order explained Aramis' presence with the king, and that Aramis, in order to have obtained Fouquet's pardon, must have made considerable progress in the royal favor, and that this favor explained, in its tenor, the hardly conceivable assurance with which M. d'Herblay issued the order in the king's

name. For D'Artagnan it was quite sufficient to have understood something of the matter in hand in order to understand the rest. He bowed and withdrew a couple of paces, as though he were about to leave.

"I am going with you," said the bishop.

"Where to?"

"To M. Fouquet; I wish to be a witness of his delight."

"Ah! Aramis, how you puzzled me just now!" said D'Artagnan again.

"But you understand *now*, I suppose?"

"Of course I understand," he said aloud; but then added in a low tone to himself, almost hissing the words between his teeth, "No, no, I do not understand yet. But it is all the same, for here is the order for it." And then he added, "I will lead the way, monseigneur," and he conducted Aramis to Fouquet's apartments.

THE FALSE KING.

In the mean time, usurped royalty was playing out its part bravely at Vaux. Philippe gave orders that for his *petit lever*, the *grandes entrées*, already prepared to appear before the king, should be introduced. He determined to give this order notwithstanding the absence of M. d'Herblay, who did not return — our readers know the reason. But the prince, not believing that absence could be prolonged, wished, as all rash spirits do, to try his valor and his fortune far from all protection and instruction. Another reason urged him to this — Anne of Austria was about to appear; the guilty mother was about to stand in the presence of her sacrificed son. Philippe was not willing, if he had a weakness, to render the man a witness of it before whom he was bound thenceforth to display so much strength. Philippe opened his folding doors, and several persons entered silently. Philippe did not stir whilst his *valets de chambre* dressed him. He had watched, the evening before, all the habits of his brother, and played the king in such a manner as to awaken no suspicion. He was thus completely dressed in hunting costume when he received his visitors. His own memory and the notes of Aramis announced everybody to him, first of all Anne of Austria, to whom Monsieur gave his hand, and then Madame with M. de Saint-Aignan. He smiled at seeing these countenances, but trembled on recognizing his

mother. That still so noble and imposing figure, ravaged by pain, pleaded in his heart the cause of the famous queen who had immolated a child to reasons of state. He found his mother still handsome. He knew that Louis XIV. loved her, and he promised himself to love her likewise, and not to prove a scourge to her old age. He contemplated his brother with a tenderness easily to be understood. The latter had usurped nothing, had cast no shades athwart his life. A separate tree, he allowed the stem to rise without heeding its elevation or majestic life. Philippe promised himself to be a kind brother to this prince, who required nothing but gold to minister to his pleasures. He bowed with a friendly air to Saint-Aignan, who was all reverences and smiles, and tremblingly held out his hand to Henrietta, his sister-in-law, whose beauty struck him; but he saw in the eyes of that princess an expression of coldness which would facilitate, as he thought, their future relations.

"How much more easy," thought he, "it will be to be the brother of that woman than her gallant, if she evinces toward me a coldness that my brother could not have for her, but which is imposed upon me as a duty." The only visit he dreaded at this moment was that of the queen; his heart—his mind—had just been shaken by so violent a trial, that, in spite of their firm temperament, they would not, perhaps, support another shock. Happily the queen did not come. Then commenced, on the part of Anne of Austria, a political dissertation upon the welcome M. Fouquet had given to the house of France. She mixed up hostilities with compliments addressed to the king, and questions as to his health, with little maternal flatteries and diplomatic artifices.

"Well, my son," said she, "are you convinced with regard to M. Fouquet?"

"Saint-Aignan," said Philippe, "have the goodness to go and inquire after the queen."

At these words, the first Philippe had pronounced aloud, the slight difference that there was between his voice and that of the king was sensible to maternal ears, and Anne of Austria looked earnestly at her son. Saint-Aignan left the room, and Philippe continued:—

"Madame, I do not like to hear M. Fouquet ill-spoken of, you know I do not—and you have even spoken well of him yourself."

"That is true; therefore I only question you on the state of your sentiments with respect to him."

"Sire," said Henrietta, "I, on my part, have always liked M. Fouquet. He is a man of good taste, — a superior man."

"A superintendent who is never sordid or niggardly," added Monsieur; "and who pays in gold all the orders I have on him."

"Every one in this thinks too much of himself, and nobody for the state," said the old queen. "M. Fouquet, it is a fact, M. Fouquet is ruining the state."

"Well, mother!" replied Philippe, in rather a lower key, "do you likewise constitute yourself the buckler of M. Colbert?"

"How is that?" replied the old queen, rather surprised.

"Why, in truth," replied Philippe, "you speak that just as your old friend Madame de Chevreuse would speak."

"Why do you mention Madame de Chevreuse to me?" said she, "and what sort of humor are you in to-day towards me?"

Philippe continued: "Is not Madame de Chevreuse always in league against somebody? Has not Madame de Chevreuse been to pay you a visit, mother?"

"Monsieur, you speak to me now in such a manner that I can almost fancy I am listening to your father."

"My father did not like Madame de Chevreuse, and had good reason for not liking her," said the prince. "For my part, I like her no better than *he* did; and if she thinks proper to come here as she formerly did, to sow divisions and hatreds under the pretext of begging money — why —"

"Well! what?" said Anne of Austria, proudly, herself provoking the storm.

"Sire," murmured she, "you are treating your mother very cruelly."

"In what respect, madame?" replied he. "I am only speaking of Madame de Chevreuse; does my mother prefer Madame de Chevreuse to the security of the state and of my person? Well, then, madame, I tell you Madame de Chevreuse has returned to France to borrow money, and that she addressed herself to M. Fouquet to sell him a certain secret."

"A certain secret!" cried Anne of Austria.

"Concerning pretended robberies that monsieur le surintendant had committed, which is false," added Philippe. "M. Fouquet rejected her offers with indignation, preferring the esteem of the king to complicity with such intriguers. Then Madame de Chevreuse sold the secret to M. Colbert, and as she is insatiable, and was not satisfied with having extorted a hundred thousand crowns from a servant of the State, she has taken a still bolder flight, in search of surer sources of supply. Is that true, madame?"

"You know all, sire," said the queen, more uneasy than irritated.

"Now," continued Philippe, "I have good reason to dislike this fury, who comes to my court to plan the shame of some and the ruin of others. If Heaven has suffered certain crimes to be committed, and has concealed them in the shadow of its clemency, I will not permit Madame de Chevreuse to counteract the just designs of fate."

The latter part of this speech had so agitated the queen mother, that her son had pity on her. He took her hand and kissed it tenderly; she did not feel that in that kiss, given in spite of repulsion and bitterness of the heart, there was a pardon for eight years of suffering. Philippe allowed the silence of a moment to swallow the emotions that had just developed themselves. Then, with a cheerful smile:—

"We will not go to-day," said he, "I have a plan." And, turning towards the door, he hoped to see Aramis, whose absence began to alarm him. The queen mother wished to leave the room.

"Remain where you are, mother," said he, "I wish you to make your peace with M. Fouquet."

"I bear M. Fouquet no ill will; I only dreaded his prodigalities."

"We will put that to rights, and will take nothing of the superintendent but his good qualities."

"What is your majesty looking for?" said Henrietta, seeing the king's eyes constantly turned towards the door, and wishing to let fly a little poisoned arrow at his heart, supposing he was so anxiously expecting either La Vallière or a letter from her.

"My sister," said the young man, who had divined her thought, thanks to that marvelous perspicuity of which fortune was from that time about to allow him the exercise, "my sister, I am expecting a most distinguished man, a most able counselor, whom I wish to present to you all, recommending him to your good graces. Ah! come in, then, D'Artagnan."

"What does your majesty wish?" said D'Artagnan, appearing.

"Where is monsieur the bishop of Vannes, your friend?"

"Why, sire ——"

"I am waiting for him, and he does not come. Let him be sought for."

D'Artagnan remained for an instant stupefied; but soon, reflecting that Aramis had left Vaux privately on a mission from the king, he concluded that the king wished to preserve the secret. "Sire," replied he, "does your majesty absolutely require M. d'Herblay to be brought to you?"

"Absolutely is not the word," said Philippe; "I do not want him so particularly as that; but if he can be found ——"

"I thought so," said D'Artagnan to himself.

"Is this M. d'Herblay bishop of Vannes?"

"Yes, madame."

"A friend of M. Fouquet?"

"Yes, madame; an old musketeer."

Anne of Austria blushed:

"One of the four braves who formerly performed such prodigies."

The old queen repented of having wished to bite; she broke off the conversation, in order to preserve the rest of her teeth. "Whatever may be your choice, sire," said she, "I have no doubt it will be excellent."

All bowed in support of that sentiment.

"You will find in him," continued Philippe, "the depth and penetration of M. de Richelieu, without the avarice of M. de Mazarin!"

"A prime minister, sire?" said Monsieur, in a fright.

"I will tell you all about that, brother; but it is strange that M. d'Herblay is not here!"

He called out:—

"Let M. Fouquet be informed that I wish to speak to him—oh! before you, before you; do not retire!"

M. de Saint-Aignan returned, bringing satisfactory news of the queen, who only kept her bed from precaution, and to have strength to carry out all the king's wishes. Whilst everybody was seeking M. Fouquet and Aramis, the new king quietly continued his experiments, and everybody, family, officers, servants, had not the least suspicion of his identity, his air, voice, and manners were so like the king's. On his side, Philippe, applying to all countenances the accurate descriptions and key-notes of character supplied by his accomplice Aramis, conducted himself so as not to give birth to a doubt in the minds of those who surrounded him. Nothing from that time could disturb the usurper. With what strange facility had Providence just reversed the loftiest fortune of the world to substitute the lowliest in its stead! Philippe admired the goodness of God with regard to himself, and seconded it with all the resources of his admirable nature. But he felt, at times, something like a specter gliding between him and the rays of his new glory. Aramis did not appear. The conversation had languished in the royal family; Philippe, preoccupied, forgot to dismiss his brother and Madame Henrietta. The latter were astonished, and began, by degrees, to lose all patience. Anne of Austria stooped towards her son's ear, and addressed some words to him in Spanish. Philippe was completely ignorant of that language, and grew pale at this unexpected obstacle. But, as if the spirit of the imperturbable Aramis had covered him with his infallibility, instead of appearing disconcerted, Philippe rose. "Well! what?" said Anne of Austria.

"What is all that noise?" said Philippe, turning round towards the door of the second staircase.

And a voice was heard saying, "This way, this way! A few steps more, sire!"

"The voice of M. Fouquet," said D'Artagnan, who was standing close to the queen mother.

"Then M. d'Herblay cannot be far off," added Philippe.

But he then saw what he little thought to have beheld so near to him. All eyes were turned towards the door at which

M. Fouquet was expected to enter; but it was not M. Fouquet who entered. A terrible cry resounded from all corners of the chamber, a painful cry uttered by the king and all present. It is given to but few men, even to those whose destiny contains the strangest elements, and accidents the most wonderful, to contemplate a spectacle similar to that which presented itself in the royal chamber at that moment. The half-closed shutters only admitted the entrance of an uncertain light passing through thick violet velvet curtains lined with silk. In this soft shade, the eyes were by degrees dilated, and every one present saw others rather with imagination than with actual sight. There could not, however, escape, in these circumstances, one of the surrounding details; and the new object which presented itself appeared as luminous as though it shone out in full sunlight. So it happened with Louis XIV., when he showed himself, pale and frowning, in the doorway of the secret stairs. The face of Fouquet appeared behind him, stamped with sorrow and determination. The queen mother, who perceived Louis XIV., and who held the hand of Philippe, uttered the cry of which we have spoken, as if she had beheld a phantom. Monsieur was bewildered, and kept turning his head in astonishment, from one to the other. Madame made a step forward, thinking she was looking at the form of her brother-in-law reflected in a mirror. And, in fact, the illusion was possible. The two princes, both pale as death—for we renounce the hope of being able to describe the fearful state of Philippe—trembling, clenching their hands convulsively, measured each other with looks, and darted their glances, sharp as poniards, at each other. Silent, panting, bending forward, they appeared as if about to spring upon an enemy. The unheard-of resemblance of countenance, gesture, shape, height, even to the resemblance of costume, produced by chance—for Louis XIV. had been to the Louvre and put on a violet-colored dress—the perfect analogy of the two princes, completed the consternation of Anne of Austria. And yet she did not at once guess the truth. There are misfortunes in life so truly dreadful that no one will at first accept them; people rather believe in the supernatural and the impossible. Louis had not reckoned on these obstacles. He expected he had only to appear to be acknowledged. A living sun, he could not endure the suspicion of equality with any one. He did not admit that every torch should not become darkness at

the instant he shone out with his conquering ray. At the aspect of Philippe, then, he was perhaps more terrified than any one round him, and his silence, his immobility, were, this time, a concentration and a calm which preceded the violent explosions of concentrated passion.

But Fouquet! who shall paint his emotion and stupor in presence of this living portrait of his master! Fouquet thought Aramis was right, that this newly-arrived was a king as pure in his race as the other, and that, for having repudiated all participation in this *coup d'état*, so skillfully got up by the General of the Jesuits, he must be a mad enthusiast, unworthy of ever again dipping his hands in political grand strategy work. And then it was the blood of Louis XIII. which Fouquet was sacrificing to the blood of Louis XIII.; it was to a selfish ambition he was sacrificing a noble ambition; to the right of keeping he sacrificed the right of having. The whole extent of his fault was revealed to him at simple sight of the pretender. All that passed in the mind of Fouquet was lost upon the persons present. He had five minutes to focus meditation on this point of conscience; five minutes, that is to say five ages, during which the two kings and their family scarcely found energy to breathe after so terrible a shock. D'Artagnan, leaning against the wall in front of Fouquet, with his hand to his brow, asked himself the cause of such a wonderful prodigy. He could not have said at once why he doubted, but he knew assuredly that he had reason to doubt, and that in this meeting of the two Louis XIV.'s lay all the doubt and difficulty that during late days had rendered the conduct of Aramis so suspicious to the musketeer. These ideas were, however, enveloped in a haze, a veil of mystery. The actors in this assembly seemed to swim in the vapors of a confused waking. Suddenly Louis XIV., more impatient and more accustomed to command, ran to one of the shutters, which he opened, tearing the curtains in his eagerness. A flood of living light entered the chamber, and made Philippe draw back to the alcove. Louis seized upon this movement with eagerness, and addressing himself to the queen:—

"My mother," said he, "do you not acknowledge your son, since every one here has forgotten his king?" Anne of Austria started, and raised her arms towards heaven, without being able to articulate a single word.

"My mother," said Philippe, with a calm voice, "do you not

acknowledge your son?" And this time, in his turn, Louis drew back.

As to Anne of Austria, struck suddenly in head and heart with fell remorse, she lost her equilibrium. No one aiding her, for all were petrified, she sank back in her *fauteuil*, breathing a weak, trembling sigh. Louis could not endure the spectacle and the affront. He bounded towards D'Artagnan, over whose brain a vertigo was stealing, and who staggered as he caught at the door for support.

"*À moi! mousquetaire!*" said he. "Look us in the face and say which is the paler, he or I!"

This cry roused D'Artagnan, and stirred in his heart the fibers of obedience. He shook his head, and, without more hesitation, he walked straight up to Philippe, on whose shoulder he laid his hand, saying, "Monsieur, you are my prisoner!"

Philippe did not raise his eyes towards heaven, not stir from the spot, where he seemed nailed to the floor, his eye intently fixed upon the king his brother. He reproached him with a sublime silence for all misfortunes past, all tortures to come. Against this language of the soul the king felt he had no power; he cast down his eyes, dragging away precipitately his brother and sister, forgetting his mother sitting motionless within three paces of the son whom she left a second time to be condemned to death. Philippe approached Anne of Austria, and said to her, in a soft and nobly agitated voice:—

"If I were not your son, I should curse you, my mother, for having rendered me so unhappy."

D'Artagnan felt a shudder pass through the marrow of his bones. He bowed respectfully to the young prince, and said, as he bent, "Excuse me, monseigneur, I am but a soldier, and my oaths are his who has just left the chamber."

"Thank you, M. d'Artagnan. . . . What has become of M. d'Herblay?"

"M. d'Herblay is in safety, monseigneur," said a voice behind them; "and no one, while I live and am free, shall cause a hair to fall from his head."

"Monsieur Fouquet!" said the prince, smiling sadly.

"Pardon me, monseigneur," said Fouquet, kneeling, "but he who is just gone out from hence was my guest."

"Here are," murmured Philippe, with a sigh, "brave friends and good hearts. They make me regret the world. Oh, M. d'Artagnan, I follow you."

At the moment the captain of the musketeers was about to leave the room with his prisoner, Colbert appeared, and, after remitting an order from the king to D'Artagnan, retired. D'Artagnan read the paper, and then crushed it in his hand with rage.

"What is it?" asked the prince.

"Read, monseigneur," replied the musketeer.

Philippe read the following words, hastily traced by the hand of the king:—

"M. d'Artagnan will conduct the prisoner to the Île Sainte-Marguerite. He will cover his face with an iron visor, which the prisoner shall never raise except at peril of his life."

"That is just," said Philippe, with resignation; "I am ready."

"Aramis was right," said Fouquet, in a low voice, to the musketeer, "this one is every whit as much a king as the other."

"More so!" replied D'Artagnan. "He only wanted you and me."



SCENES FROM "ATHALIAH."¹

By RACINE.

[JEAN BAPTISTE RACINE, French dramatist, was born at La Ferté-Milon (dep. Aisne), December 21, 1639; studied the classics with the Jansenists at Port Royal; and finished his education at the Collège d'Harcourt. After composing an ode, entitled "Nymphes de la Seine," in honor of Louis XIV.'s marriage, he made the acquaintance of Boileau, Molière, and La Fontaine, and began to write for the stage. His first play, "La Thébaïde," was produced by Molière's troupe; "Andromaque" (1667) established his reputation; and then followed a brilliant series of tragedies: "Britannicus," "Bérénice," "Bajazet," "Mithridate," "Iphigénie," and "Phèdre." His only comedy, "Les Plaidiers," appeared in 1668. Racine withdrew from the theater after the production of "Phèdre," partly on account of envious intrigues and malicious criticisms, and settled down to a peaceful married life. After a silence of twelve years he wrote, at the solicitation of Madame de Maintenon, "Esther" and "Athalie," biblical tragedies. His death (in 1699) is said to have been hastened by grief at losing the king's favor.]

ATHALIAH, ABNER, MATTAN, ATTENDANTS OF ATHALIAH.

Mattan — Great Queen, is this a place for thee?
 What trouble stirs, what terror chills thine heart?
 What dost thou in the midst of enemies?
 Darest thou this unhallowed fane approach?
 Hast thou that bitter hatred cast away —

¹ From Racine's Dramatic Works. By permission of Geo. Bell & Sons.
 2 vols., price 3s. 6d. each.

Athaliah—

Both of you lend me an attentive ear.
 I do not wish now to recall the past,
 Nor give account to you for blood I shed:
 A sense of duty prompted all my acts.
 Nor will I take for judge a hasty crowd;
 Whate'er they may presume to spread abroad,
 My vindication Heaven has made its care.
 My power, established on renowned success,
 Has magnified my name from sea to sea;
 Jerusalem enjoys profoundest peace;
 The wandering Arab Jordan sees no more
 Ravage his borders with continual raids;
 Nor boasts Philistia over Judah now,
 And Syria owns me for a sister Queen.

Lastly the traitor who destroyed my House,
 And e'en to me thought to extend his rage,
 Jehu, fierce Jehu, in Samaria quails
 Before a mighty rival's rapid strokes,
 Whom I incited to attack my foe;
 And thus th' assassin leaves me mistress here,
 To reap the fruits of policy in peace.

But for some days a gnawing care has come,
 To check the flood of my prosperity.
 A dream (why should a dream disquiet me?)
 Preys on my heart, and keeps it ill at ease;
 I try to banish it; it haunts me still.

'Twas deepest night, when horror falls on man,¹
 My mother Jezebel before me stood,
 Richly attired as on the day she died,
 Her pride undaunted by misfortune's touch.
 That borrowed brightness still her features wore,
 Which she would paint upon her withered face,
 To hide the ravages of ruthless age:

"Tremble," she said, "child worthy of myself;
 O'er thee too triumphs Judah's cruel god,
 And thou must fall into his dreadful hands,
 Whereat I grieve." With these alarming words,
 Her specter o'er my bed appeared to bend;
 I stretched my hands to clasp her; but I found
 Only a hideous mass of flesh and bones,
 Horribly bruised and mangled, dragged thro' mire,
 Bleeding and torn, whose limbs the dogs of prey
 Were growling over with devouring greed.

Abner—

Great God!



RACINE

Athaliah—

While thus disturbed, before me rose
 The vision of a boy in shining robe,
 Such as the Hebrew priests are wont to wear.
 My drooping spirits at his sight revived:
 But while my troubled eyes, to peace restored,
 Admired his noble air and modest grace,
 I felt the sudden stroke of murderous steel
 Plunged deeply by the traitor in my breast.
 Perhaps to you this dream, so strangely mixed,
 May seem a work of chance, and I myself,
 For long ashamed to let my fears prevail,
 Referred it to a melancholy mood;
 But while its memory lingered in my soul,
 Twice in my sleep I saw that form again,
 Twice the same child before my eyes appeared,
 Always about to stab me to the heart.

Worn out at last by horror's close pursuit,
 I went to claim Baal's protecting care,
 And, kneeling at his altars, find repose.
 How strangely fear may sway our mortal minds!
 And instinct seemed to drive me to these courts,
 To pacify the god whom Jews adore;
 I thought that offerings might appease his wrath
 That this their god might grow more merciful.
 Baal's High Priest, my feebleness forgive!
 I entered; and the sacrifice was stayed,
 The people fled, Jehoiada in wrath
 Advanced to meet me. As he spake, I saw
 With terror and surprise that selfsame boy
 Who haunts me in my dreams. I saw him there,
 His mien the same, the same his linen stole,
 His gait, his eyes, each feature of his face;
 It was himself; beside th' High Priest he walked
 Till quickly they removed him from my sight.
 That is the trouble which detains me here,
 And thereon would I fain consult you both.
 Mattan, what means this omen marvelous?

Mattan—

Coincidence so strange fills me with dread.

Athaliah—

But, Abner, hast thou seen this fatal child?
 Who is he? What his family, his tribe?

Abner—

Two children at the altar lend their aid,
 One is the High Priest's son, the other is
 To me unknown.

Mattan — Why hesitate to act?
 Your Majesty must needs secure them both.
 'Tis known how I regard Jehoiada,
 Seeking no vengeance for my private wrongs,
 In all my warnings studying to be fair;
 But, after all, were this indeed his son,
 Would he one moment let the guilty live?

Abner —
 Of what crime can a child be capable?

Mattan —
 Heaven showed him with a dagger in his hand;
 And Heaven is just and wise, nor works in vain.
 What more dost want?

Abner — But, trusting to a dream,
 Say, wouldst thou have us bathe in infant blood?
 Ye know not yet his father nor his name.

Mattan —
 Enough for fear! I have considered all.
 If from illustrious parentage he springs,
 His ruin should be hastened by his rank;
 If fate has placed him in a lot obscure,
 What matters it if worthless blood be spilt?
 Must kings keep pace when justice lags behind?
 On promptitude their safety oft depends;
 No irksome scruples need their freedom check;
 To be suspected is all one with guilt.

Abner —
Mattan! Is this the language of a priest?
 Nursed in the lap of war, in carnage reared,
 Stern agent of the vengeful wrath of Kings,
 'Tis I who now must urge misfortune's plea!
 And thou, who owest him a father's love,
 A minister of peace in times of wrath,
 Cloaking resentment with pretended zeal
 Dost chafe that blood should flow so tardily!
 Thou badest me, Madam, speak my honest thought:
 What, then, is this that moves thy fear so much?
 A dream, a feeble child, whom, it may be
 Too readily thy fancy recognized.

Athaliah —
 Abner, I will admit I may be wrong,
 Heeding too much, perchance, an idle dream.
 More closely then must I behold that child,
 And at my leisure scan his features well.
 Let both the boys be brought before me now.

Jehosheba —

He, Madam?

Athaliah —

He.

Jehosheba —

His mother? No, not I.

[*Pointing to ZACHARIAH.*

There is my son.

Athaliah [to *JOASH*] — Who is thy father, child?

Answer, thyself.

Jehosheba —

Heaven till this very day —

Athaliah —

Why in such haste to answer for the boy?

It is for him to speak.

Jehosheba —

From one so young

What revelation canst thou hope to gain?

Athaliah —

The young are innocent; and simple truth

Their honest frankness knows not to disguise:

Let him explain all that concerns himself.

Jehosheba [*aside*] —

Great God, put now Thy wisdom in his mouth!

Athaliah —

What is thy name?

Joash —

My name's Eliakim.

Athaliah —

Thy father?

Joash —

Fatherless, they say, I am,

Cast since my birth upon the arms of God;

I never knew my parents, who they were.

Athaliah —

Hast thou no parents?

Joash —

They abandoned me.

Athaliah —

How? and how long ago?

Joash —

When I was born.

Athaliah —

Where is thy home? This can at least be told.

Joash —

This Temple is my home; none else I know.

Athaliah —

Where wast thou found? Hast thou been told of that?

Joash —

'Midst cruel wolves, ready to eat me up.

Athaliah —

Who placed thee in this temple?

Joash —

One unknown,

She gave no name, nor was she seen again.

Athaliah —

Whose guardian hands preserved thine infant years?

Joash —

When did God e'er neglect His children's needs?
The feathered nestlings He provides with food,
And o'er all nature spreads His bounty wide.
Daily I pray; and with a Father's care
He feeds me from the sacred offerings.

Athaliah —

New wonder comes to trouble and perplex!
The sweetness of his voice, his infant grace
Unconsciously make enmity give way
To — can it be compassion that I feel!

Abner —

Madam, is this thy dreaded enemy?
'Tis evident thy dreams have played thee false;
Unless thy pity, which now seems to vex,
Should be the fatal blow that terrified.

Athaliah [*to JOASH and JEHOSEBA*] —

Why are ye leaving?

Jehosheba —

Thou hast heard his tale:
His presence longer might be troublesome.

Athaliah [*to JOASH*] —

Nay, child, come back. What dost thou all the day?

Joash —

I worship God, and hear His Law explained;
His holy volume I am taught to read,
And now to write it has my hand begun.

Athaliah —

What says that Law?

Joash —

That God requires our love,
Avenges, soon or late, His Name blasphemed,
Is the protector of the fatherless,
Resists the proud, the murderer punishes.

Athaliah —

I understand. But all within these walls,
How are they occupied?

Joash —

In praising God.

Athaliah —

Does God claim constant service here and prayer?

Joash —

All else is banished from His holy courts.

Athaliah —

What pleasures hast thou?

Joash —

Where God's altar stands,
I sometimes help th' High Priest to offer salt

Or incense, hear His lofty praises sung,
And see His stately ritual performed.

Athaliah —

What! Hast thou pastime none more sweet than that?
Sad lot for one so young; but come with me,
And see my palace and my splendor there.

Joash —

God's goodness then would from my memory fade.

Athaliah —

I would not force thee to forget Him, child.

Joash —

Thou dost not pray to Him.

Athaliah —

But thou shalt pray.

Joash —

There I should hear another's name invoked.

Athaliah —

I serve my god: and thou shalt worship thine.
There are two powerful gods.

Joash —

Thou must fear mine;

He only is the Lord, and thine is naught.

Athaliah —

Pleasures untold will I provide for thee.

Joash —

The happiness of sinners melts away.

Athaliah —

Of sinners, who are they?

Jehosheba —

Madam, excuse

A child —

Athaliah —

I like to see how ye have taught him;

And thou hast pleased me well, Eliakim,

Being, and that past doubt, no common child.

See thou, I am a queen, and have no heir;

Forsake this humble service, doff this garb,

And I will let thee share in all my wealth;

Make trial of my promise from this day;

Beside me at my table, every where,

Thou shalt receive the treatment of a son.

I recognize the lessons ye have given.
 Yes, this is how, corrupting guileless youth,
 Ye both improve the freedom ye enjoy,
 Inciting them to hatred and wild rage,
 Until they shudder but to hear my name.

Jehosheba —

Can our misfortunes be concealed from them?
 All the world knows them; are they not thy boast?

Athaliah —

Yea; with just wrath, that I am proud to own,
 My parents on my offspring I avenged.
 Could I see sire and brother massacred,
 My mother from the palace roof cast down,
 And the same day beheaded all at once
 (Oh, horror!) fourscore princes of the blood;
 And all to avenge a pack of prophets slain,
 Whose dangerous frenzies Jezebel had curbed?
 Have queens no heart, daughters no filial love,
 That I should act the coward and the slave,
 Too pitiful to cope with savages,
 By rendering death for death, and blow for blow?
 David's posterity from me received
 Treatment no worse than had my father's sons!
 Where should I be to-day, had I not quelled
 All weakness and a mother's tenderness,
 Had not this hand of mine like water shed
 My own heart's blood, and boldly checked your plots?
 Your god has vowed implacable revenge;
 Snapt is the link between thine house and mine,
 David and all his offspring I abhor,
 Tho' born of mine own blood I own them not.

Jehosheba —

Thy plans have prospered. Let God see, and judge!

Athaliah —

Your god, forsooth, your only refuge left,
 What will become of his predictions now?
 Let him present you with that promised King,
 That Son of David, waited for so long, —
 We meet again. Farewell. I go content:
 I wished to see, and I have seen:

[*Exit.*

Abner [to *JEHOSHEBA*] —

The trust

I undertook to keep, I thus resign.

Jehosheba [to *JEHOIADA*] —

My lord, didst hear the Queen's presumptuous words?

Jehoiada —

I heard them all, and felt for thee the while.

These Levites were with me ready to aid
Or perish with you, such was our resolve.

[*To JOASH, embracing him.*

May God watch o'er thee, child, whose courage bore,
Just now, such noble witness to His Name.
Thy service, Abner, has been well discharged:
I shall expect thee at th' appointed hour.
I must return, this impious murderess
Has stained my vision, and disturbed my prayers;
The very pavement that her feet have trod
My hands shall sprinkle o'er with cleansing blood.

SIGISMUND.¹

By CALDERON.

(From "Life is a Dream": translated by Denis Florence MacCarthy.)

[PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA, one of the chief poets of Spain, was born in Madrid, January 17, 1600; died there May 25, 1681. He received his schooling at a Jesuits' college in Madrid; studied history, philosophy, and law at Salamanca; and served ten years in the army in Milan and the Netherlands. He was then summoned to Madrid by Philip IV., a prince fond of theatrical amusements, and was appointed director of the court theater. In 1651 he entered the priesthood, but notwithstanding his religious duties continued to write for the stage, besides which he composed many "autos sacramentales," or the Corpus Christi plays, performed annually in the cathedrals of Toledo, Seville, and Granada. According to his own account he wrote one hundred and eleven plays, among which are: "The Fairy Lady," "'Tis Better than it Was," "The Mock Astrologer," "The Wonder-working Magician," "The Devotion of the Cross," "The Constant Prince," "Life is a Dream," "No Magic like Love."]

SIGISMUND, *Prince of Poland*, has from his childhood been held in prison, it having been foretold that he would dethrone his father BASILIUS. To try his temper, he is taken asleep to the palace, and awakes to find himself no longer a captive but acknowledged Prince of Poland. His violent conduct justifies the former precautions, and after a day of royalty he is carried back to prison, again asleep.

Scene: *The Prison*.—SIGISMUND, as at first, clothed in skins, chained, and lying on the ground; CLOTALDO, his guardian; CLARIN (who has accidentally learned his story); and Servants.

Clotaldo — Leave him here on the ground,
Where his day — its pride being o'er,
Finds its end too.

¹ By permission of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

Servant — As before
With the chain his feet are bound.

Clarín — Never from that sleep profound
Wake, O Sigismund! or rise
To behold with wondering eyes
All thy glorious life o'erthrown,
Like a shadow that hath flown,
Like a bright brief flame that dies!

Clotaldo —
One who can so wisely make
Such reflections on this case
Should have ample time and space,
Even for the Solon's sake,
To discuss it. [*To the Servants.*] Him you'll take
To this cell here, and keep bound!
[*He points to another room.*]

Clarín — But why me?

Clotaldo — Because 'tis found
Safe, when clarions secrets know,
Clarions to lock up, that so
They may not have power to sound.

Clarín — Did I, since you treat me thus,
Try to kill my father? No!
Did I from the window throw
That unlucky Icarus? [*Acts of Sigismund.*]
Is my drink somniferous?
Do I dream? Then why be pent?

Clotaldo —
'Tis a clarion's punishment.

Clarín — Then a horn of low degree,
Yea! a cornet I will be,
A safe silent instrument.
[*They take him away. King BASILIUS enters.*
SIGISMUND still asleep.

Basilus —
Hark, Clotaldo!

Clotaldo — My Lord here?
Thus disguised, your Majesty!

Basilus —
Foolish curiosity
Leads me in this lowly gear
To find out — ah me! with fear —
How the sudden change he bore.

Clotaldo —
There behold him as before
In his miserable state!

Basilius — Wretched prince! unhappy fate!
 Birth by baneful stars watched o'er! —
 Go and wake him cautiously!
 Now that strength and force lie chained
 By the opiate he hath drained.

Clotaldo — Muttering something restlessly,
 See, he lies!

Basilius — Let's listen! he
 May some few clear words repeat.

Sigismund [*speaking in his sleep*] —
 Perfect Prince is he whose heat
 Smites the tyrant where he stands!
 Yea! Clotaldo by my hands
 Dies; my sire shall kiss my feet.

Clotaldo — Death he threatens in his rage.

Basilius — Outrage vile he doth intend.

Clotaldo — He my life hath sworn to end.

Basilius — He has vowed to insult my age.

Sigismund —
 On the mighty world's great stage,
 'Mid the admiring nations' cheer,
 Valor mine! that has no peer,
 Enter thou: the slave so shunned
 Now shall reign Prince Sigismund,
 And his sire his wrath shall fear — [*He wakes.*
 But, ah me! where am I? O!

Basilius [*to CLOTALDO*] —
 Me I must not let him see.
 Listening I close by will be;
 What you have to do you know. [*He retires.*

Sigismund —
 Can it possibly be so?
 Is the truth not what it seemed?
 Am I chained and unredeemed?
 Art not thou my lifelong tomb?
 Dark old tower! Yes! what a doom!
 God! what wondrous things I've dreamed.

Clotaldo — Now in this delusive play
 Must my special part be taken. —
 Is it not full time to waken?

Sigismund —
 Yes! to waken well it may.

Clotaldo — Wilt thou sleep the livelong day?
 Since we gazing from below
 Saw the eagle sailing slow,

Soaring through the azure sphere,
All the time thou waited here
Didst thou never waken ?

Sigismund —

No !

Nor even now am I awake :
Since such thoughts my memory fill,
That it seems I'm dreaming still.
Nor is this a great mistake :
Since, if dreams could phantoms make
Things of actual substance seem,
I things seen may phantoms deem.
Thus, a double harvest reaping,
I can see when I am sleeping,
And when waking I can dream.

Clotaldo —

What you may have dreamed of, say !

Sigismund —

If I thought it only seemed,
I would tell not what I dreamed ;
But what I beheld I may.
I awoke, and lo ! I lay
(Cruel and delusive thing !)
In a bed whose covering,
Bright with blooms from rosy bowers,
Seemed a tapestry of flowers
Woven by the hand of Spring.
Then a crowd of nobles came,
Who addressed me by the name
Of their Prince, presenting me
Gems and robes, on bended knee.
Calin soon left me ; and my frame
Thrilled with joy to hear thee tell
Of the fate that me befell,
For, though now in this dark den
I was Prince of Poland then.

Clotaldo —

Doubtless you repaid me well ?

Sigismund —

No ! not well : for, calling thee
Traitor vile, in furious strife
Twice I strove to take thy life.

Clotaldo —

But why all this rage 'gainst me ?

Sigismund —

I was master, and would be
Well revenged on foe and friend.
Love one woman could defend —

[*A woman had checked his waking savageness.*]
That at least for truth I deem.
All else ended like a dream ;
That alone can never end.

Clotaldo [*aside*] —

From his place the King hath gone,
Touched by his pathetic words.
[*Aloud.*] Speaking of the king of birds
Soaring to ascend his throne,
Thou didst fancy one thine own;
But in dreams, however bright,
Thou shouldst still have kept in sight
How for years I tended thee, —
For 'twere well, whoe'er we be,
Even in dreams to do what's right.

[*Exit.*

Sigismund [*alone*] —

That is true: then let's restrain
This wild rage, this fierce condition
Of the mind, this proud ambition,
Should we ever dream again!
And we'll do so: since 'tis plain,
In this world's uncertain gleam,
That to live is but to dream.
Man dreams what he is, and wakes
Only when upon him breaks
Death's mysterious morning beam.
The king dreams he is a king,
And in this delusive way
Lives and rules with sovereign sway;
All the cheers that round him ring,
Born of air, on air take wing;
And in ashes — mournful fate! —
Death dissolves his pride and state.
Who would wish a crown to take,
Seeing that he must awake
In the dream beyond death's gate?
And the rich man dreams of gold,
Gilding cares it scarce conceals;
And the poor man dreams he feels
Want and misery and cold.
Dreams he too who rank would hold;
Dreams who bears toil's rough-ribbed hands;
Dreams who wrong for wrong demands;
And in fine, throughout the earth
All men dream, whate'er their birth, —
And yet no one understands.
'Tis a dream that I in sadness
Here am bound, the scorn of fate;
'Twas a dream that once a state

I enjoyed of light and gladness.
 What is life ? 'Tis but a madness.
 What is life ? A thing that seems,
 A mirage that falsely gleams,
 Phantom joy, delusive rest:
 Since is life a dream at best,
 And even dreams themselves are dreams.



JUSTINA'S TEMPTATION.

By CALDERON.

*The DEMON tempts JUSTINA.**Demon —*

Abyss of Hell ! I call on thee,
 Thou wild misrule of thine own anarchy !
 From the prison house set free
 The spirits of voluptuous death,
 That with their mighty breath
 They may destroy a world of virgin thoughts !
 Let her chaste mind with fancies thick as motes
 Be peopled from thy shadowy deep,
 Till her guiltless phantasy
 Full to overflowing be !
 And with sweetest harmony,
 Let birds, and flowers, and leaves, and all things move
 To love, only to love !
 Let nothing meet her eyes
 But signs of Love's soft victories !
 Let nothing meet her ear
 But sounds of Love's sweet sorrow !
 So that from faith no succor she may borrow,
 But, guided by my spirit blind,
 And in a magic snare entwined,
 She may now seek Cyprian.
 Begin ! while I in silence bind
 My voice, when thy sweet song thou hast begun.

A Voice [within] —

What is the glory far above
 All else in human life ?

All —

Love ! love !

The First Voice —

There is no form in which the fire

Of love its traces has impressed not.
 Man lives far more in love's desire
 Than by life's breath, soon possessed not.
 If all that lives must love or die,
 All shapes on earth or sea or sky
 With one consent to Heaven cry
 That the glory far above
 All else in life is ——

All —

Love! O love!

Justina — Thou melancholy thought which art
 So fluttering and so sweet! to thee
 When did I give the liberty
 Thus to afflict my heart?
 What is the cause of this new power
 Which doth my fevered being more,
 Momently raging more and more?
 What subtle pain is kindled now
 Which from my heart doth overflow
 Into my senses?

All —

Love! O love!

Justina — 'Tis that enamored nightingale
 Who gives me the reply;
 He ever tells the same soft tale
 Of passion and of constancy
 To his mate, who rapt and fond
 Listening sits, a bough beyond.
 Be silent, Nightingale! no more
 Make me think, in hearing thee
 Thus tenderly thy love deplore,
 If a bird can feel his so,
 What a man would feel for me.
 And, voluptuous vine! O thou
 Who seekest most when least pursuing, —
 To the trunk thou interlacest
 Art the verdure which embracest,
 And the weight which is its ruin, —
 No more, with green embraces, vine!
 Make me think on what thou lovest, —
 For whilst thou thus thy boughs entwine,
 I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist!
 How arms might be entangled too.
 Light-enchanted sunflower! thou
 Who gazest ever true and tender
 On the sun's revolving splendor!
 Follow not his faithless glance
 With thy faded countenance;

Nor teach my beating heart to fear,
 If leaves can mourn without a tear,
 How eyes must weep! O Nightingale!
 Cease from thy enamored tale;
 Leafy vine! unwreath thy bower;
 Restless sunflower! cease to move;
 Or tell me all, what poisonous power
 Ye use against me!

All —

Love! love! love!

Justina — It cannot be! — Whom have I ever loved?
 Trophies of my oblivion and disdain,
 Floro and Lelio did I not reject?
 And Cyprian? —



THE MIGHTY MAGICIAN.

(From Calderon's "Magico Prodigioso": Shelley's translation.)

Scene I.: CYPRIAN as a student; CLARIN and MOSCON as poor scholars with books.

Cyprian —

In the sweet solitude of this calm place,
 This intricate wild wilderness of trees
 And flowers and undergrowth of odorous plants,
 Leave me: the books you brought out of the house
 To me are ever best society,
 And whilst with glorious festival and song
 Antioch now celebrates the consecration
 Of a proud temple to great Jupiter,
 And bears his image in loud jubilee
 To its new shrine, I would consume what still
 Lives of the dying day, in studious thought,
 Far from the throng and turmoil.
 You, my friends,
 Go and enjoy the festival, — it will
 Be worth the labor, and return for me
 When the sun seeks its grave among the billows,
 Which among dim gray clouds on the horizon,
 Dance like white plumes upon a hearse; — and here
 I shall expect you.

Moscon —

I cannot bring my mind,
 Great as my haste to see the festival

Certainly is, to leave you, sir, without
 Just saying some three or four thousand words.
 How is it possible that on a day
 Of such festivity, you can be content
 To come forth to a solitary country
 With three or four old books, and turn your back
 On all this mirth?

Clarín — My master's in the right;
 There is not anything more tiresome
 Than a procession day, with troops, and priests,
 And dances, and all that.

Moscon — From first to last,
 Clarín, you are a temporizing flatterer:
 You praise not what you feel but what he does; —
 Toadeater!

Clarín — You lie — under a mistake —
 For this is the most civil sort of lie
 That can be given to a man's race. I now
 Say what I think.

Cyprian — Enough, you foolish fellows!
 Pufft up with your own doting ignorance,
 You always take the two sides of one question.
 Now go; and as I said, return for me
 When night falls, veiling in its shadows wide
 This glorious fabric of the universe.

Moscon —
 How happens it, altho' you can maintain
 The folly of enjoying festivals,
 That yet you go there?

Clarín — Nay, the consequence
 Is clear: — who ever did what he advises
 Others to do? —

Moscon — Would that my feet were wings,
 So would I fly to Livia. [Exit.]

Clarín — To speak truth,
 Livia is she who has surprised my heart;
 But he is more than halfway there. — Soho!
 Livia, I come; good sport, Livia, soho! [Exit.]

Cyprian —
 Now, since I am alone, let me examine
 The question which has long disturbed my mind
 With doubt, since first I read in Plinius
 The words of mystic import and deep sense
 In which he defines God. My intellect
 Can find no God with whom these marks and signs

Fitly agree. It is a hidden truth
Which I must fathom.

[CYPRIAN reads; the DEMON, dressed in a Court dress, enters.]

Demon — Search even as thou wilt,
But thou shalt never find what I can hide.

Cyprian — What noise is that among the boughs? Who moves?
What art thou? —

Demon — 'Tis a foreign gentleman.
Even from this morning I have lost my way
In this wild place; and my poor horse at last,
Quite overcome, has stretcht himself upon
The enameled tapestry of this mossy mountain,
And feeds and rests at the same time. I was
Upon my way to Antioch upon business
Of some importance, but wrapt up in cares
(Who is exempt from this inheritance?)
I parted from my company, and lost
My way, and lost my servants and my comrades.

Cyprian — 'Tis singular that even within the sight
Of the high towers of Antioch you could lose
Your way. Of all the avenues and green paths
Of this wild wood there is not one but leads,
As to its center, to the walls of Antioch;
Take which you will you cannot miss your road.

Demon — And such is ignorance! Even in the sight
Of knowledge, it can draw no profit from it;
But as it still is early, and as I
Have no acquaintances in Antioch,
Being a stranger there, I will even wait
The few surviving hours of the day,
Until the night shall conquer it. I see
Both by your dress and by the books in which
You find delight and company, that you
Are a great student; — for my part, I feel
Much sympathy in such pursuits.

Cyprian — Have you
Studied much?

Demon — No, — and yet I know enough
Not to be wholly ignorant.

Cyprian — Pray, sir,
What science may you know? —

Demon —

Many.

Cyprian —

Alas!

*Much pains must we expend on one alone,
And even then attain it not; — but you
Have the presumption to assert that you
Know many without study.*

Demon —

And with truth.

For in the country whence I come the sciences
Require no learning, — they are known.

Cyprian —

Oh would

I were of that bright country! for in this
The more we study, we the more discover
Our ignorance.

Demon —

It is so true, that I

Had so much arrogance as to oppose
The chair of the most high Professorship,
And obtained many votes, and tho' I lost,
The attempt was still more glorious, than the failure
Could be dishonorable. If you believe not,
Let us refer it to dispute respecting
That which you know the best, and altho' I
Know not the opinion you maintain, and tho'
It be the true one, I will take the contrary.

Demon — The wisdom
Of the old world maskt with the names of Gods
The attributes of Nature and of Man;
A sort of popular philosophy.

Cyprian —
 This reply will not satisfy me, for
 Such awe is due to the high name of God
 That ill should never be imputed. Then
 Examining the question with more care,
 It follows that the Gods would always will
 That which is best, were they supremely good.
 How then does one will one thing, one another?
 And that you may not say that I allege
 Poetical or philosophic learning:—
 Consider the ambiguous responses
 Of their oracular statues; from two shrines
 Two armies shall obtain the assurance of
 One victory. Is it not indisputable
 That two contending wills can never lead
 To the same end? And being opposite,
 If one be good is not the other evil?
 Evil in God is inconceivable;
 But supreme goodness fails among the Gods
 Without their union.

Demon — I deny your major.
 These responses are means towards some end
 Unfathomed by our intellectual beam.
 They are the work of providence, and more
 The battle's loss may profit those who lose,
 Than victory advantage those who win.

Cyprian —
That I admit; and yet that God should not
(Falsehood is incompatible with deity)
Assure the victory; it would be enough
To have permitted the defeat. If God
Be all sight, — God, who had beheld the truth,
Would not have given assurance of an end
Never to be accomplisht: thus, altho'
The Deity may according to his attributes
Be well distinguisht into persons, yet
Even in the minutest circumstance
His essence must be one.

Demon— To attain the end
The affections of the actors in the scene
Must have been thus influenced by his voice.

Cyprian—

But for a purpose thus subordinate
He might have employed Genii, good or evil,—
A sort of spirits called so by the learned,
Who roam about inspiring good or evil,
And from whose influence and existence we
May well infer our immortality.
Thus God might easily, without descent
To a gross falsehood in his proper person,
Have moved the affections by this mediation
To the just point.

Demon—

These trifling contradictions
Do not suffice to impugn the unity
Of the high Gods; in things of great importance
They still appear unanimous; consider
That glorious fabric man,—his workmanship
Is stamp'd with one conception.

Cyprian—

Who made man
Must have, methinks, the advantage of the others.
If they are equal, might they not have risen
In opposition to the work, and being
All hands, according to our author here,
Have still destroyed even as the other made?
If equal in their power, unequal only
In opportunity, which of the two
Will remain conqueror?

Demon—

On impossible
And false hypothesis there can be built
No argument. Say, what do you infer
From this?

Cyprian—

That there must be a mighty God
Of supreme goodness and of highest grace,
All sight, all hands, all truth, infallible,
Without an equal and without a rival,
The cause of all things and the effect of nothing,
One power, one will, one substance, and one essence.
And in whatever persons, one or two,
His attributes may be distinguish'd, one
Sovereign power, one solitary essence,
One cause of all cause.

[*They rise.*

Demon—

How can I impugn
So clear a consequence?

Cyprian—

Do you regret
My victory?

Demon—

Who but regrets a check

Cyprian—

But for a purpose thus subordinate
He might have employed Genii, good or evil, —
A sort of spirits called so by the learned,
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[*They rise.*]

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How can I impugn
So clear a consequence?

Cyprian—

Do you regret
My victory?

Demon—

Who but regrets a check

In rivalry of wit? I could reply
 And urge new difficulties, but will now
 Depart, for I hear steps of men approaching,
 And it is time that I should now pursue
 My journey to the city.

Cyprian — Go in peace!

Demon —

Remain in peace!— Since thus it profits him
 To study, I will wrap his senses up
 In sweet oblivion of all thought, but of
 A piece of excellent beauty; and as I
 Have power given me to wage enmity
 Against Justina's soul, I will extract
 From one effect two vengeance. [*Aside and exit.*

Cyprian — I never
 Met a more learned person. Let me now
 Revolve this doubt again with careful mind.

[*He reads.*

FLORO and LELIO enter.

Lelio —

Here stop. These toppling rocks and tangled boughs
 Impenetrable by the noonday beam,
 Shall be sole witnesses of what we —

Floro —

Draw!

If there were words, here is the place for deeds.

Lelio —

Thou needest not instruct me; well I know
 That in the field, the silent tongue of steel
 Speaks thus, — [*They fight.*

Cyprian —

Ha! what is this? *Lelio*, — *Floro*,
 Be it enough that Cyprian stands between you,
 Altho' unarmed.

Lelio —

Whence comest thou, to stand
 Between me and my vengeance!

Floro —

From what rocks
 And desert cells?

Enter MOSCON and CLARIN.

Moscon —

Run! run! for where we left
 My master, I now hear the clash of swords.

Clarín —

I never run to approach things of this sort,
 But only to avoid them. Sir! Cyprian! sir!

Cyprian—

Be silent, fellows! What! two friends who are
In blood and fame the eyes and hope of Antioch,
One of the noble race of the Colalti,
The other son o' the Governor, adventure
And cast away, on some slight cause no doubt,
Two lives, the honor of their country?

Lelio—

Cyprian!

Altho' my high respect towards your person
Holds now my sword suspended, thou canst not
Restore it to the slumber of the scabbard:
Thou knowest more of science than the duel;
For when two men of honor take the field,
No counsel nor respect can make them friends
But one must die in the dispute.

Floro—

I pray

That you depart hence with your people, and
Leave us to finish what we have begun
Without advantage. —

Cyprian—

Tho' you may imagine

That I know little of the laws of duel,
Which vanity and valor instituted,
You are in error. By my birth I am
Held no less than yourselves to know the limits
Of honor and of infamy, nor has study
Quencht the free spirit which first ordered them;
And thus to me, as one well experienced
In the false quicksands of the sea of honor,
You may refer the merits of the case;
And if I should perceive in your relation
That either has the right to satisfaction
From the other, I give you my word of honor
To leave you.

Lelio—

Under this condition then

I will relate the cause, and you will cede
And must confess the impossibility
Of compromise; for the same lady is
Beloved by Floro and myself.

Floro—

It seems

Much to me that the light of day should look
Upon that idol of my heart—but he—
Leave us to fight, according to thy word.

Cyprian—

Permit one question further: is the lady
Impossible to hope or not?

- Lelio* — She is
 So excellent, that if the light of day
 Should excite Floro's jealousy, it were
 Without just cause, for even the light of day
 Trembles to gaze on her.
- Cyprian* — Would you for your
 Part, marry her?
- Floro* — Such is my confidence.
- Cyprian* — And you?
- Lelio* — Oh! would that I could lift my hope
 So high, for tho' she is extremely poor,
 Her virtue is her dowry.
- Cyprian* — And if you both
 Would marry her, is it not weak and vain,
 Culpable and unworthy, thus beforehand
 To slur her honor? What would the world say
 If one should slay the other, and if she
 Should afterwards espouse the murderer?

[*The rivals agree to refer their quarrel to CYPRIAN, who in consequence visits JUSTINA and becomes enamored of her; she disdains him, and he retires to a solitary seashore.*]

.. Scene II.

- Cyprian* — O memory! permit it not
 That the tyrant of my thought
 Be another soul that still
 Holds dominion o'er the will,
 That would refuse, but can no more,
 To bend, to tremble, and adore.
 Vain idolatry! — I saw,
 And gazing, became blind with error;
 Weak ambition, which the awe
 Of her presence bound to terror!
 So beautiful she was — and I,
 Between my love and jealousy,
 Am so convulst with hope and fear,
 Unworthy as it may appear; —
 So bitter is the life I live,
 That, hear me, Hell! I now would give
 To thy most detested spirit
 My soul, forever to inherit,
 To suffer punishment and pine,
 So this woman may be mine.
 Hear'st thou, Hell! dost thou reject it?
 My soul is offered!

Demon [unseen] — I accept it.

[Tempest, with thunder and lightning.]

Cyprian —

What is this? ye heavens forever pure,
 At once intensely radiant and obscure!
 Athwart the ethereal halls
 The lightning's arrow and the thunder balls
 The day affright.
 As from the horizon round,
 Burst with earthquake sound,
 In mighty torrents the electric fountains; —
 Clouds quench the sun, and thunder smoke
 Strangles the air, and fire eclipses heaven.
 Philosophy, thou canst not even
 Compel their causes underneath thy yoke;
 From yonder clouds even to the waves below
 The fragments of a single ruin choke
 Imagination's flight;
 For, on flakes of surge, like feathers light,
 The ashes of the desolation cast
 Upon the gloomy blast,
 Tell of the footsteps of the storm.
 And nearer see the melancholy form
 Of a great ship, the outcast of the sea,
 Drives miserably!
 And it must fly the pity of the port,
 Or perish, and its last and sole resort
 Is its own raging enemy.
 The terror of the thrilling cry
 Was a fatal prophecy
 Of coming death, who hovers now
 Upon that shattered prow,
 That they who die not may be dying still.
 And not alone the insane elements
 Are populous with wild portents,
 But that sad ship is as a miracle
 Of sudden ruin, for it drives so fast
 It seems as if it had arrayed its form
 With the headlong storm.
 It strikes — I almost feel the shock, —
 It stumbles on a jagged rock, —
 Sparkles of blood on the white foam are cast.

[A tempest.]

All exclaim within —

We are all lost.

Demon [*within*] —

Now from this plank will I
Pass to the land and thus fulfill my scheme.

Cyprian —

As in contempt of the elemental rage
A man comes forth in safety, while the ship's
Great form is in a watery eclipse
Obliterated from the Ocean's page,
And round its wreck the huge sea monsters sit,
A horrid conclave, and the whistling wave
Is heapt over its carcass, like a grave.

The DEMON enters, as escaped from the sea.

Demon [*aside*] —

It was essential to my purposes
To wake a tumult on the sapphire ocean,
That in this unknown form I might at length
Wipe out the blot of the discomfiture
Sustained upon the mountain, and assail
With a new war the soul of Cyprian,
Forging the instruments of his destruction
Even from his love and from his wisdom. — Oh!
Beloved earth, dear mother, in thy bosom
I seek a refuge from the monster who
Precipitates itself upon me.

Cyprian —

Friend,

Collect thyself; and be the memory
Of thy late suffering, and thy greatest sorrow .
But as a shadow of the past, — for nothing
Beneath the circle of the moon, but flows
And changes, and can never know repose.

Demon —

And who art thou, before whose feet my fate
Has prostrated me?

Cyprian —

One who, moved with pity,
Would soothe its stings.

Demon —

Oh, that can never be!
No solace can my lasting sorrow find.

Cyprian —

Wherefore?

Demon —

Because my happiness is lost.
Yet I lament what long has ceased to be
The object of desire or memory,
And my life is not life.

Cyprian —

— Now, since the fury
Of this earthquaking hurricane is still,
And the crystalline heaven has reassumed
Its windless calm so quickly, that it seems
As if its heavy wrath had been awakened
Only to overwhelm that vessel, — speak,
Who art thou, and whence comest thou?

Demon —

Far more

My coming hither cost, than thou hast seen
Or I can tell. Among my misadventures
This shipwreck is the least. Wilt thou hear?

Cyprian —

Speak

Demon—

Since thou desirest, I will then unveil
Myself to thee; — for in myself I am
A world of happiness and misery;
This I have lost, and that I must lament
Forever. In my attributes I stood
So high and so heroically great,
In lineage so supreme, and with a genius
Which penetrated with a glance the world
Beneath my feet, that won by my high merit
A king — whom I may call the king of kings,
Because all others tremble in their pride
Before the terrors of his countenance,
In his high palace roofed with brightest gems
Of living light — call them the stars of Heaven —
Named me his counselor. But the high praise
Stung me with pride and envy, and I rose
In mighty competition, to ascend
His seat and place my foot triumphantly
Upon his subject thrones. Chastised, I know
The depth to which ambition falls; too mad
Was the attempt, and yet more mad were now
Repentance of the irrevocable deed: —
Therefore I chose this ruin with the glory
Of not to be subdued, before the shame
Of reconciling me with him who reigns
By coward cession. — Nor was I alone,
Nor am I now, nor shall I be alone;
And there was hope, and there may still be hope,
For many suffrages among his vassals
Hailed me their lord and king, and many still
Are mine, and many more perchance shall be.
Thus vanquish'd, tho' in fact victorious,

I left his seat of empire, from mine eye
Shooting forth poisonous lightning, while my words
With inauspicious thunderings shook Heaven,
Proclaiming vengeance, public as my wrong,
And imprecating on his prostrate slaves
Rapine, and death, and outrage. Then I sailed
Over the mighty fabric of the world,
A pirate ambusht in its pathless sands,
A lynx croucht watchfully among its caves
And craggy shores; and I have wandered over
The expanse of these wild wildernesses
In this great ship, whose bulk is now dissolved
In the light breathings of the invisible wind,
And which the sea has made a dustless ruin,
Seeking ever a mountain, thro' whose forests
I seek a man whom I must now compel
To keep his word with me. I came arrayed
In tempest, and altho' my power could well
Bridle the forest winds in their career,
For other causes I forbore to soothe
Their fury to Favonian gentleness;
I could and would not; (thus I wake in him [Aside.
A love of magic art). Let not this tempest,
Nor the succeeding calm excite thy wonder;
For by my art the sun would turn as pale
As his weak sister with unwonted fear.
And in my wisdom are the orbs of Heaven
Written as in a record; I have pierced
The flaming circles of their wondrous spheres
And know them as thou knowest every corner
Of this dim spot. Let it not seem to thee
That I boast vainly; wouldst thou that I work
A charm over this waste and savage wood,
This Babylon of crags and aged trees,
Filling its leafy coverts with a horror
Thrilling and strange? I am the friendless guest
Of these wild oaks and pines — and as from thee
I have received the hospitality
Of this rude place, I offer thee the fruit
Of years of toil in recompense; whate'er
Thy wildest dream presented to thy thought
As object of desire, that shall be thine.

* * * * *

And thenceforth shall so firm an amity
'Twixt thee and me be, that neither fortune,

The monstrous phantom which pursues success,
 That careful miser, that free prodigal,
 Who ever alternates with changeful hand,
 Evil and good, reproach and fame; nor Time,
 That lodestar of the ages, to whose beam
 The winged years speed o'er the intervals
 Of their unequal revolutions; nor
 Heaven itself, whose beautiful bright stars
 Rule and adorn the world, can ever make
 The least division between thee and me,
 Since now I find a refuge in thy favor.

Scene III: The DEMON tempts JUSTINA, who is a Christian.

Demon —

Abyss of Hell! I call on thee,
 Thou wild misrule of thine own anarchy!
 From thy prison house set free
 The spirits of voluptuous death,
 That with their mighty breath
 They may destroy a world of virgin thoughts;
 Let her chaste mind with fancies thick as motes
 Be peopled from thy shadowy deep,
 Till her guiltless fantasy
 Full to overflowing be!
 And with sweetest harmony
 Let birds, and flowers, and leaves, and all things move
 To love, only to love.
 Let nothing meet her eyes
 But signs of Love's soft victories;
 Let nothing meet her ear
 But sounds of Love's sweet sorrow,
 So that from faith no succor she may borrow,
 But, guided by my spirit blind
 And in a magic snare entwined,
 She may now seek Cyprian.
 Begin, while I in silence bind
 My voice, when thy sweet song thou hast began.

A Voice [within] —

What is the glory far above
 All else in human life!

All —

Love! love!

[While these words are sung the DEMON goes out at one door
 and JUSTINA enters at another.]

The First Voice—

There is no form in which the fire
 Of love its traces has imprest not.
 Man lives far more in love's desire
 Than by life's breath, soon possesst not.
 If all that lives must love or die,
 All shapes on earth, or sea, or sky,
 With one consent to Heaven cry
 That the glory far above
 All else in life is ——

All—

Love! oh love!

Justina— Thou melancholy thought which art
 So flattering and so sweet, to thee
 When did I give the liberty
 Thus to afflict my heart?
 What is the cause of this new power
 Which doth my fevered being move,
 Momently raging more and more?
 What subtle pain is kindled now
 Which from my heart doth overflow
 Into my senses? ——

All—

Love! oh love!

Justina—

'Tis that enamored nightingale
 Who gives me the reply;
 He ever tells the same soft tale
 Of passion and of constancy
 To his mate who rapt and fond
 Listening sits a bough beyond.

Be silent, Nightingale— no more
 Make me think, in hearing thee
 Thus tenderly thy love deplore,
 If a bird can feel his so,
 What a man would feel for me.
 And, voluptuous Vine, O thou
 Who seekest most when least pursuing, —
 To the trunk thou interlacest
 Art the verdure which embracest,
 And the weight which is its ruin, —
 No more with green embraces, Vine,
 Make me think on what thou lovest, —
 For whilst thus thy boughs entwine,
 I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist,
 How arms might be entangled too.

Justina —

And who art thou, who hast found entrance hither,
Into my chamber thro' the doors and locks?
Art thou a monstrous shadow which my madness
Has formed in the idle air?

Demon —

No. I am one
Called by the thought which tyrannizes thee
From his eternal dwelling; who this day
Is pledged to bear thee unto Cyprian.

Justina —

So shall thy promise fail. This agony
Of passion which afflicts my heart and soul
May sweep imagination in its storm;
The will is firm.

Demon —

Already half is done
In the imagination of an act.
The sin incurred, the pleasure then remains;
Let not the will stop halfway on the road.

Justina —

I will not be discouraged, nor despair,
Altho' I thought it, and altho' 'tis true
That thought is but a prelude to the deed:—
Thought is not in my power, but action is:
I will not move my foot to follow thee.

Demon —

But a far mightier wisdom than thine own
Exerts itself within thee, with such power
Compelling thee to that which it inclines
That it shall force thy step; how wilt thou then
Resist, *Justina*?

Justina —

By my free will.

Demon —

I

Must force thy will.

Justina —

It is invincible;
It were not free if thou hadst power upon it.
[*He draws but cannot move her.*]

Demon —

Come, where a pleasure waits thee.

Justina —

Too dear. It were bought

Demon —

'Twill soothe thy heart to softest peace.

Justina —

'Tis dread captivity.

Demon —

'Tis joy, 'tis glory.

Justina —

'Tis shame, 'tis torment, 'tis despair.

Demon —

But how

Canst thou defend thyself from that or me,
If my power drags thee onward?

Justina —

My defense

Consists in God.

[*He vainly endeavors to force her, and at last releases her.*]

Demon —

Woman, thou hast subdued me,

Only by not owning thyself subdued.

But since thou thus findest defense in God,

I will assume a feigned form, and thus

Make thee a victim of my baffled rage.

For I will mask a spirit in thy form

Who will betray thy name to infamy,

And doubly shall I triumph in thy loss,

First by dishonoring thee, and then by turning

False pleasure to true ignominy.

[*Exit.*]

Justina —

I

Appeal to Heaven against thee; so that Heaven

May scatter thy delusions, and the blot

Upon my fame vanish in idle thought,

Even as flame dies in the envious air,

And as the floweret wanes at morning frost,

And thou shouldst never — But, alas! to whom

Do I still speak? — Did not a man but now

Stand here before me? — No, I am alone,

And yet I saw him. Is he gone so quickly?

Or can the heated mind engender shapes

From its own fear? Some terrible and strange

Peril is near. Lisander! father! lord!

Livia! —

Enter LISANDER and LIVIA.

Lisander — Oh, my daughter! What?

Livia —

What?

Justina —

Saw you

A man go forth from my apartment now? —

I scarce contain myself!

Lisander —

A man here!

Justina —

Have you not seen him?

Livia —

No, lady.

Justina —

I saw him.

Lisander —

"Tis impossible; the doors

Which led to this apartment were all lockt.

Livia [*aside*] —

I dare say it was Moscon whom she saw,
For he was lockt up in my room.

Lisander —

It must

Have been some image of thy fantasy.

Such melancholy as thou feedest is

Skillful in forming such in the vain air

Out of the motes and atoms of the day.

Livia —

My master's in the right.

Justina —

Oh would it were

Delusion; but I fear some greater ill.

I feel as if out of my bleeding bosom

My heart was torn in fragments; ay,

Some mortal spell is wrought against my frame

So potent was the charm, that had not God

Shielded my humble innocence from wrong,

I should have sought my sorrow and my shame

With willing steps. — *Livia*, quick, bring my cloak,

For I must seek refuge from these extremes

Even in the temple of the highest God

Where secretly the faithful worship.

Livia —

Here.

Justina [*putting on her cloak*] —

In this, as in a shroud of snow, may I

Quench the consuming fire in which I burn,

Wasting away!

Lisander —

And I will go with thee.

Livia —

When once I see them safe out of the house

I shall breathe freely.

Justina —

So do I confide .

In thy just favor, Heaven!

Lisander —

Let us go.

Justina —

Thine is the cause, great God! turn for my sake,

And for thine own, mercifully to me!

THE TIMES OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

By ZACHRIS TOPELIUS.

[ZACHRIS TOPELIUS : Swedish poet, novelist, and historian ; born at Kuddnäs, near Nykarleby, Finland, January 14, 1818 ; died March, 1898. Educated at Helsingfors. From 1841 till 1869 editor of the Helsingfors *Tidningar* (Times), in which many of his poems and novels were originally published. From 1854 till 1874 he filled various chairs in the university. His songs and lyrics have been collected in several volumes. His best-known dramas are: "Efter femtio år" (After Fifty Years), 1851, and "Regina von Emmeritz," 1854. His "Falt-skärns Berättelser," 1853-1857, have been translated into English under the title "The Surgeon's Stories." His children's tales, "Läsning för Barn," have also been successful in English.]

NUREMBERG AND LÜTZEN.

WALLENSTEIN the Terrible had become reconciled with the emperor, collected a formidable army, and turned like a dark thundercloud toward the wealthy city of Nuremberg. Gustaf Adolf broke off his victorious career in Bavaria, to hurry to meet him ; and there, in two strongly fortified encampments, both armies stood motionless, opposite each other, for eleven weeks—the panther and the lion, crouching ready for a spring, and watching sharply each other's slightest movement. The whole region was drained for the subsistence of these armies, and provisions were constantly brought in from a distance by foraging parties. Among the Imperialists, Isó-lani's Croats distinguished themselves in this work ; among the Swedes, Taupadel's dragoons and Stålhandske's Finnish cavalry.

Famine, the heat of summer, disease, and the depredations of the German soldiers spread want and misery everywhere. Gustaf Adolf, who, after joining Oxenstjerna's and Banér's combined armies, had a force of fifty thousand men, marched, on the 24th of August, 1632, against Wallenstein, who, with sixty thousand men, stood behind impregnable fortifications. Long before day, Torstenson's artillery commenced to thunder against Alte Veste. In the darkness of night, five hundred German musketeers of the White Brigade climbed up the steep heights, and, in spite of the terrible shower of balls, mounted the ramparts. For a moment victory seemed to reward their contempt of death ; the drowsy foes' bewilderment, the shrieks of the women, and the Swedish balls, which threw

down tents and people, favored the attack. But Walleustein maintained sense and composure, sent away the women, and turned mass upon mass against the besiegers. The gallant brigade was driven back with loss. The king did not give way; once more the White Brigade stormed—in vain. Then Gustaf Adolf called his Finns, “in order,” as Schiller says, “to put the German cowards to the blush with their northern courage.”

These were the East Bothnians, in the ranks of the Swedish brigade. They saw death before their eyes in the shape of a hundred fiery mouths; but resolutely, with unshaken courage, they clambered up the precipice, slippery with rain and blood. But against these solid ramparts, against this murderous shower of balls, all their valor rebounded; in the midst of fire and death, they tried once more to gain a foothold on the rampart, but in vain; the few who had escaped the bullets and pikes were hurled violently back. For the first time, Gustaf Adolf's Finns were seen to retreat; and equally futile were all attempts of succeeding troops. The Imperialists hastened out in pursuit, but were driven back. With great loss of life, the strife waged all day; many of the bravest leaders fell; and the death angel again aimed a bullet at the king, but without harming more than the sole of his boot.

On the left wing, the Imperial cavalry came in collision with the Swedes. Cronenberg, with his cuirassiers, clad in mail from head to foot, and widely celebrated as the “Invincibles,” bore the Hessians to the ground. The Landgrave of Hesse remarked, resentfully, that the king wished to spare his own troops at the expense of the Germans. “Well, then,” said Gustaf Adolf, “I will send my Finns; and I hope that the change of men will give a change of luck.” Stålhandske, with the Finns, were now sent against Cronenberg and the “Invincibles.” Between these superb troops ensued a proud, a glorious struggle, of imperishable memory. On the shore of the Regnitz River, thickly overgrown with bushes, the two detachments encountered each other, man to man, horse to horse; sword blades were dulled against helmets, long pistols flashed, and many valiant horsemen were driven down in the whirl of the river. It is probable that the Finnish horses here also held out better than the beautiful and swift Hungarian chargers; and this contributed to the victory. The brave Cronenberg fell; his “Invincibles” fled before the Finns. In his place,

Fugger, with a formidable force, charged the Finns, and drove them, under constant fighting, with breast toward the enemy, slowly to the underbrush. But here the Imperialists were met by the fire of the Swedish infantry. Fugger fell, and his cavalry were again repulsed by the fatigued Finns.

At nightfall, more than three thousand dead covered the heights and plain. "In the battle of Alte Veste," says Schiller, "Gustaf Adolf was considered conquered because he did not himself conquer." The next day he withdrew to Bavaria. Forty-four thousand persons—friends and enemies—had past and war swallowed up during these fatal weeks in and around Nuremberg.

The darkness of autumn increased; its fogs covered Germany's blood-stained soil; and yet there seemed to be no end to the struggle. But a great spirit was destined here, after many storms, to find a peaceful haven, and to go from life's autumnal evening to the eternal light. Nearer and nearer hovered the death angel over Gustaf Adolf's noble head, shading upon it the halo of a higher world, which is often seen to beam around the noble of earth in their last moments. The multitude about them misunderstand it, but the departing ones divine the meaning. Two days before his death, the people of Naumburg paid homage to Gustaf Adolf as to a god; but through his soul flew a presentiment of the end of his career, and he said to the court minister, Fabricius:—

"Perhaps God will soon punish both their idolatrous folly, and me, who am the object of it, and show that I also am a weak and mortal person."

The king had gone up to Saxony, to follow in the track of the ravaging Wallenstein. At Arnstadt he took farewell of Axel Oxenstjerna; at Erfurt, of Queen Maria Eleonora. There and at Nuremberg it was perceived, from many of his arrangements, that he was prepared for what was coming. Wallenstein, who believed that the king had gone into winter quarters, sent Pappenheim, with twelve thousand men, to Halle; he remained at Lützen, with twenty-eight thousand men, and the king in Naumburg with twenty thousand.

But on the 4th of November, when Gustaf Adolf learned of Pappenheim's departure, he hastily broke camp to surprise his weakened enemy, and would have succeeded had he come to the attack on the 5th. But Providence threw in his triumphant path a slight obstacle—the little stream Rippach,

which, together with freshly plowed fields, hindered his progress. Not until late on the afternoon of the 5th did the king approach Lützen. Wallenstein had gained time, and knew how to use it. Along the highroad to Leipzig he had had ditches dug and breastworks thrown up on both sides of the way, and filled them with his best sharpshooters, intending to destroy with their cross fire the advancing Swedes. The king's council of war dissuaded from the attack. Only Duke Bernhard advised it, and the king was of the same opinion: "For," said he, "it is best to wash one's self thoroughly clean when one is once in the bath."

The night was dark and dreary. The king spent it in an old carriage, together with Kniephausen and Duke Bernhard. His restless soul had time to think of everything; and then, says the tradition, he drew from his right forefinger a little ring of copper, and handed it to Duke Bernhard, with instruction that, if anything should happen to him, he should deliver it to a young officer of the Finnish cavalry.

Early in the morning, Gustaf Adolf rode out to inspect the order of battle. He was clad in a jacket of elk skin, with a gray cloak. When exhorted to wear armor on such a day, he answered:—

"God is my armor."

A thick mist delayed the attack. At dawn the whole army joined in singing, "A mighty fortress is our God;" and as the fog continued, the king began, with his own voice, "God, be to us gracious and kind," as well as, "Be not dismayed, thou little flock," which latter he had shortly before composed. Then he rode along the ranks, crying:—

"To-day, boys, we will put an end to all our troubles;" and his horse stumbled twice.

It was eleven o'clock in the forenoon before the mist was dispelled by a slight gust of wind. The Swedish army immediately advanced to the assault. On the right wing, which was commanded by the king, again stood Stålhandske with the Finns, and behind them the Swedish troops; in the center, the Swedish Yellow and Green Brigades, under Nils Brahe; on the left wing, the German cavalry, under Duke Bernhard. Opposite the duke stood Colloredo, with the flower of the cavalry; in the center, Wallenstein himself, with close masses of infantry in four large tertiers, and seven cannon in their front; opposite Stålhandske stood Isolani, with his ferocious

but brave Croats. The battle cry was on both sides the same as at Breitenfeld. When the king gave the order to attack, he clasped his hands and exclaimed :—

“Jesu, Jesu, help me to fight to-day for the glory of Thy holy name!”

Lützen was now set on fire by the Imperialists; the artillery began to thunder, and the Swedish army advanced, but suffered great losses at the very outset. At last the Swedish center crossed the trenches, took the seven cannon, and routed the enemy's first two brigades. The third had already turned to flee, when Wallenstein succeeded in rallying them; the Swedes were taken in the flank by the cavalry, and the Finns, who had put the Croats and Polanders to flight, had not yet crossed the trenches. Then the king rushed forward at the head of the Smålanders, only a few of whom had sufficiently good horses to follow him. It is said that an Imperial musketeer aimed at the king with a silver bullet; the certainty is that his left arm was crushed, and that he endeavored to conceal his wound, but soon, weakened by the loss of blood, begged the Duke of Lauenburg, who rode at his side, to lead him, unobserved, from the strife. But in the midst of the tumult, Götz's cuirassiers came up, led by Moritz von Falkenberg, who recognized the king, and shot him through the body, with the exclamation :—

“Thee have I long sought!” and directly afterwards Falkenberg himself fell, struck by a ball.

Now the king has reeled in his saddle, and entreated the duke to save his own life; the duke has seized him around the waist to support him, but at that instant a whole swarm of enemies have rushed upon them and separated them. A pistol shot has singed the duke's hair; the king's horse has been shot through the neck, and has reared; Gustaf Adolf has sunk from the saddle, has been dragged a little way by the stirrups, and then left on the ground. The young page, Leubelfingen, from Nuremberg, has offered him his horse, but has not been able to lift up the fallen man. Some Imperial cavalymen have come to the spot, and asked who the wounded person was; and when Leubelfingen has not been willing to answer, one of them has run a sword through his body, another has shot the king through the head; after this, others have discharged several shots at them, and the two have been left under a pile of corpses. But Leubelfingen lived a few days after, to relate

to after times the sad and never-to-be-forgotten story of Gustaf Adolf's heroic death.

In the mean time, the Swedish center had been compelled to retire, a thousand mutilated corpses covered the battlefield, and yet not a foot of soil had been gained. Both armies occupied nearly the same position as at the beginning of the battle.

Then the king's wounded horse, with the empty saddle covered with blood, galloped in among the ranks. "The king has fallen!" And, as Schiller beautifully says, "Life fell in value when the most sacred of all lives was no more; death had no longer any terror for the humblest, since it had not spared the crowned head."

Duke Bernhard galloped from rank to rank:—

"Ye Swedes, Finns, and Germans," said he, "liberty's defender, your defender, and ours, has fallen! Every man who holds the king dear will hasten forward to avenge his death!"

The first to respond to this appeal was Stålhandske and the Finns. With incredible exertion they leaped the trenches, and drove before them swarms of scattered enemies; all fell before their blows. Isolani, put to flight, wheeled round and attacked the Swedish wagon trains, but was again repulsed. With like fury, Brahe, with the center, pressed across the trenches; while Duke Bernhard, without heeding the ball which had crushed his arm, took one of the enemy's batteries. The whole Imperial army faltered, staggered, and broke before this fearful assault; their powder carts were blown into the air. Wallenstein's word of command and Piccolomini's brilliant valor were no longer able to stay the reckless flight.

But at that instant there resounded far over the plain the jubilant cry, "Pappenheim is here!" And Pappenheim, the bravest of the brave, was there with his cavalry, and his first question was:—

"Where is the King of Sweden?"

They pointed to Stålhandske's lines, and he started there. The hottest, the most infuriate contest now took place. The Imperialists, regaining courage, turned back and attacked from three sides at once. No one yielded ground. Brahe, and with him the Yellow Brigade, fell almost to the last man. Winckel, with the Blue, fell in like beautiful order, man by man, just as they stood in the ranks. The rest of the Swedish foot soldiers

drew slowly back, and victory seemed to smile upon the all-powerful Pappenheim.

But he, the Ajax of his time, the man with a hundred scars, was not destined to see the day of triumph. Already, in the first attack against the Finns, a falconet ball had struck his hip; two musket balls had pierced his scarred breast; it is said that Stålhandske's own hand had reached him. He fell, even in his last moments rejoicing over Gustaf Adolf's death; and the news of his fall spread terror through the Imperial ranks. "Pappenheim is dead; all is lost!" Once more the Swedes advanced. Duke Bernhard, Kniephausen, Stålhandske, performed miracles; but Piccolomini also, who, with six wounds, mounted his seventh horse, fought with more than mortal courage. The Imperial center stood firm, and only darkness suspended the conflict. Wallenstein withdrew, and the exhausted Swedish army encamped on the battlefield. Nine thousand dead covered the plain of Lützen.

The results of this battle were severely felt by the Imperialists. They had lost all their artillery—Pappenheim's and Wallenstein's reputation for invincibility. The great Friedlander raged with fury; his hard hand dispensed the gallows to the cowardly as liberally as ducats to the brave. Sick and gloomy, he retired with the remainder of his army, about ten thousand men, back to Bohemia, where the stars became his nightly companions, treasonable plans his daily relaxation, and death, by Butler's hand, the end of his brilliant career.

But over the whole Catholic world went a great jubilee of victory, for Lutherism and the Swedes had lost infinitely more than their foes. Paralyzed was the arm that had so powerfully wielded the victorious sword of light and liberty. The grief of the Protestants was general and deep, mingled with fear for the future. Not without ground was the *Te Deum* sung in the cathedrals of Vienna, Brussels, and Madrid; twelve days' brilliant bullfights celebrated in Madrid the fall of the dreaded hero; but Emperor Ferdinand, greater than his contemporaries, is said to have shed tears at the sight of his slain enemy's bloody jacket.

Many stories were circulated about the great Gustaf Adolf's death; now it was the Duke Franz Albert of Lauenburg, now Richelieu, now Duke Bernhard, whom popular belief accused of participation in the king's fall; but none of these suspicions have been confirmed by the impartial historian. A

recent German author communicates the following popular version: "Gustaf Adolf, King of Sweden, received, while he was yet very young, from a lady whom he much loved, a ring of iron, which he never afterwards allowed to be taken from his hand. The ring consisted of seven circles, which formed the letters of both his names. Seven days before his death, this ring was taken from him without his being aware, at the time, of the singular theft."

The reader knows that our story joins its thread to the same ring; but several reasons entitle us to the supposition that the ring was of copper.

The evening after the battle, Duke Bernhard sent his soldiers with lighted torches to look for the king's dead body; and they found it, plundered, disfigured, under a heap of corpses. Brought to the village of Meuchen, it was there embalmed, and the soldiers received permission to behold the remains of their king and hero. Bitter tears were there shed, but tears full of pride; for even the most humble considered himself great through the honor of having fought by the side of so heroic a king.

"See," said a veteran of Stålhandske's Finns, sobbing aloud, "they have robbed him of his gold chain and his copper ring. I still see the white mark left by the ring on his right forefinger."

"What would they care for a ring of copper?" asked a Scot, who had just come to the army, and knew nothing of the story which circulated among the people.

"His ring!" exclaimed a Pomeranian, mysteriously. "You may rely upon it that the Jesuits knew what it was good for. The ring was enchanted by a Finnish witch, and, as long as the king wore it, neither iron nor lead had any effect upon him."

"But, you see, to-day he lost it," joined in a third; "and therefore . . . do you comprehend?"

"What is that the Pomeranian pear eater says?" burst out the Finn, bitterly. "God's power, and no other, has protected our great king; but the ring was given him, a long while ago, by a Finnish girl whom he held very dear in his youth. I know something more about it than you, apple muncher!"

Duke Bernhard, who, somber and thoughtful, contemplated the king's pale features, looked around at these words, put his unhurt hand within his unbuttoned jacket, and turned to the Finn, saying:—

Stålhandske's cavalry were trampled under the horses' hoofs, and yet the strife raged without interruption until twilight.

At Stålhandske's side rode Bertel; and so it happened that he met Pappenheim. The youth of twenty was not able to cope with this arm of steel; a blow of the brave general's long sword struck Bertel across the helmet with such crushing force that his eyes were blinded and he became insensible. But in falling he unconsciously grasped his faithful horse, Lappen, by the mane, and Lappen, confused by the tumult, galloped away; while his master, with one foot in the stirrup and his hands convulsively twisted in the mane, was dragged with him.

When Bertel opened his eyes, he was in dense darkness. He remembered vaguely the adventures of the hot struggle; the last thing he there saw was Pappenheim's lifted sword. The thought entered his mind that he was now dead and lying in his grave. He put his hand to his heart, it beat; he bit his finger, it pained him. He realized that he was still living, but how and where it was impossible to guess. He stretched out his hand and picked up some straw. Under him he felt the damp ground, above him the empty air. He tried to raise himself up, but his head was as heavy as lead. It still felt the weight of Pappenheim's sword.

Then he heard not far from him a voice, which, half complaining, half mocking, uttered the following words in Swedish:—

"Ghosts and grenades! Not a drop of wine! Those scoundrelly Wallachians have stolen my flask; the miserable hen thieves! Holloa, Turk or Jew—it is all the same—bring here a drop of wine!"

"Is that you, Larsson?" said Bertel, in a faint voice; for his tongue was half paralyzed by a burning thirst.

"What sort of a marmot is it that whispers my name?" responded his neighbor, in the darkness. "Hurrah, boys! loose reins and a brisk gallop! When you have emptied your pistols, fling them to the devil, and slash away with swords! Cleave their skulls, the brutes; peel them like turnips. Beat them, grind them to powder! The king has fallen. . . . Devils and heroes, what a king! . . . To-day we shall bleed; to-day we shall die, but first we must be revenged. That's the way, boys! Hurrah! . . . Pitch in, East Bothnians!"

"Larsson," repeated Bertel; but his comrade did not hear

him. He continued in his delirium to lead his Finnish boys in the conflict.

After a while a streak of the late autumn morning dawned in through the window of the miserable hut where Bertel lay. He could now distinguish the straw which was strewn over the bare ground; and on the straw he saw two men asleep.

The door opened; a couple of wild bearded men entered, and pushed the slumberers rudely with the butts of their guns.

"*Raus!*" cried they, in Low Dutch; "reveille has sounded!"

And outside the hut was heard the well-known trumpet blast, which at that time was the usual signal to break camp.

"They may spear me like a frog," muttered one of the men, sulkily, "if I know what our reverend father intends to do with these unbelieving dogs. He might as well give them a passport to the archfiend, their lord and master."

"Blockhead!" retorted the other; "do you not know that the heretic king's death is to be celebrated with great pomp and state at Ingolstadt? The reverend father intends to hold a grand *auto-da-fé* in honor of the solemn occasion."

The two sleepers rose, half awake; and Bertel recognized, by the faint morning light, the little thick-set Larsson, of the East Bothnians, and his own faithful Pekka. But there was no time for explanations. All three were led out, bound, and packed into a cart; after which the train, consisting of a long line of wounded men and baggage wagons, under guard of the Croats, set itself slowly in motion.

Bertel now realized that he and his countrymen were prisoners of the Imperialists. His memory soon cleared, and he learned from his companions in misfortune how it had all happened. When the faithful Lappen felt the reins loose, he galloped with his unconscious rider back to the camp. But a swarm of the rapacious Croats were here, committing their depredations, and when they saw a Swedish officer dragged half dead after the horse, they took him with them in the hope of a good ransom. Pekka, who would not desert his master, was taken prisoner at the same time. Larsson, for his part, had, at the Pappenheimers' attack, ventured too far among the enemy, received a pike thrust in the shoulder and a wound in the arm, and being unable to cut his way through, had been

borne along by the stream. Who had conquered, Larsson did not know with certainty.

It was now the third day after the battle; they had marched in a southerly direction a day and a night without stopping, and then rested a few hours in a deserted and plundered village.

"Cursed pack!" exclaimed the little captain, whose jovial disposition did not abandon him even in the jolting peasant cart; "if only they hadn't stolen my flask, so that we might have drunk Finland's health together! But these Croats are a thieving set, compared to which our gypsies at home are innocent angels. I wish I had a couple of hundred of them to hang on the ramparts of Korsholm, as they hang petticoats on the walls of a Finnish garret."

In the mean time the march continued, with brief halts, for three or four days, not without great suffering and discomfort for the wounded, who, badly bandaged, were hindered by their fetters from assisting each other. In the beginning they traveled through a plundered region, where with difficulty they obtained the slightest refreshment, and where the population everywhere took to flight before the dreaded Croats. But they soon came to richer sections, where the Catholic inhabitants showed themselves only to curse the heretics and exult over their king's fall. The whole Catholic world shared this rejoicing. It is stated that in Madrid brilliant spectacles were performed, in which Gustaf Adolf, another dragon, was conquered by Wallenstein, another St. George.

After seven days' tiresome journey, the cart with the captive Finns drove, late one evening, over a clattering drawbridge, and stopped in a narrow castle yard. The prisoners, still disabled from their wounds, were led out and taken up two crumbling flights of stairs into a turret room in the form of a half-circle. It seemed to Bertel as if he had seen this place before; but darkness and fatigue did not allow him clearly to distinguish objects. The stars shone in through the grated windows. The prisoners were refreshed with a cup of wine, and Larsson exclaimed joyously:—

"I wager that the thieves have stolen their wine from our cellars, while we lay in Würzburg; for better stuff I never drank!"

"Würzburg!" exclaimed Bertel, thoughtfully. "Regina!" added he, almost unconsciously.

"And the wine cellar!" sighed Larsson, mimicking him.
 "I will tell you something, my dear boy:—

"The biggest fool in the world
 Is he who believes a girl;
 When love, the heart thief, comes to harry,
 Espouse the girl, but the wine cup marry."

As far as Regina is concerned, the black-eyed maiden sits and knits stockings at Korsholm. Yes, yes, Lady Märtha is not one of those who sigh in the moonlight. Since we last met I have had news from Wasa through that jolly sergeant, Bengt Kristerson. He had fought with your father, he said. There is no nonsense about the old man; he carried Bengt out at arms' length, and threw him down the steps there at your home in Storkyro. Bengt swore he would stuff the old man and twelve of his men into the windmill, and grind them to groats; but Meri begged them off. Brave fellow, Bengt Kristerson!—fights like a dragon and lies like a skipper. Your health!"

"What else did you hear from East Bothnia?" asked Bertel, who, with a youth's bashfulness, colored at the thought of revealing to the prosaic friend his life's secret, his love for the dark-eyed, beautiful, and unhappy Regina von Emmeritz.

"Not much news, except scant harvests, heavy war taxes, and conscriptions. The old men on the farm, your father and mine, squabble as usual, and make up again. Meri pines for you, and sings sorrowful songs. Do you remember Katri?—splendid girl; round as a turnip, red as mountain-ash berries, and soft about the chin as a lump of butter. Your health, my boy!—she has run away with a soldier!"

"Nothing else?" said Bertel, abstractedly.

"Nothing else! What the d——l do you want to know, when you don't care for the most buxom girl in all Storkyro? '*Ja, noch etwas,*' says the German. There has been a great fray at Korsholm. The recruits got it into their heads that Lady Regina had tried to kill the king with witchcraft, so they stormed Korsholm, and burned the girl alive. Cursedly jolly!—here's to the heretics! We also know how to get up *autos-da-fé*."

Bertel started up, forgetting his wounds; but pain overpowered him. Without a sound, he sank fainting in Larsson's arms.

The honest captain became both angry and troubled. While

he bathed Bertel's temples with the wine left in the tankard, and finally brought him to life again, he gave vent to his feelings in the following words—crescendo from piano to forte, from minor to major:—

“There, there, Bertel . . . what ails you? Does the devil ride you, boy? Are you in love with the girl? Well, well, calm yourself. Faint like a lady's maid? Courage!—did I say they had burned her? No, my boy, she was only roasted a little, according to what Bengt Kristerson says, and afterward she scratched both eyes out of Lady Märtha and climbed like a squirrel up on top of the castle. Such things happen every day in war. . . . Well, you have got your eyes open at last. So you are still alive, you milk-baked wheat cake! Are you not ashamed, boy, to be like a piece of china? You a soldier? A pretty soldier you are! *Blitzdonnerwetterkreutspappenheim!* you are a pomade pot, and no soldier! Curse it! now the tankard is empty!”

The little round warrior would undoubtedly have continued to give free reins to his bad humor, especially as he had no longer any consolation in the tankard, had not the door opened and a female form stepped in among the prisoners. At this sight, the captain's puffy although now somewhat pale face brightened perceptibly. Bertel was pushed aside, and Larsson leaned forward, so as to see better; for the light of the single lamp was quite dim. But the result of his survey did not seem especially satisfactory.

“A nun! Ah, by Heaven . . . to convert us!”

“Peace be with you,” sounded a youthful voice, of fresh and agreeable tone, from under the veil. “I am sent here by the reverend prioress of the convent of Our Lady, to bind your wounds and, if it is the will of the saints, to heal them.”

“Upon my honor, beautiful friend, I am very much obliged; let us then become a little better acquainted,” replied the captain, somewhat more mildly disposed, and stretched out his hand with the intention of raising the nun's veil. Instantly the latter drew back a few steps; and just then two soldiers, of forbidding aspect, appeared at the door.

“Ah, I understand!” exclaimed Larsson, startled. “The devil! what proud nuns they have here! When I was in Franconia, at Würzburg, I used to get at least half a dozen kisses a day from the young sisters in the convent; for such sins are never refused absolution. Well,” continued the brave

captain, when the nun still lingered, hesitating, at the door, "your reverence must not take offense at a soldier's freedom of speech. *Nunquam nemo nasitur caballerus*, says the Spaniard; an honest soldier is born a gallant. Your reverence sees that I, although an unbelieving heretic, can talk Latin like a true monk. When we were at Munich I lived in intimate friendship with a genuine Bavarian nun, twenty-seven years old, brown eyes, Roman nose . . ."

"Hold your tongue!" whispered Bertel, impatiently. "You will drive the nun away."

"I haven't said a word. Walk in, your reverence; don't be frightened. I wager it is a good while since your reverence was twenty-seven. *Posito*, as the Frenchman says, that your reverence is an old granny."

The nun returned in silence, accompanied by two sisters in waiting, and began to examine the wound on Bertel's head, which had been badly dressed. A delicate white hand drew out a pair of scissors and cut off the youth's hair at each side of the broad mark left by Pappenheim's sword. Within twenty minutes Bertel's wounds were dressed by a skillful hand. The youth, touched by this compassion, raised the nun's hand to his lips and kissed it.

"Upon my honor, beautiful matron," cried the voluble captain, "I feel half inclined to be jealous of my friend, who is fifteen years younger than I. Now deign to stretch out your gentle hand and plaster this brave arm, which has conquered the piety of so many pious sisters."

The nun, still without speaking, began to undo the ragged scarf which covered Larsson's wounds. Her hand, in doing this, happened to touch his.

"*Potz donnerwetter!*" burst out the captain, with a connoisseur's surprise. "What a fine, soft little hand! I beg your pardon, amiable lady doctor; *ex ungue leonem*, says Saint Homer, one of the fathers of the church . . . for I also have studied the fathers of the church . . . that is to say, in good Swedish, by the paw one knows the lion. I wager ten bottles of old Rhine wine against a cast-off stirrup, that this little white hand is much better fitted to caress a cavalier's cheek than to finger rosaries night and day."

The nun drew her hand away for an instant, and seemed to hesitate. The gallant captain began to fear the consequences of his gallantry. "I will say nothing more; I am as silent as

a Carthusian monk. But I do say that one who dares to presume that such a soft hand belongs to an old granny . . . well, well, your lovely reverence hears that I am silent."

"*Tempus est consummatum, itur in missam*," said a sepulchral voice at the door, and the nun hastened to finish dressing the wound. In a few moments the two prisoners were again alone.

"I have heard that voice before," remarked Bertel, thoughtfully. "Are we then surrounded by nothing but mysteries?"

"Bah!" replied the captain, "it was a bald-headed, jealous monk. Bless me, what a sweet little hand!"

TWO OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

The following morning, as the late autumn sun sent its first rays into the turret room, Bertel arose and went to take a look out of the narrow grated window. It was a glorious prospect. Below him wound a magnificent stream, on whose further shore lay a town with thirty spires, and beyond were seen a number of still verdant vineyards.

At the first glance, Bertel recognized Würzburg. Castle Marienburg, where the prisoners were confined, had, at the Swedes' retreat, fallen again into the bishop's hands; but on account of the insecurity of the times, his princely grace had not returned there himself, but remained most of the time in Vienna. The castle had suffered much from the last conquest and the attendant plundering; one tower had been destroyed, and the moat was filled up in several places. At present there were only fifty men in the garrison, but there were sick and wounded, nursed by the sisters of charity from the convent in the town. When Bertel inspected his prison more closely, he thought he recognized Regina's chamber, the same one where the beautiful lady with her maid contemplated the strife, and where the Swedish cannon ball shattered the image of the saint in the window. This discovery seemed beyond value to the romantic youth. Here had she stood, the wondrously beautiful unhappy daughter of the prince; here had she slumbered the last night before the assault. It was in Bertel's eyes a sacred place; when he pressed his lips to the cold walls, he fancied that he kissed the traces of Regina's tears.

Like a flash, a strange thought ran through his mind. If

the nun who visited them yesterday could have been a disguised princess! . . . if the delicate white hand belonged to — Regina! That would be a miracle, but . . . love believes in miracles. Bertel's heart beat violently. The gentle nurse's care had already greatly improved his neglected wounds. He felt twice as strong already.

His companions in misfortune, tired from the journey, were still asleep. Then the door opened softly, and with noiseless step the nun entered, to bring the wounded men a healing draught. Bertel felt his head swim. Overcome by his violent emotion, he fell on his knees before her.

"Your name, you angel of mercy, who remember the imprisoned!" exclaimed he. "Tell me your name, reveal your face! . . . Ah, I should recognize you among a thousand. . . . You are Regina herself!"

"You are mistaken," said the same fresh voice which Bertel had heard yesterday. It was not Regina's voice, and yet it was a very familiar one; but whose?

Bertel sprang up, and snatched the veil from the nun's head. Before him stood the pretty and gentle Kätchen, with a smiling face. Bertel stepped back, bewildered.

"Impudent one!" said Kätchen, and hastily covered her face. "I had desired to have you under my charge, and you force me to leave my place to another."

Kätchen disappeared. That same day, in the afternoon, a nun again entered the room. Larsson delivered an eloquent harangue, raised her hand to his lips, and pressed upon it a resounding kiss. Then he swore by a million devils; he had kissed an old withered hand, whose surface was like hundred-year-old parchment.

"Verily, my dear Bertel," said the deceived captain, with philosophic resignation, "there are things in nature which must eternally remain an enigma to human sagacity. This hand, for example . . . *manus, mana, manum*, hand, as the old Roman so truly expressed himself . . . this hand, my friend, would undoubtedly occupy a conspicuous place in the Greek poet Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' which we formerly studied in the cathedral school at Åbo, the time my father wanted to make me a priest. Yesterday I could have pledged my soul that it was a delicate lady's hand; and to-day I will let them shave me into a monk if this hand does not belong to a seventy-year-old washerwoman. *Sic unde ubi apud unquam post*, as they expressed themselves in

olden times. That is to say: so can a pretty girl become a witch before any one knows it."

The prisoners' wounds healed rapidly under the careful nursing of the nuns. The dark autumn storm roared around the castle turrets, and the heavy rains beat against the small windows. The vineyards withered; a thick and chilling mist arose from the Main, and obscured the view of the town.

"I can't stand it any longer," grumbled Larsson. "These wretches give us neither wine nor dice. And may Saint Brita forgive me, but the devil may kiss their nuns; I will neither kiss hand nor mouth, for *habeo multum respectum pro matronibus*,—I have much respect for old women. No, I can't stand it, I will jump out of the window. . . ."

"Do it," said Bertel, provoked.

"No, I will not jump out of the window," rejoined the captain. "No, my friend, *micus amicus*, as we used to express ourselves. . . . I shall instead honor this fellow-prisoner of ours with a game of pitch and toss."

And the captain, fertile in resources, was pleased to honor Pekka for the thirtieth time with the monotonous game which constituted his diversion, and which was played with a six-öre piece of Charles X.

"Tell me, rather," resumed Bertel, "what they are building there on the square in Würzburg opposite us?"

"A tavern," answered Larsson. "Heads!"

"It seems to me to look more like a pyre."

"Tails!" repeated Larsson, mechanically. "Plague on it, what ill luck I have! That cursed Limingo peasant wins from me horse, saddle, and stirrups."

"The first morning of our imprisonment," continued Bertel, "I heard them say something about an *auto-da-fé*, in celebration of the battle of Lützen. What do you think of it?"

"I? What should I have against burning a dozen witches, much to our amusement?"

"But if it now concern us? If they were only waiting for the bishop's arrival?"

Larsson opened his small gray eyes, and stroked his goatee. "*Blitzdonnerkreutz!* . . . the miserable Jesuits! They would roast us like turkeys—us, the conquerors of the holy Roman empire! . . . It seems to me, friend Bertel, that in such desperate circumstances, *in rebus desperatus*, an honest soldier could

not be blamed if he should quietly steal away—for example, through the window. . . .”

“It is seventy feet above the Main, and the flood is straight beneath.”

“The door?” . . . continued the captain, inquiringly.

“It is guarded night and day by two armed men.”

The honest captain sank into melancholy reflections. Time passed; it became afternoon; it became night. The nun with the evening repast was not heard from.

“Festivities begin with fasting,” muttered the captain, gruffly. “May I turn into a fish if I don’t wring the neck of our neglectful nun the first time she shows herself.”

At that instant the door opened and the nun entered, but this time without attendants. Larsson exchanged an expressive glance with his comrades, approached the nun hastily, seized her by the neck, and held her fast against the wall.

“Keep still, like a good child, most reverend abbess,” mocked the captain. “If you make a sound, it is all over with you. I ought really to throw you out of the window to swim in the Main, so as to teach you *punctum preciosum*, that is to say, a precise punctuality in your attendance upon us. But I will let grace prevail instead of justice. Tell me only, you most miserable of all meal bringers, *miserabile pecorate*, what is the meaning of that fire they are preparing on the square, and who is going to be roasted there?”

“For the sake of all the saints, speak low!” whispered the nun, in a scarcely audible voice. “I am Kätchen, and have come to save you. A great danger threatens you. The prince bishop is expected to-morrow, and Father Hieronymus, the implacable enemy of you and all other Finns, has sworn to burn you alive in honor of the saints.”

“The little, delicate, soft hand!” exclaimed Larsson, in delight. “Upon my honor, if I was not a booby not to recognize it immediately. Well, then, my charming friend, to Saint Brita’s honor I will take a kiss on the spot. . . .”

And the captain kept his word. But Kätchen tore herself from him, and said rapidly:—

“If you do not behave yourself, young man, you will furnish fuel to the flame, that is certain. Quick, bind me fast to the bedpost and tie a handkerchief over my mouth.”

“Bind you fast . . .” replied the captain, roguishly.

“Quick! The guards have had wine and are asleep, but in

twenty minutes they will be visited by the father himself. Take their cloaks and hasten out. The watchword is 'Peter and Paul.'"

"And you, yourself?" demurred the captain.

"They will find me bound; I have been overpowered and gagged."

"Noble girl! Crown among all Franconia's sisters of charity! Had I not sworn never to marry . . . Well, hurry up, Bertel! Hurry, Pekka, you lazy dog! Farewell, little rogue! One more kiss . . . good-by!"

And the three prisoners hastened out.

But scarcely were they outside the door, on the dark spiral staircase, before they felt themselves seized by iron hands, thrown down and bound.

"Take the dogs down to the treasure room!" said a well-known voice.

It was the voice of the Jesuit Hieronymus.

THE TREASURE ROOM.

Overpowered and bound hand and foot, the prisoners soon found themselves in the dark, damp dungeon, hewn deep in the rock, where the bishop of Würzburg had kept his treasure before the Swedes saved him the trouble. No ray of light penetrated into this musty vault, and the moisture from the rocks trickled through the crevices and dripped monotonously on the ground.

"Lightning and Croats! may all demons take you, cursed earless monk!" yelled the captain, when he again felt the firm ground under his feet. "To shut us up, the officers of his royal majesty and the crown, in such a rat trap! *Diabolus infernalis multum plus plurimum!* . . . Are you alive, Bertel?"

"Yes. In order to be burned alive to-morrow."

"Do you think so, Bertel?" asked the captain, almost sadly.

"I know this treasure room. On three sides is the rock, on the fourth a door of iron, and the man who guards us is harder than rock and iron. Never shall we see Finland again. Never shall I see *her* more. . . ."

"Listen to me, Bertel; you are a sensible fellow, but that does not hinder you from sometimes talking like a milksop. You are in love with the black-haired Regina; well, well, I will

say nothing about that ; *Amor est valde lurifaxius*, — love is a bandit, — as Ovid so truly expresses himself. But I cannot stand whimpering. If we live, there are enough other girls to kiss ; if we die, then we will say good riddance to them. So you really think that they intend to roast us like plucked woodcocks ? ”

“ That depends upon yourselves ! ” answered a voice from the darkness. All three prisoners started with affright.

“ The evil one is amongst us ! ” exclaimed Larsson.

Pekka began to say his prayers. Then the clear rays of a dark lantern pierced the gloom, and all perceived the Jesuit Hieronymus standing alone near the captives.

“ It depends upon you,” repeated he. “ To fly is impossible. Your king is dead, your army is beaten, the whole world acknowledges the power of the church and the emperor. The pile is ready for your bodies to be burned in honor of the saints. But the holy church, in its clemency, has thought of a way of still sparing you, and has sent me here to offer you mercy.”

“ Indeed ! ” exclaimed Larsson, mockingly. “ Come, reverend father, loose my bonds and let me embrace you. I offer you my friendship, and of course you believe me. How says Seneca ? — *homo homini lupus, wir Wölfe sind alle Brüder*.”

“ I offer you mercy,” continued the Jesuit, coldly, “ on three conditions, which you certainly will not refuse. The first is that you abjure your heretic faith and publicly join the only saving church.”

“ Never ! ” exclaimed Bertel, fiercely.

“ Be still ! ” said the captain. “ Well, *posito* that we abjure the Lutheran faith ? ”

“ Then,” continued the Jesuit, “ you shall, as prisoners of war, be exchanged for the highborn lady and princess Regina von Emmeritz, whom your king tyrannically sent in captivity to the North.”

“ It shall be done ! ” answered Bertel, eagerly.

“ Be still ! ” cried Larsson. “ Well, go on ; *posito* that we accomplish the highborn lady’s deliverance ? ”

“ Then there remains but a trifle. I demand of Lieutenant Bertel King Gustaf Adolf’s ring.”

“ Your purse or your life, in highwayman fashion ! ” said Larsson, derisively.

“ You ask what I do not possess,” answered Bertel.

The Jesuit looked at him distrustfully.

"The king commanded Duke Bernhard to give you the ring, and you must have received it."

"All this is entirely unknown to me," said Bertel, with perfect truth, but feeling surprised and overjoyed at the unexpected intelligence.

The Jesuit resumed his smiling composure.

"If that is the way the case stands, my dear sons," said he, "let us talk no more about the ring. As far as your conversion to the true church is concerned . . ."

Bertel was about to answer, but was interrupted by the captain, who for some moments had been engaged in a certain rubbing motion with that part of his body not reached by the light of the lantern.

"Yes, so far as that matter is concerned," Larsson hastened to interpose, "you know, reverend father, that there are two sides to it: *questio an* and *questio quomodo*. Now to speak first of *questio an*, my late rector Vincentius Flachsenius used to say, in his time, always place *negare* as *prima regula juris*. Your reverence will undoubtedly find it unexpected and pleasant to hear a royal captain talk Latin like a cardinal. Your reverence ought, therefore, to know that we, in Åbo Cathedral school, studied both Cicero, Seneca, and Ovid, also called Naso. For my part, I have always considered Cicero a great talker, and Seneca a blockhead; but as for Ovid . . ."

The Jesuit moved toward the door, and said dryly:—

"Thus you choose the stake?"

"Rather that than the disgrace of an apostasy!" exclaimed Bertel, who had not noticed Larsson's hints and signs.

"My friend," the captain hastened to add, "my friend thinks, quite sensibly and naturally, that the ugly part of the matter would be the public scandal. Thus, reverend father, let us confer about *questio quomodo*. *Posito* that we become good Catholics, and enter into the emperor's service . . . But deign to come a little nearer; my friend Bertel is rather hard of hearing ever since he had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the great Pappenheim."

The Jesuit cautiously advanced a few steps closer, yet not without convincing himself by a glance that retreat stood open.

"It is I who decide the manner," said he, haughtily. "Yes or no?"

"Yes, yes, of course," replied Larsson, quickly, as he continued to rub himself. "Consequently we are in clear waters

both with *questio an* and *questio quomodo*. Your reverence has a most persuasive eloquence. We now come to *questio ubi* and *questio quando*, for according to *logicam* and *metaphysicam* . . . Pardon me, worthy father, I don't have a word of objection; I consent to it all. But," continued the captain, as he lowered his voice, "deign to cast a glance at my friend Bertel's right forefinger. I will tell your reverence, my friend is a great rogue; I am very much mistaken if he does not have the king's ring on at this very moment."

The Jesuit, carried away by his curiosity, came a few steps nearer. Swift as an eel, Larsson, unable to rise on account of his bonds, rolled himself between the Jesuit and the door, and when the monk wished to retreat, he found that the captain had scraped against a sharp stone the ligatures which held his right arm, with which he suddenly embraced the Jesuit's legs, and drew him down over him. Father Hieronymus made desperate efforts to free himself; the lantern was broken into fragments, the light extinguished, and a thick darkness enveloped the wrestlers. Bertel and Pekka, both unable to get up and help, rolled themselves toward the spot, but without reaching it. Then the brave captain felt a sharp pain in his shoulder, and directly afterwards a warm stream of blood. With a *Blitzdonnerkreutz!* he wrenched the dagger from his enemy's hand and returned the stab. The Jesuit now sued for mercy in his turn.

"With the greatest pleasure, my son!" answered the captain, mockingly. "But only on three conditions: the first is that you abjure Loyola, your lord and master, and declare him a great milksop. Do you agree to it?"

"I agree to everything," sighed the father.

"The second is that you start off and hang yourself to the first hook you find in the ceiling."

"Yes, yes, only let go of me."

"The third is that you travel to Beelzebub, your patron saint," . . . and with these words, Larsson flung his enemy violently against the rocky wall, after which the place became quite silent. The dagger was now used hastily to cut the prisoners' bonds, and then it only remained to find the door.

When the three fugitives, after having bolted the door of the treasure room from without, reached the dark narrow staircase which led to the upper regions of the castle, they stopped a moment to consult together. Their situation was anything

but enviable, for they knew of old that the stairs led to the bishop's former bedchamber, from whence two or three parlors had to be crossed before they came to the large armory, and through that to the castle yard, after which they still had to pass the closed drawbridge and the guard. All the rooms except the bedchamber, which the Jesuit himself seemed to have taken possession of, had only two hours before, when the prisoners were brought down, been filled partly with soldiers, partly with the sick and their nurses.

"One thing grieves me," whispered Larsson, "and that is that I did not draw the fur off the fox when I held him by the ears. In the garments of piety I could have gone scot-free through purgatory, like another *Saulus inter prophetas*. But as it is, my friend Bertel, I ask, in my simplicity: how shall we get away from here?"

"We will fight our way through. The garrison are asleep; the darkness of night favors us."

"I confess, my friend, that if anybody, even were it I, Larsson himself, should call you a coward, I would call that fellow a liar. It is true that you once, as good as *solo*, alone, *alienus*, all by yourself, took this castle; but you had then at least a sword in your hand and a few thousand brave boys in the rear. . . . Hush! I hear a tread on the stairs;—no, it was nothing. Let us push on cautiously. Here it stands one in need to tread like a maiden: that stupid Limingo peasant tramps as if we had a squadron of cavalry at our heels."

The fugitives had ascended about thirty or forty steps, and the way still led upward, when a faint ray of light glimmered at the top of the passage. They came to a door, which stood ajar. They stopped and held their breath; not a sound was heard. The brave captain now ventured to push in his head, then his foot, and finally his whole stout person.

"We are on the right track," whispered he; "boots off! the whole company must march in stockings—*posito* that the company has stockings. March!"

The bishop's bedchamber, which the three now entered on tiptoe, was a large and once magnificent room. A flickering lamp dimly illumined the precious Gobelin tapestry, the gilded images of the saints, and the ebony bedstead, inlaid with pearl, where the rich prelate used to fall asleep with his goblet of Rhine wine beside him. No living creature was to be seen; but from one of the windows which overlooked the courtyard

they could see the castle chapel opposite brilliantly lighted, and filled with people. Even the castle yard, which was lighted by the reflection from the windows, was thronged with people, many of whom carried candles in their hands.

"I will let them salt and pickle me like cucumbers in a jar, if I understand what all those people are doing here in the middle of the night," muttered the captain, testily. "Perhaps they have come to see three honest Finnish soldiers roasted by a slow fire like Åland herrings!"

"We must look for weapons, and die like men," said Bertel, as he searched through the room. "Hurrah!" exclaimed he, "here are three swords, just what we need."

"And three daggers," added Larsson, who, in a large niche behind the image of a saint, had found a small arsenal of all sorts of weapons. "The reverend fathers have a weakness for daggers, as the East Bothnians have for their sheath knives."

"I think," joined in the close-mouthed Pekka, as he caught sight of a good-sized flask in a corner, "I think that as it is Christmas night . . ."

"Brave boy!" interrupted the captain, inspired by this prospect; "you have a remarkable scent when it is a question of something to drink. Pious Jesuit! you have accomplished some good in the world! Christmas night, did you say? Blockhead! why didn't you tell us at once? It is as clear as day, that half Würtzburg is streaming to the castle to hear Father Hieronymus say mass. By my honor, I am afraid he will make them wait some time, the good pater. Here goes, my friend; I drink to you; an officer ought always to set his troops a good example. Your health, my boys. . . . Damnation! . . . the miserable monk has cheated us; I have swallowed poison; I am a dead man!" And the honest captain became pale as a corpse.

But both Bertel and Pekka had hard work to restrain their laughter, notwithstanding their dangerous situation, when they saw Larsson at once white from fright and black from the fluid he had drunk and spilled over himself.

"Be more moderate another time," said Bertel, "and you will avoid drinking ink."

"Ink! I might have known that the earless scrawler would be up to some deviltry. Two things trouble me to-night more than all *autos-da-fé*: that the sweet Kätchen, with the soft

hand, deceived us, and that I have swallowed the most useless stuff in the world—ink. Bah!”

“If we had nothing else to do, I could show you something that ink has done,” rejoined Bertel, as he hastily turned over a pile of papers on the writing table. “Here is a letter from the princely bishop . . . he is coming to-morrow . . . we are to be solemnly burned . . . they will tempt us to abjure our faith, and promise us grace . . . but burn us, nevertheless! Infamous!”

“Roman fashion!” observed the captain, phlegmatically.

In the mean time Larsson had drawn out three monks’ cloaks; they put them on, and now ventured to proceed farther in the dangerous regions.

The next two rooms were empty. Two rude beds gave evidence that some serving brothers had their abode here, and were now gone to mass.

“Bravo!” whispered Larsson, “they will take us for sheep in wolves’ clothing, and believe that we also are going to attend mass. . . . Hark! didn’t you hear something?—a woman’s voice? Be quiet!”

They stopped, and heard in the darkness a young female voice, praying:—

“Holy Virgin, forgive me this time, and save me from death; I will to-morrow take the veil, and serve you all my life!”

“It is Kätchen’s voice!” said the captain. “Can it be that she is innocent, poor child? Upon my honor, it would be base of a cavalier not to rescue a sweet girl with such a soft hand!”

“Let us be off!” whispered Bertel, in vexation. But the captain had already found a little door, bolted on the outside; beyond the door was a cell, and in that cell was a trembling girl. Her eyes, accustomed to the darkness, distinguished the monk’s garb; she threw herself at the captain’s feet, and exclaimed:—

“Grace, my father, grace! I will confess all; I have favored the prisoners’ flight, I have given wine to the guard. But spare my life, have mercy upon me for the saints’ sake! I am so young. I do not wish to die yet!”

“Who the devil has said that you shall die, my brave girl?” interrupted the captain. “No, you shall live, with your soft hand and your warm lips, as true as I am not a Jesuit, but Lars Larsson, captain in the service of his royal majesty and the crown, and herewith take you . . . as my wedded wife.

for better or for worse," continued the captain, undoubtedly because he considered that the well-known formula must be said to an end when he once began it.

"Away, away! with or without the girl, but away! — they are coming, and we still have to pass the large armory!"

"Allow me to tell you, my friend, Bertel, that you are the greatest fiddle-faddle I know; *maximus fiescus*, as the ancients so truly expressed themselves. How is it, my girl, you are not a nun, but only a novice? Well, it is all the same to me. You shall be my wedded wife, in case I ever marry. Here is a cloak; there now, put that on and look bold."

"It is no cloak, it is a mass robe," whispered Kätchen, who had scarcely time to recover from her amazement.

"The deuce! a mass robe! Wait; you take my cloak and I will take the robe. I will chant *dies iræ* in their ears, so that they all will be astonished."

The sound of several voices in the armory outside interrupted the captain in his priestly meditations.

"They have missed the Jesuit; they are looking for him, and we are lost through your silly nonsense," whispered Bertel, in exasperation. "We must now be careful not to betray ourselves. Come along, all of you."

"And the Latinist first!" exclaimed the captain.

All four went out. In the armory were some thirty sick beds, but only two sisters in attendance. This sight was reassuring, but all the more dangerous was the meeting with the two monks, who stood in excited altercation close by the door. When they saw Larsson in the mass robe, and behind him three figures in cloaks, the pious fathers were greatly startled. The captain raised his arms to bless them, uttered a solemn *pax vobiscum*, and was about to steal by with a grave step, when he was checked by the foremost monk.

"Reverend father," said the latter, as he closely eyed the unknown prelate from head to foot, "what procures our castle this honor at so unusual a time?"

"*Pax vobiscum!*" repeated the captain, devoutly. "The pious Father Hieronymus commands you to say mass the best you know how. . . . His reverence is sick . . . he has toothache."

"Let us seek his reverence," said one of the monks, entering the smaller room. But the other seized Larsson by the robe, and looked at him in a way which did not at all please the brave captain.

"*Quis vus e, quid eltis!*" repeated the captain, nonplussed. "*Qui quoe quod, meus tuus suus . . .* go to the devil, you bald-headed baboons!" roared Larsson, unable to restrain himself longer, and pushed the resisting monks into the chamber and bolted the door. Then all four hastened down to the courtyard. Behind them rose a great outcry; the monks shouted with all their might, the nuns joined in, and soon the attention of the crowd of people who thronged the courtyard began to be attracted.

"We are lost," whispered Kätchen, "unless we can reach the drawbridge by the back way."

They hastened there. The tumult increased. They passed the guard at the large sally port.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"*Peter and Paul*," answered Bertel, promptly.

They passed out. Fortunately the drawbridge was down. But the whole castle was now in alarm.

"Let us jump into the river; the night is dark; they will not find us!" cried Bertel.

"No," said Larsson, "I will not leave my girl, if it should cost me my neck."

"Here stand three saddled horses! Be quick!"

"Up, you sweetest of all the nuns in Franconia! up in the saddle!" and the agile captain swung the trembling Kätchen before him on the horse's back. They all galloped away in the darkness. But behind them was tumult and uproar; the alarm bells sounded in all the turrets, and the whole of Würzburg wondered what could have happened on this Christmas night.



FROM THE KALEVALA.

(Translated by John M. Crawford. Used by permission of Robert Clark & Co.)

[KALEVALA (signifying "abode of heroes"): The national epic of Finland, the elements of which are popular songs, legendary poems, etc. It owes its present form to Dr. Elias Lönnrot, a Finnish scholar (1802-1884), who spent many years in travel in Finland and the Finnish parts of Lapland and Russia, faithfully recording all the songs and stories that he heard from peasants, fishermen, etc. The first version (1835) contained twelve thousand verses, in thirty-two runes or cantos; the second version (1849), the present form of the poem, has

twenty-three thousand verses, in fifty runes. Professor Max Müller said that the Kalevala possessed merits not dissimilar to those of the *Iliad*, and would claim its place as the fifth national epic of the world.]

RUNE XXIX: THE ISLE OF REFUGE.

LEMMINKAINEN, full of joyance,
 Handsome hero, Kaukomieli,
 Took provisions in abundance,
 Fish and butter, bread and bacon,
 Hastened to the Isle of Refuge,
 Sailed away across the oceans,
 Spake these measures on departing:—
 "Fare thee well, mine island dwelling,
 I must sail to other borders,
 To an island more protective,
 Till the second summer passes;
 Let the serpents keep the island,
 Lynxes rest within the glenwood,
 Let the blue moose roam the mountains,
 Let the wild geese eat the barley.
 Fare thee well, my helpful mother!
 When the warriors of the Northland,
 From the dismal Sariola,
 Come with swords, and spears, and crossbows,
 Asking for my head in vengeance,
 Say that I have long departed,
 Left my mother's island dwelling,
 When the barley had been garnered."

Then he launched his boat of copper,
 Threw the vessel to the waters,
 From the iron-banded rollers,
 From the cylinders of oak wood,
 On the masts the sails he hoisted,
 Spread the magic sails of linen,
 In the stern the hero settled
 And prepared to sail his vessel,
 One hand resting on the rudder.

Then the sailor spake as follows,
 These the words of Lemminkainen:—
 "Blow, ye winds, and drive me onward,
 Blow ye steady, winds of heaven,
 Toward the island in the ocean,
 That my bark may fly in safety
 To my father's place of refuge,
 To the far and nameless island!"

Soon the winds arose as bidden,
Rocked the vessel o'er the billows,
O'er the blue back of the waters,
O'er the vast expanse of ocean;
Blew two months and blew unceasing,
Blew a third month toward the island,
Toward his father's Isle of Refuge.

Sat some maidens on the seaside,
On the sandy beach of ocean,
Turned about in all directions,
Looking out upon the billows;
One was waiting for her brother,
And a second for her father,
And a third one, anxious, waited
For the coming of her suitor;
There they spied young Lemminkainen,
There perceived the hero's vessel
Sailing o'er the bounding billows;
It was like a hanging cloudlet,
Hanging 'twixt the earth and heaven.

Thus the island maidens wondered,
Thus they spake to one another: —
"What this stranger on the ocean,
What is this upon the waters?
Art thou one of our sea vessels?
Wert thou builded on this island?
Sail thou straightway to the harbor,
To the island point of landing,
That thy tribe may be discovered."

Onward did the waves propel it,
Rocked his vessel o'er the billows,
Drove it to the magic island,
Safely landed Lemminkainen
On the sandy shore and harbor.

Spake he thus when he had landed,
These the words that Ahti uttered: —
"Is there room upon this island,
Is there space within this harbor,
Where my bark may lie at anchor,
Where the sun may dry my vessel?"

This the answer of the virgins,
Dwellers on the Isle of Refuge: —
"There is room within this harbor,
On this island, space abundant,
Where thy bark may lie at anchor,

"I would sing a wondrous legend,
Sing in miracles of sweetness,
If within some hall or chamber,
I were seated at the table.
If I sing not in the castle,
In some spot by walls surrounded,
Then I sing my songs to zephyrs,
Eling them to the fields and forests."
Answered thus the island maidens:—
"On this isle are castle chambers,
Halls for use of magic singers,
Courts complete for chanting legends,
Where thy singing will be welcome,
Where thy songs will not be scattered
To the forests of the island,
Nor thy wisdom lost in ether."

Straightway Lemminkainen journeyed
With the maidens to the castle;
There he sang and conjured pitchers
On the borders of the tables,
Sang and conjured golden goblets
Foaming with the beer of barley;
Sang he many well-filled vessels,
Bowls of honey drink abundant,
Sweetest butter, toothsome biscuit,
Bacon, fish, and veal, and venison,
All the dainties of the Northland,
Wherewithal to still his hunger.
But the proud heart, Lemminkainen,
Was not ready for the banquet,
Did not yet begin his feasting,
Waited for a knife of silver,
For a knife of golden handle;
Quick he sang the precious metals,
Sang a blade from purest silver,
To the blade a golden handle,
Straightway then began his feasting,
Quenched his thirst and stilled his hunger,
Charmed the maidens on the island.

Then the minstrel, Lemminkainen,
Roamed throughout the island hamlets,
To the joy of all the virgins,
All the maids of braided tresses;
Wheresoe'er he turned his footsteps,
There appeared a maid to greet him;

When his hand was kindly offered,
There his hand was kindly taken;
When he wandered out at evening,
Even in the darksome places,
There the maidens bade him welcome;
There was not an island village
Where there were not seven castles,
In each castle seven daughters,
And the daughters stood in waiting,
Gave the hero joyful greetings,
Only one of all the maidens
Whom he did not greet with pleasure.

Thus the merry Lemminkainen
Spent three summers in the ocean,
Spent a merry time in refuge,
In the hamlets on the island,
To the pleasure of the maidens,
To the joy of all the daughters;
Only one was left neglected,
She a poor and graceless spinster,
On the isle's remotest border,
In the smallest of the hamlets.

Then he thought about his journey.
O'er the ocean to his mother,
To the cottage of his father.
There appeared the slighted spinster,
To the Northland son departing,
Spake these words to Lemminkainen:—
"O thou handsome Kaukomeli,
Wisdom bard, and magic singer,
Since this maiden thou hast slighted,
May the winds destroy thy vessel,
Dash thy bark to countless fragments
On the ocean rocks and ledges!"

Lemminkainen's thoughts were homeward,
Did not heed the maiden's murmurs,
Did not rise before the dawning
Of the morning on the island,
To the pleasure of the maiden
Of the much-neglected hamlet.
Finally at close of evening,
He resolved to leave the island,
He resolved to waken early,
Long before the dawn of morning;
Long before the time appointed,

He arose that he might wander
Through the hamlets of the island,
Bid adieu to all the maidens,
On the morn of his departure.
As he wandered hither, thither,
Walking through the village pathways
To the last of all the hamlets;
Saw he none of all the castles,
Where three dwellings were not standing;
Saw he none of all the dwellings
Where three heroes were not watching;
Saw he none of all the heroes,
Who was not engaged in grinding
Swords, and spears, and battle-axes,
For the death of Lemminkainen.
And these words the hero uttered:—
“Now alas! the Sun arises
From his couch within the ocean,
On the frailest of the heroes,
On the saddest child of Northland;
On my neck the cloak of Lempo
Might protect me from all evil,
Though a hundred foes assail me,
Though a thousand archers follow.”

Then he left the maids ungreeted,
Left his longing for the daughters
Of the nameless Isle of Refuge,
With his farewell words unspoken,
Hastened toward the island harbor,
Toward his magic bark at anchor;
But he found it burned to ashes,
Sweet revenge had fired his vessel,
Lighted by the slighted spinster.
Then he saw the dawn of evil,
Saw misfortune hanging over,
Saw destruction round about him.
Straightway he began rebuilding
Him a magic sailing vessel,
New and wondrous, full of beauty;
But the hero needed timber,
Boards, and planks, and beams, and braces,
Found the smallest bit of lumber,
Found of boards but seven fragments,
Of a spool he found three pieces,
Found six pieces of the distaff;

To the hero sailing homeward:—
“Whither goest, Lemminkainen,
Why depart, thou best of heroes?
Dost thou leave from inattention,
Is there here a dearth of maidens,
Have our greetings been unworthy?”

Sang the magic Lemminkainen
To the maids as he was sailing,
This in answer to their calling:—
“Leaving not for want of pleasure,
Do not go from dearth of women;
Beautiful the island maidens,
Countless as the sands their virtues.
This the reason of my going,
I am longing for my home land,
Longing for my mother’s cabins,
For the strawberries of Northland,
For the raspberries of Kalew,
For the maidens of my childhood,
For the children of my mother.”

Then the merry Lemminkainen
Bade farewell to all the island;
Winds arose and drove his vessel
On the blue back of the ocean,
O’er the far extending waters,
Toward the island of his mother.
On the shore were grouped the daughters
Of the magic Isle of Refuge,
On the rocks sat the forsaken,
Weeping stood the island maidens,
Golden daughters, loud lamenting.
Weep the maidens of the island
While the sail yards greet their vision,
While the copper beltings glisten;
Do not weep to lose the sail yards,
Nor to lose the copper beltings;
Weep they for the loss of Ahti,
For the fleeing Kaukomieli
Guiding the departing vessel.
Also weeps young Lemminkainen,
Sorely weeps, and loud lamenting,
Weeps while he can see the island,
While the island hilltops glisten;
Does not mourn the island mountains,
Weeps he only for the maidens,
Left upon the Isle of Refuge.

Thereupon sailed Kaukomieli
On the blue back of the ocean ;
Sailed one day, and then a second,
But, alas ! upon the third day,
There arose a mighty stormwind,
And the sky was black with fury.
Blew the black winds from the northwest,
From the southeast came the whirlwind,
Tore away the ship's forecastle,
Tore away the vessel's rudder,
Dashed the wooden hull to pieces.
Thereupon wild Lemminkainen
Headlong fell upon the waters ;
With his head he did the steering,
With his hands and feet, the rowing ;
Swam whole days and nights unceasing,
Swam with hope and strength united,
Till at last appeared a cloudlet,
Growing cloudlet to the westward,
Changing to a promontory,
Into land within the ocean.

Swiftly to the shore swam Ahti,
Hastened to a magic castle,
Found therein a hostess baking,
And her daughters kneading barley,
And these words the hero uttered : —
" O thou hostess, filled with kindness,
Couldst thou know my pangs of hunger,
Couldst thou guess my name and station,
Thou wouldst hasten to the storehouse.
Bring me beer and foaming liquor,
Bring the best of thy provisions,
Bring me fish, and veal, and bacon,
Butter, bread, and honeyed biscuits,
Set for me a wholesome dinner,
Wherewithal to still my hunger,
Quench the thirst of Lemminkainen.
Days and nights have I been swimming,
Buffeting the waves of ocean,
Seemed as if the wind protected,
And the billows gave me shelter."

Then the hostess, filled with kindness,
Hastened to the mountain storehouse,
Cut some butter, veal, and bacon,
Bread, and fish, and honeyed biscuit,

Brought the best of her provisions,
Brought the mead and beer of barley,
Set for him a toothsome dinner,
Wherewithal to still his hunger,
Quench the thirst of Lemminkainen.

When the hero's feast had ended,
Straightway was a magic vessel
Given by the kindly hostess
To the weary Kaukomiel,
Bark of beauty, new and hardy,
Wherewithal to aid the stranger
In his journey to his home land,
To the cottage of his mother.

Quickly sailed wild Lemminkainen
On the blue back of the ocean;
Sailed he days and nights unceasing,
Till at last he reached the borders
Of his own loved home and country;
There beheld he scenes familiar,
Saw the islands, capes, and rivers,
Saw his former shipping stations,
Saw he many ancient landmarks,
Saw the mountains with their fir trees,
Saw the pine trees on the hilltops,
Saw the willows in the lowlands;
Did not see his father's cottage,
Nor the dwellings of his mother.
Where a mansion once had risen,
There the alder trees were growing,
Shrubs were growing on the homestead,
Junipers within the courtyard.
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen: —
"In this glen I played and wandered,
On these stones I rocked for ages,
On this lawn I rolled and tumbled,
Frolicked on these woodland borders,
When a child of little stature.
Where then is my mother's dwelling,
Where the castles of my father?
Fine, I fear, has found the hamlet,
And the winds dispersed the ashes."

Then he fell to bitter weeping,
Wept one day, and then a second,
Wept the third day without ceasing;
Did not mourn the ancient homestead,
Nor the dwellings of his father;

Wept he for his darling mother,
Wept he for the dear departed,
For the loved ones of the island.

Then he saw the bird of heaven,
Saw an eagle flying near him,
And he asked the bird this question: —
“Mighty eagle, bird majestic,
Grant to me the information,
Where my mother may have wandered,
Whither I may go and find her!”

But the eagle knew but little,
Only knew that Ahti's people
Long ago together perished;
And the raven also answered
That his people had been scattered
By the swords, and spears, and arrows,
Of his enemies from Pohya.

Spake the hero, Lemminkainen: —
“Faithful mother, dear departed,
Thou who nursed me in my childhood,
Art thou dead and turned to ashes,
Didst thou perish for my follies,
O'er thy head are willows weeping,
Junipers above thy body,
Alders watching o'er thy slumbers?
This my punishment for evil,
This the recompense of folly!
Fool was I, a son unworthy,
That I measured swords in Northland
With the landlord of Pohyola.

To my tribe came fell destruction,
And the death of my dear mother,
Through my crimes and misdemeanors.

Then the minstrel looked about him,
Anxious, looked in all directions,
And beheld some gentle footprints,
Saw a pathway lightly trodden
Where the heather had been beaten.
Quick as thought the path he followed,
Through the meadows, through the brambles,
O'er the hills, and through the valleys,
To a forest, vast and cheerless;
Traveled far and traveled farther,
Still a greater distance traveled,
To a dense and hidden glenwood,

In the middle of the island;
 Found therein a sheltered cabin,
 Found a small and darksome dwelling
 Built between the rocky ledges,
 In the midst of triple pine trees;
 And within he spied his mother,
 Found his gray-haired mother weeping.

Lemminkainen loud rejoices,
 Cries in tones of joyful greetings,
 These the words that Ahti utters:—
 "Faithful mother, well-beloved,
 Thou that gavest me existence,
 Happy I, that thou art living,
 That thou hast not yet departed
 To the kingdom of Tuoni,
 To the islands of the blessed.
 I had thought that thou hadst perished,
 Hadst been murdered by my foemen,
 Hadst been slain with bows and arrows.
 Heavy are mine eyes from weeping,
 And my cheeks are white with sorrow,
 Since I thought my mother slaughtered
 For the sins I had committed!"

Lemminkainen's mother answered:—
 "Long, indeed, hast thou been absent,
 Long, my son, hast thou been living
 In thy father's Isle of Refuge,
 Roaming on the secret island,
 Living at the doors of strangers,
 Living in a nameless country,
 Refuge from the Northland foeman."
 Spake the hero, Lemminkainen:—
 "Charming is that spot for living,
 Beautiful the magic island,
 Rainbow-colored was the forest,
 Blue the glimmer of the meadows,
 Silvered were the pine-tree branches,
 Golden were the heather blossoms;
 All the woodlands dripped with honey,
 Eggs in every rock and crevice,
 Honey flowed from birch and sorb tree,
 Milk in streams from fir and aspen,
 Beer foam dripping from the willows,
 Charming there to live and linger,
 All their edibles delicious.

Don Rodrigo—I speed to those happy moments which will deliver my life from your resentment.

Chimène—Thou art going to death! Is Don Sancho, then, so formidable that he can inspire terror in this invincible heart? What has rendered thee so weak? or what renders him so strong? Does Rodrigo go to fight, and believe himself already slain? He who has not feared the Moors nor my father, goes to fight Don Sancho, and already despairs? Thus, then, thy courage lowers itself in the hour of need.

Don Rodrigo—I speed to my punishment, and not to the combat; and, since you seek my death, my faithful ardor will readily deprive me of the desire of defending my life. I have always the same courage, but I have not the arm, when it is needed, to preserve that which does not please you; and already this night would have been fatal to me, if I had fought for my own private wrong; but, defending my king, his people, and my country, by carelessly defending myself, I should have betrayed *them*. My highborn spirit does not hate life so much as to wish to depart from it by perfidy, now that it regards my interests only. You demand my death—I accept its decree. Your resentment ehose the hand of another; I was unworthy to die by yours. They shall not see me repel its blows; I owe more respect to him who fights for you; and delighted to think that it is from you these blows proceed—since it is your honor that his arms sustain—I shall present to him my unprotected breast, worshiping through his hand thine that destroys me.

Chimène—If the just vehemence of a sad sense of duty, which causes me, in spite of myself, to follow after thy valiant life, prescribes to thy love a law so severe that it surrenders thee without defense to him who combats for me, in this infatuation, lose not the recollection that, with thy life, thine honor is tarnished, and that, in whatever renown Rodrigo may have lived, when men shall know him to be dead, they will believe him conquered. Thine honor is dearer to thee than I am dear, since it steeps thine hands in the blood of my father, and causes thee to renounce, in spite of thy love, the sweet hope of gaining me. I see thee, however, pay such little regard to it that, without fighting, thou wishest to be overcome. What inconsistency mars thy valor! Why hast thou it no more? or why didst thou possess it formerly? What! art thou valiant only to do me an injury? Unless it be to offend me, hast thou no



PIERRE CORNEILLE

courage at all? And dost thou treat my father with such rigor that, after having conquered him, thou wilt endure a conqueror? Go! without wishing to die, leave me to pursue thee, and defend thine honor, if thou wilt no longer live.

Don Rodrigo — After the death of the count and the defeat of the Moors, will my renown still require other achievements? That may scorn the care of defending myself; it is known that my courage dares to attempt all, that my valor can accomplish all, and that, here below, in comparison with mine honor, nothing is precious to me. No! no! in this combat, whatever thou mayest please to think, Rodrigo may die without risking his renown: without men daring to accuse him of having wanted spirit: without being considered as conquered, without enduring a conqueror. They will say only: "He adored Chimène; he would not live and merit her hatred; he yielded himself to the severity of his fate, which compelled his mistress to seek his death; she wished for his head, and his magnanimous heart, had that been refused to her, would have considered it a crime. To avenge his honor, he lost his love; to avenge his mistress, he forsook life, preferring (whatever hope may have enslaved his soul) his honor to Chimène, and Chimène to his existence." Thus, then, you will see that my death in this conflict, far from obscuring my glory, will increase its value; and this honor will follow my voluntary death, that no other than myself could have satisfied you.

Chimène — Since, to prevent thee from rushing to destruction, thy life and thine honor are feeble inducements, if ever I loved thee, dear Rodrigo, in return, defend thyself now, to rescue me from Dou Sancho. Fight, to release me from a compact which delivers me to the object of my aversion. Shall I say more to thee? Go, think of thy defense, to overcome my sense of duty, to impose on me silence; and if thou feelest thine heart still enamored for me, come forth, as a conqueror, from a combat of which Chimène is the reward. Adieu; this thoughtlessly uttered word causes me to blush for shame!

[*Exit CHIMÈNE.*]

Don Rodrigo — Where is the foe I could not now subdue? Come forth, warriors of Navarre, Morocco, and Castile! and all the heroes that Spain has produced; unite together and form an army, to contend against one hand thus nerved. Unite all your efforts against a hope so sweet — you have too little power to succeed in destroying it! . . .

The Infanta — Shall I listen to thee still, pride of my birth, that makest a crime out of my passions? Shall I listen to thee, love, whose delicious power causes my desires to rebel against this proud tyrant? Poor princess! to which of the two oughtest thou to yield obedience? Rodrigo, thy valor renders thee worthy of me; but although thou art valiant, thou art not the son of a king.

Pitiless fate, whose severity separates my glory and my desires! Is it decreed that the choice of such rare merit should cost my passion such great anguish? O heaven! for how many sighs must my heart prepare itself, if, after such a long, painful struggle, it never succeeds in either extinguishing the love, or accepting the lover!

But there are too many scruples, and my reason is alarmed at the contempt of a choice so worthy; although to monarchs only my birth may assign me, Rodrigo, with honor I shall live under thy laws. After having conquered two kings, couldst thou fail in obtaining a crown? And this great name of Cid, which thou hast just now won — does it not show too clearly over whom thou art destined to reign?

He is worthy of me, but he belongs to Chimène; the present which I made of him injures me. Between them, the death of a father has interposed so little hatred that the duty of blood with regret pursues him. Thus let us hope for no advantage, either from his transgression or from my grief, since, to punish me, destiny has allowed that love should continue even between two enemies.

Infanta — Why comest thou, Leonora?

Leonora — To congratulate you, dear lady, on the tranquillity which at last your soul has recovered.

Infanta — Whence should this tranquillity come, — in an accumulation of sorrow?

Leonora — If love lives on hope, and if it dies with it, Rodrigo can no more charm your heart; you know of the combat in which Chimène involves him; since he must die in it, or become her husband, your hope is dead and your spirit is healed.

Infanta — Ah! how far from it!

Leonora — What more can you expect?

Infanta — Nay, rather, what hope canst thou forbid me? If Rodrigo fights under these conditions, to counteract the effect of it I have too many resources. Love, this sweet author

of my cruel punishments, teaches the minds of lovers too many stratagems.

Leonora — Can you accomplish anything, since a dead father has not been able to kindle discord in their minds. For Chimène clearly shows by her behavior that hatred to-day does not cause her pursuit. She obtains the combat, and for her champion, she accepts on the moment the first that offers. She has not recourse to those noble hands whom so many famous exploits render so glorious; Don Sancho suffices her, and merits her choice, because he is going to arm himself for the first time; she loves in this duel his want of experience; as he is without renown, so is she without apprehension; and her readiness ought to make you clearly see that she seeks for a combat which her duty demands, but which yields her Rodrigo an easy victory, and authorizes her at length to seem appeased.

Infanta — I observe it clearly; and nevertheless my heart, in rivalry with Chimène, adores this conqueror. On what shall I resolve, hopeless lover that I am?

Leonora — To remember better from whom you are sprung. Heaven owes you a king; you love a subject!

Infanta — The object of my attachment has completely changed: I no longer love Rodrigo as a mere nobleman. No; it is not thus that my love entitles him. If I love him, it is as the author of so many brilliant deeds,—as the valiant Cid, the master of two kings. I shall conquer myself, however; not from dread of any censure, but in order that I may not disturb so glorious a love; and even though, to favor me, they should crown him, I will not take back a gift which I have given. Since in such a combat his triumph is certain, let us go once more to give that gift to Chimène. And thou, who seest the love arrows with which my heart is pierced, come see me finish as I have begun.

Chimène — Elvira, how greatly I suffer; and how much I am to be pitied! I know not what to hope, and I see everything to be dreaded. No wish escapes me to which I dare consent. I desire nothing without a quick repentance. I have caused two rivals to take up arms for me: the most happy result will cause me tears; and though fate may decree in my favor, my father is without revenge, or my lover is dead.

Elvira — On the one side and the other I see you consoled: either you have Rodrigo, or you are avenged. And however

fate may ordain for you, it maintains your honor and gives you a spouse.

Chimène — What ! the object of my hatred or of such resentment ! — the slayer of Rodrigo, or that of my father ! In either case they give me a husband, still all stained with the blood that I cherished most ; in either case my soul revolts, and I fear more than death the ending of my quarrel. Away ! vengeance, love — which agitate my feelings. Ye have no gratifications for me at such a price ; and Thou, Powerful Controller of the destiny which afflicts me, terminate this combat without any advantage, without rendering either of the two conquered or conqueror.

Elvira — This would be treating you with too much severity. This combat is a new punishment for your feelings, if it leaves you compelled to demand justice, to exhibit always this proud resentment, and continually to seek after the death of your lover. Dear lady, it is far better that his unequalled valor, crowning his brow, should impose silence upon you ; that the conditions of the combat should extinguish your sighs ; and that the King should compel you to follow your inclinations.

Chimène — If he be conqueror, dost thou believe that I shall surrender ? My sense of duty is too strong and my loss too great ; and this combat and the will of the King are not strong enough to dictate conditions to them. He may conquer Don Sancho with very little difficulty, but he shall not with him conquer the sense of duty of *Chimène* ; and whatever reward a monarch may have promised to his victory, my self-respect will raise against him a thousand other enemies.

Elvira — Beware lest, to punish this strange pride, Heaven may at last permit you to revenge yourself. What ! — you will still reject the happiness of being able now to be silent with honor ? What means this duty, and what does it hope for ? Will the death of your lover restore to you a father ? Is one stroke of misfortune insufficient for you ? Is there need of loss upon loss, and sorrow upon sorrow ? Come, in the caprice in which your humor persists, you do not deserve the lover that is destined for you, and we may see the just wrath of Heaven, by his death, leaving you Don Sancho as a spouse.

Chimène — *Elvira*, the griefs which I endure are sufficient : do not redouble them by this fatal augury. I wish, if I can, to avoid both ; but if not, in this conflict Rodrigo has all my prayers ; not because a weak affection inclines me to his side,

but because, if he were conquered, I should become the bride of Don Sancho. . This fear creates my desire——

[Enter DON SANCHO.

What do I see, unhappy I ! Elvira, all is lost !

Don Sancho — Compelled to bring this sword to thy feet——

Chimène — What ! still reeking with the blood of Rodrigo ! Traitor, dost thou dare to show thyself before mine eyes, after having taken from me that which I love the best ? Declare thyself my love, and thou hast no more to fear. My father is satisfied ; cease to restrain thyself. The same stroke has placed my honor in safety, my soul in despair, and my passion at liberty !

Don Sancho — With a mind more calmly collected ——

Chimène — Dost thou still speak to me, detestable assassin of a hero whom I adore ? Go ; you fell upon him treacherously. A warrior so valiant would never have sunk beneath such an assailant ! Hope nothing from me. Thou hast not served me ; and believing that thou wert avenging me, thou hast deprived me of life.

Don Sancho — Strange delusion, which, far from listening to me ——

Chimène — Wilt thou that I should listen to thee while boasting of his death ?——that I should patiently hear with what haughty pride thou wilt describe his misfortune, my own crime, and thy prowess ?

Chimène — Sire, there is no further need to dissemble that which all my struggles have not been able to conceal from you. I loved ; you knew it ; but, to avenge my father, I even wished to sacrifice so dear a being. Sire, your majesty may have seen how I have made love yield to duty. At last, Rodrigo is dead ; and his death has converted me from an unrelenting foe into an afflicted lover. I owed this revenge to him who gave me existence ; and to my love I now owe these tears. Don Sancho has destroyed me in undertaking my defense ; and I am the reward of the arm which destroys me. Sire, if compassion can influence a king, for mercy's sake revoke a law so severe. As the reward of a victory by which I lose that which I love, I leave him my possessions ; let him leave me to myself, that in a sacred cloister I may weep continually, even to my last sigh, for my father and my lover.

Don Diego — In brief, she loves, sire, and no longer believes it a crime to acknowledge with her own lips a lawful affection.

Don Fernando — Chimène, be undeceived; thy lover is not dead, and the vanquished Don Sancho has given thee a false report.

Don Sancho — Sire, a little too much eagerness, in spite of me, has misled her; I came from the combat to tell her the result. This noble warrior of whom her heart is enamored, when he had disarmed me, spoke to me thus: "Fear nothing—I would rather leave the victory uncertain, than shed blood risked in defense of Chimène; but, since my duty calls me to the King, go, tell her of our combat; on the part of the conqueror, carry her thy sword." Sire, I came; this weapon deceived her; seeing me return, she believed me to be conqueror, and her resentment suddenly betrayed her love, with such excitement and so much impatience, that I could not obtain a moment's hearing. As for me, although conquered, I consider myself fortunate; and in spite of the interests of my enamored heart, though losing infinitely, I still love my defeat, which causes the triumph of a love so perfect.

Don Fernando — My daughter, there is no need to blush for a passion so glorious, nor to seek means of making a disavowal of it; a laudable shame in vain solicits thee; thy honor is redeemed, and thy duty performed; thy father is satisfied, and it was to avenge him that thou didst so often place thy Rodrigo in danger. Thou seest how Heaven otherwise ordains. Having done so much for him, do something for thyself; and be not rebellious against my command, which gives thee a spouse beloved so dearly.

Infanta — Dry thy tears, Chimène, and receive without sadness this noble conqueror from the hands of thy princess.

Don Rodrigo — Be not offended, sire, if in your presence an impassioned homage causes me to kneel before her. I come not here to ask for the reward of my victory; I come once more to offer you my head, dear lady. My love shall not employ in my own favor either the law of the combat or the will of the King. If all that has been done is too little for a father, say by what means you must be satisfied. Must I still contend against a thousand and a thousand rivals, and to the two ends of the earth extend my labors, myself alone storm a camp, put to flight an army, surpass the renown of fabulous heroes? If my deep of-

fense can be by that means washed away, I dare undertake all, and can accomplish all. But if this proud honor, always inexorable, cannot be appeased without the death of the guilty, arm no more against me the power of mortals; mine head is at thy feet, avenge thyself by thine own hauds; thine hands alone have the right to vanquish the invincible. Take thou a vengeance to all others impossible. But at least let my death suffice to punish me; banish me not from thy remembrance, and, since my doom preserves your honor, to recompense yourself for this, preserve my memory, and say sometimes, when deploring my fate: "Had he not loved me, he would not have died."

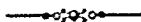
Chimène — Rise, Rodrigo. I must confess it, sire, I have said too much to be able to unsay it. Rodrigo has noble qualities which I cannot hate; and, when a king commands, he ought to be obeyed. But to whatever you may have already doomed me, can you, before your eyes, tolerate this union? And when you desire this effort from my feeling of duty, is it entirely in accord with your sense of justice? If Rodrigo becomes so indispensable to the state, of that which he has done for you ought I to be the reward, and surrender myself to the everlasting reproach of having imbrued my hands in the blood of a father?

Don Fernando — Time has often rendered lawful that which at first seemed impossible, without being a crime. Rodrigo has won thee, and thou art justly his. But, although his valor has by conquest obtained thee to-day, it would need that I should become the enemy of thy self-respect, to give him so soon the reward of his victory. This bridal deferred does not break a law which, without specifying the time, devotes thy faith to him. Take a year, if thou wilt, to dry thy tears; Rodrigo, in the mean time, must take up arms. After having vanquished the Moors on our borders, overthrown their plans, and repulsed their attacks, go, carry the war even into their country, command my army, and ravage their territory. At the mere name of Cid they will tremble with dismay. They have named thee lord! they will desire thee as their king! But, amidst thy high achievements, be thou to her always faithful; return, if it be possible, still more worthy of her, and by thy great exploits acquire such renown that it may be glorious for her to espouse thee then.

Don Rodrigo — To gain Chimène, and for your service, what command can be issued to me that mine arm cannot accomplish?

Yet, though absent from her eyes, I must suffer grief, sire, I have too much happiness in being able—to hope!

Don Fernando—Hope in thy manly resolution; hope in my promise, and already possessing the heart of thy mistress, let time, thy valor, and thy king exert themselves to overcome a scrupulous feeling of honor which is contending against thee.



THE STORY OF ALI-BEY, THE PERSIAN.

By FÉNELON.

[FRANÇOIS DE SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE-FÉNELON, French divine and author, was born at the Château de Fénelon in Périgord, August 6, 1651. He received holy orders at the seminary of St Sulpice in Paris, and on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685) was sent on a mission for the conversion of Protestants in Saintonge and Poitou. He was later intrusted with the education of Louis XIV.'s grandson, the Duke of Burgundy, and received as a reward for his services the abbey of St. Valery and the archbishopric of Cambrai. For many years Fénelon was engaged in a theological dispute with Bossuet concerning the devotional mysticism of the celebrated Madame Guyon, whose opinions he defended in the "Maxims of the Saints." Fénelon's masterpiece, "The Adventures of Telemachus," was published in 1699. Intended by the author only for the amusement and instruction of the young Duke of Burgundy, it was regarded by the king as a satire on the court. In consequence the book was suppressed and Fénelon was restrained within his own diocese. Other works are: "Dialogues of the Dead," "Dialogues on Eloquence," "Letters on Religion," etc. Fénelon died at Cambrai in 1715.]

SHAH ABBAS, king of Persia, once when making a journey, withdrew from all his court, in order to travel through the country without being recognized, and to see the people in all their natural liberty; he therefore took with him only one of his courtiers. "I do not know at all," said the king to him, "the true manners of men; everything that we come in contact with is disguised. It is art, and not simple nature, that we see. I wish to study rustic life, and to see the class of men that is so scorned, although it is the true support of human society. I am tired of seeing courtiers who observe me in order to surprise me with flatteries, and I desire to visit laborers and shepherds who do not know me." He passed with his follower through several villages where the country people were dancing, and he was charmed to find far from courts these tranquil and inexpensive pleasures. He had a meal in



FÉNELON

a hut, and as he was very hungry, having walked an unusual distance, the coarse food of the peasants seemed to him more agreeable than all the delicate dishes of his own table.

While passing through a meadow sown with flowers and bordering on a clear stream, he saw a young shepherd playing the flute under a great elm, among his sheep. He accosted him, and on questioning him found his expression pleasant and his manner simple and ingenuous, but noble and gracious. The rags in which he was clad did not lessen the effect of his beauty, and the king supposed at first that it was some person of illustrious birth tending sheep in disguise; but he learned from the shepherd that his father and mother were in a neighboring village, and that his name was Ali-bey. As the king questioned him, he admired his sensible answers. The lad's eyes were bright, but neither burning nor fierce, and his voice was gentle and sympathetic. His face was not in the least coarse, neither was it weak and effeminate. The shepherd boy, about seventeen years old, had no idea how he appeared to others, and supposed that he thought and spoke like all the other shepherds of his village; whereas he had learned, without education, all that reason can teach those who listen to her. The king, having conversed with him familiarly, was charmed by him. He found out from the boy about the state of the people, which kings never learn from the crowd of flatterers who surround them. From time to time he laughed at the innocence of this child, who made no effort to please by his answers. It was a great novelty for the king to hear any one speak so naturally. He made a sign to the courtier who accompanied him not to reveal that he was the king, for he feared that Ali-bey would lose in a moment all his naturalness if he should learn to whom he was speaking. "I see clearly," said the king to the courtier, "that nature is not less beautiful in the lowest ranks than in the highest. Never did a king's son appear better than this lad who keeps sheep. I should consider myself most happy to have a son as stalwart, as sensible, and as gentle. He seems to me fit for any career, and if any one would take the pains to educate him, he would surely be one day a great man."

So the king carried off Ali-bey, who was greatly surprised to know to whom he had made himself agreeable. He was taught to read, to write, to sing, and finally had masters for the ornamental arts and sciences. At first he was somewhat

dazzled by the court, and his great change of fortune changed his heart a little. His youth and popularity together altered a little his wisdom and moderation. Instead of his crook, his flute, and shepherd's dress, he had a robe of purple embroidered with gold, and a turban covered with precious stones. His beauty surpassed all that was in the court before him; he made himself capable of dealing with serious affairs, and won the confidence of his master; who, knowing Ali-bey's exquisite taste in all the magnificent splendors of a palace, gave him finally an office, in Persia very important, involving the charge of all the king's jewels and most precious possessions.

During the life of the Shah Abbas, the favor of Ali-bey continued to increase. As he gradually grew to a mature age, he often thought of his former condition and often regretted it. "O beautiful days!" he used to say to himself, "innocent days when I enjoyed a pure and untroubled happiness; days since when I have seen nothing so sweet, shall I never see you again? He who has deprived me of you, though giving me so great riches, has deprived me of everything." He went back to see his village, and visited with sadness all the places where he had once danced, sung, and played the flute with his companions. He made presents to all his relatives and friends; but he wished them, as the greatest happiness, never to leave their country life, never to experience the sorrows of the court.

He himself experienced these sorrows after the death of his good master Shah Abbas. His son, Shah Sephi, succeeded him, and envious and treacherous courtiers found means of warning him against Ali-bey. "He has abused the confidence of the late king," they said; "he has amassed enormous treasures, and has appropriated several costly articles of which he was guardian." Shah Sephi was at the same time young and a prince, which was enough to render him credulous, neglectful, and reckless. He had the vanity to wish to seem to reform what his father had done, and to judge better than he. In order to have a pretext for removing Ali-bey from his office, he followed the advice of the envious courtiers, and ordered him to produce a scimiter ornamented with diamonds of enormous price, which the king's grandfather had been accustomed to carry in battle. Shah Abbas had long ago caused all the diamonds to be removed from the scimiter, and Ali-bey proved by trustworthy witnesses that the removal had taken place by the order of the late king, and before he had received his office.

When Ali-bey's enemies saw that they could not employ this pretext to destroy him, they advised Shah Sephi to command him to make within two weeks an exact inventory of all the precious objects in his charge. At the end of the two weeks the king desired to see all the things himself. Ali-bey opened all the doors, and showed the king all that he had in his care. Nothing was lacking, all was well cared for and in good order. The king, greatly astonished at finding everything so carefully kept, had almost decided to restore Ali-bey to favor, when he noticed, at the end of a long gallery full of sumptuous furnishings, an iron door with three large locks. "There is the place," whispered the jealous courtiers, "in which Ali-bey has hidden all the precious jewels that he has stolen from you." Immediately the king cried out angrily, "I wish to see what is the other side of that door. What have you put there? Show me." At these words Ali-bey threw himself on his knees, and begged the king not to deprive him of his most precious possessions on earth. "It is not just," said he, "that I should lose in one moment all that remains to me, and gives me repose, after having labored so many years for your royal father. Take from me, if you will, all the rest, but leave me this." The king did not doubt that it was some wrongfully acquired treasure that Ali-bey had hoarded, so he took a more imperative tone, and ordered absolutely that the door should be opened. Finally Ali-bey, who had the keys, opened it himself. But nothing was to be found there except the crook, flute, and shepherd's dress that Ali-bey had worn of old, which he often came to see, from fear of forgetting his early life. "Behold, great king," said he, "the precious relics of my former happiness; neither fortune nor your power have been able to deprive me of them. Here is my treasure, that I am keeping to enrich me when you have made me poor. Take back all the rest, but leave me these dear pledges of my early happiness. O, dear symbol of a quiet and happy life, it is with you that I would live and die!" The king, hearing these words, understood Ali-bey's innocence, and being indignant at the courtiers who had tried to ruin him, exiled them from the court. Ali-bey became his chief minister, and had charge of the most private affairs of state; but every day he went to see his crook, flute, and shepherd's dress, which he kept always ready in case a change of fortune should deprive him of the royal favor. He died in a ripe old age, without having wished either to punish his enemies, or to accumulate

a treasure, and left to his heirs only enough to maintain them as shepherds, a condition of life which he thought the most secure and the most happy.



SONNETS OF LOPE DE VEGA.

TRANSLATED BY LONGFELLOW.

[LOPE DE VEGA (Lope Felix de Vega Carpio), the famous Spanish dramatist and poet, was born at Madrid on the 25th of November, 1562. He went to the Jesuits' college of Madrid and the University of Alcalá, after which he was attached to the service of the Bishop of Avila and the Duke of Alva. In 1588 he joined the Armada and while at sea wrote the poem entitled "Angelica." He entered the Church about 1612, and took priest's orders (1614). He died at Madrid, August 27, 1635. Vega was the idol of his contemporaries, and his popularity outside of Spain was almost as remarkable. One of the most prolific authors in the history of literature, he wrote, according to a conservative estimate, eighteen hundred three-act plays, besides hundreds of "autos," several long epic poems, prose romances, religious pastorals, dramatic interludes, etc. Of his four hundred and fifty printed plays may be mentioned: "The Star of Seville," his chief work; "The Gardener's Dog"; "Love and Honor"; "Cavalier of Olmedo."]]

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERD! that with thine amorous, sylvan song
Hast broken the slumber which encompassed me,—
That mad'st thy crook from the accursed tree,
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long!
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be;
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.
Hear, Shepherd!—thou who for thy flock art dying,
O, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
O, wait!—to thee my weary soul is crying,—
Wait for me!—Yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou'rt waiting still for me!

TO-MORROW.

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me,—that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?

O strange delusion! — that I did not greet
 Thy blest approach, and O, to Heaven how lost,
 If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
 Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.
 How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
 "Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
 How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
 And, O! how often to that voice of sorrow,
 "To-morrow we will open," I replied,
 And when the morrow came I answered still, "To-morrow."



FUNERAL ORATION ON HENRIETTA, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

By BOSSUET.

[JACQUES BÉNIGNE BOSSUET, French prelate, pulpit orator, and theologian, was born at Dijon, September 27, 1627. After studying at the Jesuits' college there and at the College of Navarre in Paris, he took priest's orders and became canon of Metz. His fame as a pulpit orator procured him the honor of preaching before Louis XIV., and in 1669 he was ordained Bishop of Condom. He resigned the see on being appointed preceptor to the Dauphin, for whom he is said to have written the "Discourse on Universal History." In 1681 he was raised to the bishopric of Meaux, and passed the remainder of his life in his diocese. He died at Paris, April 12, 1704. Bossuet was one of the ablest defenders of the doctrines of the Church of Rome, but took up a strong attitude in favor of the independence of the Gallican Church. In his old age he opposed Quietism and became involved in a controversy with Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai. In addition to his main work he published, "Funeral Orations," those on the Duchess of Orleans and the great Condé being masterpieces of eloquence; "History of the Variations of the Protestant Churches"; "Exposition of the Catholic Doctrine."]

PART THE FIRST.

AM I then called upon once more to pay the last honors to the dead? is she whom (a few months past) I beheld so attentive while I was discharging this mournful duty to the Queen, her mother, is she become the melancholy theme of this day's solemnity? Oh, vanity! oh, airy nothing! Little did she imagine, while the filial tear was stealing down her cheek, that in so short a space of time the same company should be assembled, to perform the same mournful honors to her own memory. Lamented princess! must England not only deplore thy absence, but also lament thy death? And has France no other pomp, no other

triumph, no other trophies than these to celebrate thy return? — Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity! These are the only thoughts that occur, this the only reflection that clings to my soul in the present unforeseen and sudden calamity. This text, which comes home to every bosom, which regards every state, and accompanies all the events and vicissitudes of life, acquires a particular illustration from the object of our present concern. For never were the vanities of this world so strongly displayed, and so conspicuously degraded. The scene that now arrests and terrifies our attention, urges me to declare that health is but an empty name, life a troubled dream, and celebrity a fugitive meteor. Is then man (made after God's own image) a despicable being? is man, whom the Savior of the world, without debasement, redeemed with his precious blood; is man, thus honored, a mere shadow? This mournful exhibition of human vanity, this untimely death, which chills the public hope, misled my judgment. Man must not be allowed to entertain an unqualified idea of self-degradation. Solomon, who begins his divine work with the words of my text, concludes with revealing to man his dignity: "Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man: for God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil!" So everything is vain and unimportant that relates to man, when we advert to the transitory course of his mortality: everything becomes dignified when we look to the goal to which he is hastening. Let us then, in the presence of that altar and of that tomb, meditate upon that passage of Ecclesiastes, where the first part discovers the nothingness of man, and the second establishes his greatness. Let yonder tomb convince us of our wretchedness, while yon altar (from whence our prayers ascend) informs us of our dignity. You are now apprised of the truths which I wish this day to inculcate, which are not unworthy of the notice of the great personage, and of the illustrious assembly, before whom I am now speaking.

As a stream glides rapidly along, thus flows the course of our existence, which, after having traversed, with more or less noise, a greater or less extent of country, disembogues at length into a dark gulf! where honors, distinctions, and worldly prerogatives are unacknowledged and unknown; like rivers which lose their name and their celebrity when they mingle with the ocean.

If human nature could receive any partial exaltation, if a

small portion of the dust of which we are all formed could admit of any solid and durable distinction, who had a greater title to such preëminence? Does not the person who now awfully enforces the vanity of human greatness, does not she trace her origin to the remotest antiquity? Wherever I cast my view I am surrounded and dazzled with the splendor which streams from the crowns of England and of Scotland.

The Princess Henrietta, born, as it were, on a throne, possessed a mind superior to her illustrious birth, a mind which the misfortunes of her family could not subdue. How frequently have we said that Providence had snatched her from the enemies of her august father to make a present of her to France? Precious and inestimable gift! if enduring possession had accompanied a present of such value. This melancholy recollection intrudes itself everywhere. No sooner do we cast our eyes on this illustrious personage, than the specter Death rushes on our thoughts. Let me, however, recall to your mind, how she grew up amidst the wishes, the applause, and affection of a whole kingdom: every year added to her personal attractions, and brought with it an accession of mental accomplishments. Her judgment in works of literature was clear and unerring; authors, when they met with her approbation, felicitated themselves on having attained that point of perfection to which they aspired. History, to which her attention was particularly directed, she used to call the counselor of kings. In the historic page the greatest monarchs assume no other rank than what they are entitled to by their virtues: degraded by the hand of Death, they enter, unattended by flatterers, this severe court of justice, to receive the awful judgment of posterity. Here the gaudy coloring, which the harlot pencil of sycophancy had applied, languishes and fades away. In this school our young disciple studied the duties of those persons whose life forms the groundwork of history. This knowledge matured her youthful mind, and fenced it with a circumspective prudence. "He that has no rule over his own spirit," says the Wise Man, "is like a city that is broken down and without walls." The object of our present admiration was exalted above this weakness; nor interest, nor vanity, nor the enchantment of flattery, nor the persuasive voice of friendship, could allure the confided secret from her bosom. This characteristic feature entitled her to a confidence of the highest nature. Without presuming to enter upon a subject which does not

belong to this place, I may be allowed to say that, by the mediation of the sister, some controverted points which lately existed between two great monarchs were happily adjusted. No sooner had she erected this monument to her fame, than she was swept to the grave. Have I ventured amidst this triumph of death to pronounce again the word "fame"? Let me hence forbear all pomp and splendor of expression with which human arrogance dazzles and blinds herself for the purpose of not beholding her own nothingness! Let me rather entreat you to attend to the reflection of a profound reasoner, not to the words of a philosopher in the porch, or a monk in his cloister. I wish to humble the great by one whom the great revere; by one who was well acquainted with the vanity of greatness, and who uttered his observations from a throne. "Oh, God," says the Psalmist, "thou hast numbered my days!" Now, whatever is numbered is finite, and whatever is born to end cannot be said to be emancipated from that nothing to which it is destined so soon to return. While the hand of nature chains us to the ground, how can we hope to be exalted? Survey the various distinctions that elevate man, you will discover none so conspicuous, so effective, so glittering, as the glory which encircles the laurels of a conqueror; and yet this conqueror must, in his turn, fall beneath the stroke of Death. Then will the conquered invite the triumphant hero to their society; then from the tomb a voice will come to blast all human grandeur: "Art thou become weak as we? art thou become like unto us?"

Perhaps, as a supplement to the deficiency of power and fortune, the mental accomplishments, expansive thought, intention pregnant with great designs, may suffice to raise the possessor to eminence. Ah, trust not to this flattering suggestion: the thoughts which have not God for their object belong to the domain of Death. Solomon comprises amidst the illusions by which the human race are misled, even wisdom! because, inclosed within the pale of human wishes, she buries herself in the dust along with those perishable objects.

Have we not seen the great and exalted of this world fall frequent sacrifices at the altar of God's vengeance for our instruction? And surely, if we stand in need of the impressions of surprise and terror to disenchant us from our attachment to the world, the calamity with which we are now subdued is sufficiently awful! Oh ever-memorable, oh disastrous, oh terrific night! when consternation reigned throughout the palace!

funereal gloom of death hovering over our brightest hours. Let the wise man equalize the fool and the sage; let him even confound the lord of the earth with the beast of the field: for if we look at man, but through the medium of a coarse corporeal eye, what do we behold in his fugitive existence but folly, solicitude, and disappointment? and what do we behold in his death but an expiring vapor, or a machine whose springs are deranged, and which lose the power of action? Do ye wish to save anything from this total ruin? cast your affection as an anchor on God! This our Christian heroine eminently manifested during the period that immediately preceded her dissolution. She beheld the approaches of Death with an undaunted eye. He came to demand of her youth, the residue of its years! of her beauty, the resignation of its charms! of her high rank, the dispossession of its advantages! of her richly cultivated mind, the spoliation of its acquirements! To all which she meekly submitted without a murmur. Far other reflections now possess her soul. She calls for the same crucifix which the Queen, her mother, in her last moments bathed with her tears. She calls for the same crucifix, as if she fondly hoped still to find upon it the effusion of her mother's piety: she applied this signal of our salvation to her expiring lips: then did I hear her utter these affecting words, "Oh my God, why did I not always place my confidence in thee?" Ah! let the proud conqueror no longer engross our admiration; our heroine illustrates the truth of these words, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." With a tranquillity almost amounting to satisfaction, she resigned herself to an unforeseen and untimely death. What attention did she pay to the prayers that are offered up for the dying! which frequently (by some spiritual magic) suspend the agonizing pains; and, what I have been often a witness to, charm away the terrors of death.

Have we not lamented that the opening flower was suddenly blasted? that the picture whose first warm touches excited such expectation was suddenly effaced? But I will no longer speak this language; I will rather say that Death has put an end to those perils to which she was in this life eminently exposed. What dazzling attractions, what seductive flattery, would have assailed so elevated a situation? Would not success have pampered her expectations, and adulation outrun her desire? And, to use the forcible expression of an ancient his-

torian, "she would have been precipitated into the gulf of human grandeur."—*In ipsam gloriam præceps agebatur.* (Tacitus, "Vita Agricolaë.")

Let us draw some salutary reflection from the scene that is now before us. Shall we wait till the dead arise, before we open our bosom to one serious thought? What this day descends into the grave should be sufficient to awaken and alarm our lethargy. Could the Divine Providence bring nearer to our view, or more forcibly display, the vanity and emptiness of human greatness? How incurable must be our blindness, if, as every day we approach nearer and nearer to the grave (and rather dying than living), we wait till the last moment before we admit that serious and important reflection which ought to have accompanied us through the whole course of our lives! If persuasion hung upon my lips, how earnestly would I entreat you to begin from this hour to despise the smiles of fortune, and the favors of this transitory world! And whenever you shall enter those august habitations, those sumptuous palaces which received an additional luster from the personage we now lament; when you shall cast your eyes around those splendid apartments, and find their better wanting! then remember that the exalted station she held, that the accomplishments and attractions she was known to possess, augmented the dangers to which she was exposed in this world, and now form the subject of a rigorous investigation in the other.



THE AFFECTED LADIES.¹

By MOLIERE.

(Translated by Charles Heron Wall.)

[MOLIERE (stage name of Jean Baptiste Poquelin), the greatest of French comedy writers, was the son of an upholsterer, and was born in Paris in 1622. He studied law for a time at Orleans, but, preferring the theatrical profession, at twenty-one joined a company styling themselves "Illustre Théâtre," and traveled in the provinces for many seasons. He was playing at Lyons in 1653, where his first piece, "L'Étourdi," a comedy of intrigue, was brought out. In 1658 Molière's company acted at Paris before Louis XIV., who was so highly pleased that he allowed them to establish themselves in the city under the title of the "Troupe de Monsieur" (later denominated "Troupe du Roi"). Molière continued his career as actor and dramatist, and produced in rapid succes-

¹ From "Molière's Dramatic Works." By permission of Geo. Bell & Sons.
3 vols., price 1s. 6d. each.

sion "Les Précieuses Ridicules," "L'École des Femmes," "Le Misanthrope," "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," "Tartuffe," "L'Avare," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Le Malade Imaginaire." In 1662 he made an ill-assorted marriage with Armande Béjart, a young actress twenty years his junior, a union that embittered the latter part of his life. About 1667 he showed symptoms of lung disease, and on February 17, 1673, after a performance of "Le Malade Imaginaire," died of a hemorrhage. It was only through the intervention of the king that the Church allowed him burial. In the literature of comedy Molière bears the greatest name among the moderns after Shakespeare.]

Present: LA GRANGE, DU CROISY.

Du Croisy — I say, La Grange.

La Grange — What?

Du Croisy — Look at me a little without laughing.

La Grange — Well!

Du Croisy — What do you think of our visit; are you much pleased with it?

La Grange — Has either of us reason to be so, in your opinion?

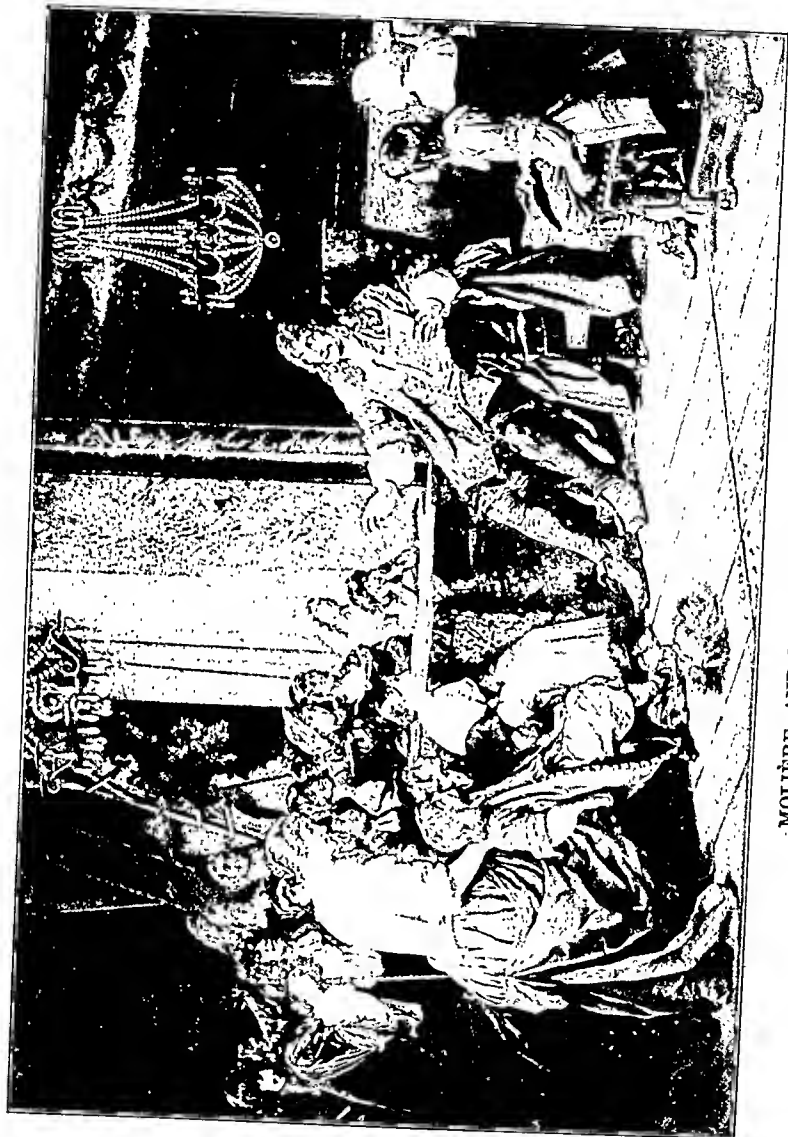
Du Croisy — No great reason, if the truth be told.

La Grange — For my part I am dreadfully put out about it. Did ever anybody meet with a couple of silly country wenches giving themselves such airs as these? Did ever anybody see two men treated with more contempt than we were? It was as much as they could do to bring themselves to order chairs for us. I never saw such whispering, such yawning, such rubbing of eyes, such constant asking what o'clock it was. Why, they answered nothing but *yes* or *no* to all we said to them. Don't you think with me, that had we been the meanest persons in the world, they could hardly have behaved more rudely than they did?

Du Croisy — You seem to take it very much to heart.

La Grange — I should think I do. I feel it so much that I am determined to be revenged on them for their impertinence. I know well enough what made them look so coldly upon us: euphuism not only infects Paris, but has spread all over the country, and our absurd damsels have inhaled their good share of it. In a word, they are a compound of pedantry and affectation. I see pretty well what a man must be like to be well received by them; and if you take my advice, we will play them a trick which shall show them their folly, and teach them in future to judge people with more discernment.

Du Croisy — All right; but how will you manage it?



MOLIÈRE AND HIS TROUPE OF PLAYERS

From a painting by G. Melinour

La Grange — I have a certain valet, named Mascarille, who in the opinion of many people passes for a kind of wit, — nothing is cheaper nowadays than wit, — an absurd fellow, who has taken into his head to ape the man of rank. He prides himself upon love intrigues and poetry, and despises those of his own condition so far as to call them vulgar wretches.

Du Croisy — And what use do you intend to make of him?

La Grange — I will tell you; he must — But let us first get away from here.

Enter GORGIBUS.

Gorgibus — Well, gentlemen, you have seen my daughter and my niece; did all run smoothly? what is the result of your visit?

La Grange — This you may better learn from them than from us; all we can say is that we thank you for the honor you have done us, and remain your most humble servants.

Du Croisy — And remain your most humble servants.

[*Exeunt.*]

Gorgibus — Heyday! They seem to go away dissatisfied; what can have displeased them? I must know what's the matter. I say there!

Enter MAROTTE.

Marotte — Did you call, sir?

Gorgibus — Where are your mistresses?

Marotte — In their dressing room, sir.

Gorgibus — What are they doing?

Marotte — Making lip salve.

Gorgibus — They are always making salve. Tell them to come down.

[*Exit MAROTTE.*]

Gorgibus [*alone*] — I believe these foolish girls have determined to ruin me with their ointments. I see nothing about here but white of eggs, milk of roses, and a thousand fiddle-faddles that I know nothing about. Since we came here they have used the fat of a dozen hogs at least, and four servants might live on the sheep's trotters they daily require.

Enter MADELON and CATHOS.

Gorgibus — There is great need, surely, for you to spend so much money in greasing your nozzles! Tell me, please, what

you can have done to those gentlemen, that I see them going away so coldly. Did I not ask you to receive them as persons whom I intended to give you for husbands?

Madelon — What! my father, could you expect us to have any regard for the unconventional proceedings of such people?

Cathos — What! my uncle, could you expect any girl, to the smallest extent in her senses, to reconcile herself to their persons?

Gorgibus — And what is there the matter with them?

Madelon — A fine way of making love to be sure, to begin at once with marriage!

Gorgibus — And what would you have them begin with — concubinage? Does not their conduct honor you as much as it does me? Can anything be more complimentary to you? and is not the sacred bond they propose a proof of the honesty of their intentions?

Madelon — Ah! father, how all you are saying betrays the vulgarity of your taste; I am ashamed to hear you speak as you do, and really you should make yourself acquainted with the fashionable air of things.

Gorgibus — I care neither for airs nor songs. I tell you that marriage is a holy and sacred thing, and that they acted like honorable men in speaking of it to you from the first.

Madelon — Really, if everybody was like you, how soon a love romance would be ended! What a fine thing it would have been if at starting Cyrus had married Mandane, and Aronce had been given straight off to Clélie! [In Mademoiselle de Scudéry's romances.]

Gorgibus — What in the world is the girl talking about!

Madelon — My cousin will tell you, as well as I, that marriage, my father, should never take place till after other adventures. A lover who wants to be attractive should know how to utter noble sentiments, to sigh delicate, tender, and rapturous vows. He should pay his addresses according to rules. In the first place, it should be either at church or in the promenade, or at some public ceremony, that he first sees the fair one with whom he falls in love; or else fate should will his introduction to her by a relation or a friend, and he should leave her house thoughtful and melancholy. For a while, he conceals his love from the object of his passion, but in the mean time pays her several visits, during which he never fails to start some subject of gallantry to exercise the thoughts of

the assembled company. The day arrives for him to make his declaration. This should take place usually in some leafy garden walk, whilst everybody is out of hearing. The declaration is followed by our immediate displeasure, which shows itself by our blushing, and causes our lover to be banished for a time from our presence. He finds afterwards the means to appease us; to accustom us, by insensible degrees, to the rehearsal of his passion, and to obtain from us that confession which causes us so much pain. Then follow adventures: rivals who thwart our mutual inclination, persecution of fathers, jealousy based upon false appearances, reproaches, despair, elopement, and its consequences. It is thus things are carried on in high society, and in a well-regulated love affair these rules cannot be dispensed with. But to plunge headlong into a proposal of marriage, to make love and the marriage settlements go hand in hand, is to begin the romance at the wrong end. Once more, father, there is nothing more shopkeeper-like than such proceedings, and the bare mention of it makes me feel ill.

Gorgibus — What the devil is the meaning of all this jargon? Is that what you call "elevated style"?

Cathos — Indeed, uncle, my cousin states the case with all veracity. How can one be expected to receive with gratification persons whose addresses are altogether an impropriety? I feel certain that they have never seen the map of the "Country of Tenderness," and that "Billets-doux," "Trifling attentions," "Flattering letters," and "Sprightly verses," are regions unknown to them. [In *Mademoiselle de Scudéry*.] Was it not plainly marked in all their person? Are you not conscious that their external appearance was in no way calculated to give a good opinion of them at first sight? To come on a love visit with a leg lacking adornment, a hat destitute of feathers, a head unartistic as to its hair, and a coat that suffers from an indigence of ribbons! Heavens! what lovers! What frugality of dress! What barrenness of conversation! It is not to be endured. I also noticed that their bands were not made by the fashionable milliner, and that their *hauts-de-chausses* [breeches] were at least six inches too narrow.

Gorgibus — I believe they are both crazed; not a word can I understand of all this gibberish — *Cathos*, and you, *Madelon* —

Madelon — Pray, father, give up those strange names, and call us otherwise.

Gorgibus—Strange names! what do you mean? are they not those which were given you at your baptism?

Madelon—Ah me! how vulgar you are! My constant wonder is that you could ever have such a soul of wit as I for a daughter. Did ever anybody in refined language speak of "Cathos" [Kitty] and "Madelon," and must you not admit that a name such as either of these would be quite sufficient to ruin the finest romance in the world?

Cathos—It is but too true, uncle, that it painfully shocks a delicate ear to hear those names pronounced; and the name of Polixène which my cousin has chosen, and that of Aminte which I have taken for myself, have a charm which you cannot deny.

Gorgibus—Listen to me; one word is as good as a hundred. I won't have you adopt any other names than those given to you by your godfathers and godmothers; and as for the gentlemen in question, I know their families and their fortune, and I have made up my mind that you shall take them for husbands. I am tired of having you upon my hands; it is too much for a man of my age to have to look after two young girls.

Cathos—Well, uncle, all I can say is that I think marriage is altogether a very shocking thing.

Madelon—Let us enjoy for a time the *beau monde* of Paris, where we are only just arrived. Let us leisurely weave our own romance, and do not, we beg, hasten so much its conclusion.

Gorgibus [*aside*]—They are far gone, there is no doubt about it. [*Aloud*] Once more, understand me, get rid of all this nonsense, for I mean to have my own way; to cut matters short, either you will both be married before long, or, upon my word, you shall both be shut up in a nunnery. I'll take my oath of it. [*Exit.*]

Cathos—Ah! my dear, how deeply immersed in matter your father is, how dull is his understanding, and what darkness overcasts his soul.

Madelon—What can I say, my dear? I am thoroughly ashamed for him. I can scarcely persuade myself that I am really his daughter, and I feel sure that at some future time it will be discovered that I am of a more illustrious descent.

Cathos—I fully believe it; yes, it is exceedingly probable. And when I too consider myself——

Enter MAROTTE.

Marotte — There is a footman below, inquiring if you are at home ; he says that his master wants to see you.

Madelon — Learn, imbecile, to express yourself with less vulgarity. Say : Here is an indispensable, who is inquiring if it is convenient for you to be visible.

Marotte — Why ! I don't understand Latin, and I haven't learned filsofy out of the "Grand Cyrus," as you have done.

Madelon — The wretched creature ! what a trial it is to bear with it ! And who is this footman's master ?

Marotte — He told me it was the Marquis of Mascarille.

Madelon — Ah ! my dear, a marquis ! Go by all means, and say that we are visible. No doubt it is some wit who has heard us spoken of.

Cathos — It must be so, my dear.

Madelon — We must receive him in this parlor rather than in our own room. Let us at least arrange our hair a little and keep up our reputation. Quick, come along and hold before us, in here, the-counselor of the graces.

Marotte — Goodness ! I don't know what kind of an animal that is ; you must speak like a Christian if you wish me to understand you.

Cathos — Bring us the looking-glass, ignorant girl that you are, and mind you do not defile its brightness by the communication of your image. *[Exeunt.]*

Present: MASCARILLE and two CHAIRMEN.

Mascarille — Stop, chairmen, stop ! Gently, gently, be careful I say ! One would think these rascals intend to break me to pieces against the walls and pavement.

First Chairman — Well ! you see, master, the door is narrow, and you wished us to bring you right in.

Mascarille — I should think so ! Would you have me, jack-anapes, risk the condition of my feathers to the inclemencies of the rainy season, and that I should give to the mud the impression of my shoes ? Be off, take your chair away.

Second Chairman — Pay us, then, sir, if you please.

Mascarille — Ha ! what's that you say ?

Second Chairman — I say, sir, that we want our money, if you please.

Mascarille [*giving him a box on the ear*] — How, scoundrel, you ask money of a person of my rank!

Second Chairman — Are poor people to be paid in this fashion? and does your rank get us a dinner?

Mascarille — Ha! I will teach you to know your right place! Do you dare, you scoundrels, to set me at defiance?

First Chairman [*taking up one of the poles of the chair*] — Pay us at once; that's what I say.

Mascarille — What?

First Chairman — I must have the money this minute.

Mascarille — Now this is a sensible fellow.

First Chairman — Quick then.

Mascarille — Ay, you speak as you should do; but as for that other fellow, he doesn't know what he says. Here, are you satisfied?

First Chairman — No, you struck my companion, and I — [*holding up his pole*].

Mascarille — Gently, here's something for the blow. People can get everything out of me when they set about it in the right way; now go, but mind you come and fetch me by and by, to carry me to the Louvre for the *petit coucher*.

Enter MAROTTE

Marotte — Sir, my mistresses will be here directly.

Mascarille — Tell them not to hurry themselves; I am comfortably established here for waiting.

Marotte — Here they are.

[*Exit.*]

Enter MADELON and CATHOS with ALMANZOR.

Mascarille [*after having bowed to them*] — Ladies, you will be surprised, no doubt, at the boldness of my visit, but your reputation brings this troublesome incident upon you; merit has for me such powerful attractions, that I run after it wherever it is to be found.

Madelon — If you pursue merit, it is not in our grounds that you should hunt for it.

Cathos — If you find merit among us, you must have brought it here yourself.

Mascarille — I refuse to assent to such an assertion. Fame

tells the truth in speaking of your worth; and you will pique, repique, and capot all the fashionable world of Paris.

Madelon — Your courtesy carries you somewhat too far in the liberality of your praises, and we must take care, my cousin and I, not to trust too much to the sweetness of your flattery.

Cathos — My dear, we should call for chairs.

Madelon — Almanzor!

Almanzor — Madam.

Madelon — Quick! convey us hither at once the appliances of conversation. [ALMANZOR brings chairs.]

Mascarille — But stay, is there any security for me here?

Cathos — What can you fear?

Mascarille — Some robbery of my heart, some assassination of my freedom. I see before me two eyes which seem to me to be very dangerous fellows; they abuse liberty and give no quarter. The deuce! no sooner is any one near, but they are up in arms, and ready for their murderous attack! Ah! upon my word I mistrust them! I shall either run away or require good security that they will do me no harm.

Madelon — What playfulness, my dear.

Cathos — Yes, I see he is an Amilcar.

Madelon — Do not fear; our eyes have no evil intentions, your heart may sleep in peace and may rest assured of their innocence.

Cathos — But, for pity's sake, sir, do not be inexorable to that armchair which for the last quarter of an hour has stretched out its arms to you; satisfy the desire it has of embracing you.

Mascarille [after having combed himself and adjusted his canions] — Well, ladies, what is your opinion of Paris?

Madelon — Alas! can there be two opinions? It would be the antipodes of reason not to confess that Paris is the great museum of wonders, the center of good taste, of wit and gallantry.

Mascarille — I think for my part that out of Paris people of position cannot exist.

Cathos — That is a never-to-be-disputed truth.

Mascarille — It is somewhat muddy, but then we have sedan chairs.

Madelon — Yes, a chair is a wonderful safeguard against the insults of mud and bad weather.

Mascarille — You must have many visitors? What great wit belongs to your circle?

Madelon — Alas! we are not known yet; but we have every hope of being so before long, and a great friend of ours has promised to bring us all the gentlemen who have written in the "Elegant Extracts."

Cathos — As well as some others who, we are told, are the sovereign judges in matters of taste.

Mascarille — Leave that to me! I can manage that for you better than any one else. They all visit me, and I can truly say that I never get up in the morning without having half a dozen wits about me.

Madelon — Ah! we should feel under the greatest obligation to you if you would be so kind as to do this for us: for it is certain one must be acquainted with all those gentlemen in order to belong to society. By them reputations are made in Paris, and you know that it is quite sufficient to be seen with some of them to acquire the reputation of a connoisseur, even though there should be no other foundation for the distinction. But, for my part, what I value most is that in such society we learn a hundred things which it is one's duty to know and which are the quintessence of wit: the scandal of the day; the latest things out in prose or verse. We hear exactly and punctually that a Mr. A. has composed the most beautiful piece in the world on such and such a subject; that Mrs. B. has adapted words to such and such an air, that Mr. C. has composed a madrigal on the fidelity of his ladylove, and Mr. D. upon the faithlessness of his; that yesterday evening Mr. E. wrote a sixain to Miss F., to which she sent an answer this morning at eight o'clock; that Mr. G. has such and such a project in his head, that Mr. H. is occupied with the third volume of his romance, and that Mr. J. has his work in the press. By knowledge like this we acquire consideration in every society; whereas if we are left in ignorance of such matters, all the wit we may possess is a thing of naught and as dust in the balance.

Cathos — Indeed, I think it is carrying the ridiculous to the extreme, for any one who makes the least pretense to wit, not to know even the last little quatrain that has been written. For my part, I should feel greatly ashamed if some one were by chance to ask me if I had seen some new thing which I had not seen.

Mascarille -- It is true that it is disgraceful not to be one of the very first to know what is going on. But do not make yourself anxious about it; I will establish an Academy of wits in your house, and I promise you that not a single line shall be written in all Paris which you shall not know by heart before anybody else. I, your humble servant, indulge a little in writing poetry when I feel in the vein; and you will find handed about in all the most fashionable drawing-rooms of Paris two hundred songs, as many sonnets, four hundred epigrams, and more than a thousand madrigals, without reckoning enigmas and portraits.

Madelon -- I must acknowledge that I am madly fond of portraits; there is nothing more elegant according to my opinion.

Mascarille -- Portraits are difficult, and require a deep insight into character: but you shall see some of mine which will please you.

Cathos -- I must say that for my part I am appallingly fond of enigmas.

Mascarille -- They form a good occupation for the mind, and I have already written four this morning, which I will give you to guess.

Madelon -- Madrigals are charming when they are neatly turned.

Mascarille -- I have a special gift that way, and I am engaged in turning the whole Roman History into madrigals.

Madelon -- Ah! that will be exquisite. Pray let me have a copy, if you publish it.

Mascarille -- I promise you each a copy beautifully bound. It is beneath my rank to occupy myself in that fashion, but I do it for the benefit of the publishers, who leave me no peace.

Madelon -- I should think that it must be a most pleasant thing to see one's name in print.

Mascarille -- Undoubtedly. By the bye, let me repeat to you some extempore verses I made yesterday at the house of a friend of mine, a duchess, whom I went to see. You must know that I am a wonderful hand at impromptus.

Cathos -- An impromptu is the touchstone of genius.

Mascarille -- Listen.

Madelon -- We are all ears.

Mascarille—

Oh! oh! I was not taking care.
While thinking not of harm, I watch my fair.
Your lurking eye my heart doth steal away.
Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief! I say.

Cathos—Ah me! It is gallant to the last degree.

Mascarille—Yes, all I do has a certain easy air about it.
There is a total absence of the pedant about all my writings.

Madelon—They are thousands and thousands of miles from that.

Mascarille—Did you notice the beginning? “Oh! oh!”
There is something exceptional in that “Oh! oh!” like a man
who bethinks himself all of a sudden—“Oh! oh!” Surprise
is well depicted, is it not? “Oh! oh!”

Madelon—Yes, I think that “Oh! oh!” admirable.

Mascarille—At first sight it does not seem much.

Cathos—Ah! what do you say? these things cannot be
too highly valued.

Madelon—Certainly, and I would rather have composed
that “Oh! oh!” than an epic poem.

Mascarille—Upon my word now, you have good taste.

Madelon—Why, yes, perhaps it's not altogether bad.

Mascarille—But do you not admire also, “I was not taking
care?” “I was not taking care:” I did not notice it, quite a
natural way of speaking you know: “I was not taking care.”
“While thinking not of harm:” whilst innocently, without
forethought, like a poor sheep, “I watch my fair:” that is to
say, I amuse myself by considering, observing, contemplating
you. “Your lurking eye”—what do you think of this word
“lurking”? Do you not think it well chosen?

Cathos—Perfectly well.

Mascarille—“Lurking,” hiding: you would say, a cat just
going to catch a mouse: “lurking.”

Madelon—Nothing could be better.

Mascarille—“My heart doth steal away:” snatch it away,
carries it off from me. “Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief!”
Would you not imagine it to be a man shouting and running
after a robber? “Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief!”

Madelon—It must be acknowledged that it is witty and
gallant.

Mascarille—I must sing you the tune I made to it.

Cathos — Ah! you have learnt music?

Mascarille — Not a bit of it!

Cathos — Then how can you have set it to music?

Mascarille — People of my position know everything without ever having learnt.

Madelon — Of course it is so, my dear.

Mascarille — Just listen, and see if the tune is to your taste; hem, hem, la, la, la, la, la. The brutality of the season has greatly injured the delicacy of my voice; but it is of no consequence; permit me, without ceremony: [*he sings*]

Oh! oh! I was not taking care.

While thinking not of harm, I watch my fair.

Your lurking eye my heart doth steal away.

Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief! I say.

Cathos — What soul-subduing music! One would willingly die while listening.

Madelon — What soft languor creeps over one's heart!

Mascarille — Do you not find the thought clearly expressed in the song? "*Stop thief, stop thief.*" And then as if one suddenly cried out "*stop, stop, stop, stop, stop thief.*" Then all at once, like a person out of breath — "*Stop thief!*"

Madelon — It shows a knowledge of perfect beauty; every part is inimitable, both the words and the air enchant me.

Cathos — I never yet met with anything worthy of being compared to it.

Mascarille — All I do comes naturally to me. I do it without study.

Madelon — Nature has treated you like a fond mother; you are her spoiled child.

Mascarille — How do you spend your time, ladies?

Cathos — Oh! in doing nothing at all.

Madelon — Until now, we have been in a dreadful dearth of amusements.

Mascarille — I should be happy to take you to the play one of these days, if you would permit me; the more so as there is a new piece going to be acted which I should be glad to see in your company.

Madelon — There is no refusing such an offer.

Mascarille — But I must beg of you to applaud it well when we are there, for I have promised my help to praise up the

piece; and the author came to me again this morning to beg my assistance. It is the custom for authors to come and read their new plays to us people of rank, so that they may persuade us to approve their work, and to give them a reputation. I leave you to imagine if, when we say anything, the pit dare contradict us. As for me, I am most scrupulous, and when once I have promised my assistance to a poet I always call out "splendid! beautiful!" even before the candles are lighted.

Madelon — Do not speak of it; Paris is a most wonderful place; a hundred things happen every day there of which country people, however clever they may be, have no idea.

Cathos — It is sufficient; now we understand this, we shall consider ourselves under the obligation of praising all that is said.

Mascarille — I do not know whether I am mistaken; but you seem to me to have written some play yourselves.

Madelon — Ah! there may be some truth in what you say.

Mascarille — Upon my word, we must see it. Between ourselves, I have composed one which I intend shortly to bring out.

Cathos — Indeed; and to what actors do you mean to give it?

Mascarille — What a question! Why, to the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne [a rival company to Molière's], of course; they alone can give a proper value to a piece. The others are a pack of ignoramuses, who recite their parts just as one speaks every day of one's life; they have no idea of thundering out verses, or of pausing at a fine passage. How can one make out where the fine lines are if the actor does not stop at them, and thus tell you when you are to applaud?

Cathos — Certainly, there is always a way of making an audience feel the beauties of a play; and things are valued according to the way they are put before you.

Mascarille — How do you like my lace, feathers, and et-ceteras? Do you find any incongruity between them and my coat?

Cathos — Not the slightest.

Mascarille — The ribbon is well chosen, you think?

Madelon — Astonishingly well. It is real Perdrigeon.

Mascarille — What do you say of my canions?

Madelon — They look very fashionable.

Mascarille — I can at least boast that they are a whole quarter of a yard wider than those usually worn.

Madelon — I must acknowledge that I have never yet seen the elegance of the adjustment carried to such perfection.

Mascarille — May I beg of you to direct your olfactory senses to these gloves?

Madelon — They smell terribly sweet.

Cathos — I never inhaled a better-made perfume.

Mascarille — And this? [*He bends forward for them to smell his powdered wig.*]

Madelon — It has the true aristocratic odor. One's finest senses are exquisitely affected by it.

Mascarille — You say nothing of my plumes! What do you think of them?

Cathos — Astonishingly beautiful!

Mascarille — Do you know that every tip cost me a louis d'or? It is my way to prefer indiscriminately everything of the best.

Madelon — I assure you that I greatly sympathize with you. I am furiously delicate about everything I wear, and even my socks must come from the best hands.

Mascarille [*crying out suddenly*] — O! O! O! gently, gently, ladies; ladies, this is unkind, I have good reason to complain of your behavior; it is not fair.

Cathos — What is it? What is the matter?

Mascarille — Matter? What, both of you against my heart, and at the same time too! attacking me right and left! ah! it is contrary to fair play; I shall cry out murder.

Cathos [*to MADELON*] — It must be acknowledged that he says things in a manner altogether his own.

Madelon — His way of putting things is exquisitely admirable.

Cathos [*to MASCARILLE*] — You are more afraid than hurt, and your heart cries out before it is touched.

Mascarille — The deuce! why it is sore from head to foot.

Enter MAROTTE.

Marotte — Madam, somebody wants to see you.

Madelon — Who is it?

Marotte — The Viscount de Jodelet.

Mascarille — The Viscount de Jodelet!

Marotte — Yes, sir.

Cathos — Do you know him?

Mascarille — He is my very best friend.

Madelon — Make him come in at once.

Mascarille — It is now some time since we saw each other, and I am delighted at this accidental meeting.

Cathos — Here he is.

Enter JODELET and ALMANZOR.

Mascarille — Ah! Viscount!

Jodelet — Ah! Marquis! [*They embrace each other.*]

Mascarille — How pleased I am to see you!

Jodelet — How delighted I am to meet you here!

Mascarille — Ah! embrace me again, I pray you.

Madelon [*to CATHOS*] — We are on the road to be known, my dear; people of fashion are beginning to find the way to our house.

Mascarille — Ladies, allow me to introduce you to this gentleman; upon my word of honor, he is worthy of your acquaintance.

Jodelet — It is but right we should come and pay you the respect that we owe you; and your queenly charms demand the humble homage of all.

Madelon — This is carrying your civilities to the extreme bounds of flattery.

Cathos — We shall have to mark this day in our diary as a very happy one.

Madelon [*to ALMANZOR*] — Come, thoughtless juvenal, must you everlastingly be told the same things? Do you not see that the addition of another armchair is necessary?

Mascarille — Do not wonder if you see the Viscount thus; he has just recovered from an illness which has left him pale as you see him.

Jodelet — It is the result of constant attendance at court, and of the fatigues of war.

Mascarille — Do you know, ladies, that you behold in Viscount Jodelet one of the bravest men of the age — a perfect

Cathos —

Mascarille — You are not behind in this respect, Marquis, and

Madelon — As you can do.

Mascarille — Wh, true that we have seen each other in the

Madelon — They lo

Jodelet — And in places too where it was warm indeed.

Mascarille [*looking at CATHOS and MADELON*] — Ay, ay, but not so warm as it is here! Ha, ha, ha!

Jodelet — Our acquaintance began in the army; the first time we met he commanded a regiment of horse on board the galleys of Malta.

Mascarille — It is true; but you were in the service before me, and I remember that I was but a subaltern when you commanded two thousand horse.

Jodelet — War is a grand thing. But s'death! nowadays the court rewards very badly men of merit like us.

Mascarille — Yes, yes, there's no doubt about it; and I intend to let my sword rest in its scabbard.

Cathos — For my part I am unutterably fond of men of the army.

Madelon — And so am I, but I like to see wit season bravery.

Mascarille — Do you remember, Viscount, our carrying that half-moon at Arras?

Jodelet — What do you mean by "half-moon"? It was a complete full one.

Mascarille — Yes, I believe you are right.

Jodelet — I ought to remember it, I was wounded then in the leg by a hand grenade, and I still bear the scars. Just feel here, I pray: you can realize what a wound it was.

Cathos [*after having felt the place*] — It is true that the scar is very large.

Mascarille — Give me your hand, and feel this one, just here at the back of my head! Have you found it?

Madelon — Yes, I feel something.

Mascarille — It is a musket shot I received the last campaign I made.

Jodelet [*uncovering his breast*] — Here is another wound which went quite through me at the battle of Gravelines.

Mascarille [*about to unbutton*] — And I will show you a terrible scar which —

Madelon — Pray do not; we believe you without seeing.

Mascarille — They are honorable marks, which tell the stuff a man is made of.

Cathos — We have no doubt whatever of your valor.

Mascarille — Viscount, is your carriage waiting?

Jodelet — Why?

Mascarille — Because we would have taken these ladies for a drive, and have given them a collation.

Madelon — Thank you, but we could not have gone out to-day.

Mascarille — Very well, then, let us send for musicians and have a dance.

Jodelet — A happy thought, upon my word.

Madelon — We can consent to that: but we must make some addition to our company.

Mascarille — Hallo there! Champagne, Picard, Bourguignon, Cascaret, Basque, La Verduze, Lorrain, Provençal, La Violette! Deuce take all the lackeys! I don't believe there is a man in all France worse served than I am. The villains are always out of the way when they are wanted.

Madelon — Almanzor, tell the servants of the Marquis to go and fetch some musicians, and then ask those gentlemen and ladies who live close by to come and people the solitude of our ball.

[Exit ALMANZOR.]

Mascarille — Viscount, what do you say of those eyes?

Jodelet — And you, Marquis, what do you think of them yourself?

Mascarille — I? I say that our liberty will have some trouble in coming off scathless. At least as far as I am concerned, I feel an unaccustomed agitation, and my heart hangs as by a single thread.

Madelon — How natural is all that he says! He gives to everything a most pleasing turn.

Cathos — His expenditure of wit is really tremendous.

Mascarille — To show you the truth of what I say, I will make some extempore verses upon the state of my feelings.

Cathos — Oh! I beseech you by all the devotion of my heart to let us hear something made expressly for us.

Jodelet — I should delight to do as much, but the quantity of blood I have lately lost has rather weakened my poetic vein.

Mascarille — Deuce take it all! I can always make the first verse to my satisfaction, but feel perplexed about the rest. After all, you know, this is being a little too much in a hurry. I will take my own time to make you some extempore verses, which you will find the most beautiful in the world.

Jodelet [to MADELON] — His wit is devilish fine!

Madelon — Gallant and neatly turned.

Mascarille — Viscount, tell me, have you seen the countess lately?

Jodelet — It is about three weeks since I paid her a visit.

Mascarille — Do you know that the duke came to see me this morning, and wanted to take me out into the country to hunt a stag with him?

Madelon — Here come our friends.

Enter LUCILE, CELIMÈNE, ALMANZOR, and Musicians.

Madelon — My dears, we beg you will excuse us. These gentlemen had a fancy for the soul of motion, and we sent for you to fill up the void of our assembly.

Lucile — You are very kind.

Mascarille — This is only a ball got up in haste, but one of these days we will have one in due form. Have the musicians come?

Almanzor — Yes, sir, here they are.

Cathos — Come then, my dears, take your places.

Mascarille [*dancing alone by way of prelude*] — La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Madelon — He has a most elegant figure.

Cathos — And seems a proper dancer.

Mascarille [*taking out MADÉLON to dance*] — The liberty of my heart will dance a coranto as well as my feet. Play in time, musicians. Oh, what ignorant fellows! There is no possibility of dancing with them. Devil take you, can't you play in time? La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Steady, you village scrapers.

Jodelet [*dancing in his turn*] — Gently, don't play so fast, I have only just recovered from an illness.

Enter DU CROISY and LA GRANGE.

La Grange [*a stick in his hand*] — Ah! scoundrels, what are you doing here? We have been looking for you these three hours.

[*He beats MASCARILLE and JODELET.*]

Mascarille — Oh! oh! oh! You never said anything about blows.

Jodelet — Oh! oh! oh!

La Grange — It becomes you well, you rascal, to ape the man of rank.

Du Croisy — This will teach you to know your position.

[*Exeunt DU CROISY and LA GRANGE.*

Madelon — What does this all mean?

Jodelet — It is a wager.

Cathos — What! to suffer yourselves to be beaten in that fashion!

Mascarille — Yes, I would not take any notice of it: I have a violent temper, and I should not have been able to command it.

Madelon — Such an insult in our presence!

Mascarille — Not worth mentioning, we have known each other for a long while now; and among friends we must not take offense at such trifles.

Reënter DU CROISY and LA GRANGE.

La Grange — Ah! you rascals, you shall not laugh at us, I assure you. Come in, you there. [*Three or four ruffians enter.*

Madelon — What do you mean by coming to disturb us in our own house?

Du Croisy — What, ladies! shall we suffer our servants to be better received than we were? shall we allow them to come and make love to you at our expense, and to give you a ball?

Madelon — Your servants!

La Grange — Yes, our servants; and it is neither proper nor honest in you to entice them away from their duty as you have done.

Madelon — Heavens! What insolence!

La Grange — But they shall not have the advantage of wearing our clothes to dazzle your eyes, and if you wish to love them, it shall be for their good looks. Quick, you fellows, strip them at once.

Jodelet — Farewell our finery.

Mascarille — Farewell, marquissate; farewell, viscountship!

Du Croisy — Ah! ah! rascals, have you the impudence to wish to cut us out? You will have to find elsewhere, I can tell you, wherewith to make yourselves agreeable to your ladyloves.

La Grange — To supplant us; and that, too, in our own clothes. It is too much!

Mascarille — O Fortune, how inconstant thou art!

Du Croisy — Quick, I say, strip off everything that belongs to us.

La Grange — Take away all the clothes; quick! Now,

ladies, in their present condition, you may make love to them as much as you please. We leave you entirely free to act. This gentleman and I assure you that we shall be in no way jealous.

[*Exeunt all but MADELON, CATHOS, JODELET, MASCARILLE, and Musicians.*

Cathos — Ah ! what humiliation.

Madelon — I am nearly dying with vexation.

First Musician [to MASCARILLE] — And what does all this mean ? Who is to pay us ?

Mascarille — Ask my lord the Viscount.

Second Musician [to JODELET] — Who is to give us our money ?

Jodelet — Ask my lord the Marquis.

Enter GORGIBUS.

Gorgibus [to MADELON and CATHOS] — From all I hear and see, you have got us into a nice mess ; the gentlemen and ladies who have just left have given me a fine account of your doings !

Madelon — Ah ! my father, it is a most cruel trick they have played us.

Gorgibus — Yes, it is a cruel trick, no doubt, but one which results from your folly — miserable simpletons that you are. They felt insulted by your way of receiving them ; and I, wretched man, must swallow the affront as best I may.

Madelon — Ah ! I will be revenged or die in the attempt. And you, wretches ! dare you stop here after all your insolence ?

Mascarille — To treat a marquis in this manner ! Yes, that's the way of the world ; we are spurned by those who till lately cherished us. Come along, come along, my friend, let us go and seek our fortunes elsewhere ; I see that nothing but outward show pleases here, and that they have no consideration for virtue unadorned. [*Exeunt MASCARILLE and JODELET.*

First Musician — Sir, we shall expect you to pay us, since they do not ; for it was here we played.

Gorgibus [beating them] — Yes, yes, I will pay you, and here is the coin you shall receive. As for you, stupid, foolish girls, I don't know what keeps me from giving you as much. We shall become the laughingstock of the whole neighbor-

hood; this is the result of all your ridiculous nonsense. Go, hide yourselves, idiots; hide yourselves forever [*exeunt MAD-ELON and CATHOS*]; and you, the cause of all their folly, worthless trash, mischievous pastimes of vacant minds, romances, verses, songs, sonnets, lays and lies, may the devil take you all!



THE FABLES OF LA FONTAINE.

[*JEAN DE LA FONTAINE*, the noted French fabulist, was the son of a superintendent of woods and forests, and was born at Château-Thierry in Champagne, July 8, 1621. He left the College of Rheims at the age of nineteen to study for the ministry, but gave up that pursuit after two years. Invited to Paris by the Duchesse de Bouillon, he enjoyed the patronage of the Duchesse d'Orléans, Madame de Sablière, and Madame d'Hervart; and was on intimate terms with Molière, Boileau, Racine, and other contemporary celebrities. He became a member of the French Academy in 1653, but not without some opposition from Louis XIV., with whom he was never a favorite; and died at Paris, April 13, 1695. The "Fables," with which his name is chiefly associated, appeared between 1668 and 1694, the first six being inscribed to the Dauphin of France. His other writings consist of two volumes of "Contes" (Tales), "The Love of Psyche and Cupid," and some unimportant comedies.]

THE PEACOCK COMPLAINING TO JUNO.

THE peacock to the queen of heaven
Complained in some such words:
"Great goddess, you have given
To me, the laughingstock of birds,
A voice which fills, by taste quite just,
All nature with disgust;
Whereas that little paltry thing,
The nightingale, pours from her throat
So sweet and ravishing a note,
She bears alone the honors of the spring."



THE PEACOCK COMPLAINING TO JUNO

Is there a bird beneath the blue
 That has more charms than you?
 No animal in everything can shine.
 By just partition of our gifts divine,
 Each has its full and proper share:
 Among the birds that cleave the air,
 A hawk's a swift, the eagle is a brave one,
 For omens serves the hoarse old raven,
 The rook's of coming ills the prophet;
 And if there's any discontent,
 I've heard not of it.
 Cease, then, your envious complaint;
 Or I, instead of making up your lack,
 Will take your boasted plumage from your back."

THE LION GOING TO WAR.

The lion had an enterprise in hand;
 Held a war council, sent his provost marshal,
 And gave the animals a call impartial, —
 Each, in his way, to serve his high command.
 The elephant should carry on his back
 The tools of war, the mighty public pack,
 And fight in elephantine way and form;
 The bear should hold himself prepared to storm;
 The fox all secret stratagems should fix;
 The monkey should amuse the foe by tricks.
 "Dismiss," said one, "the blockhead asses,
 And hares, too cowardly and fleet."
 "No," said the king; "I use all classes;
 Without their aid my force were incomplete.
 The ass shall be our trumpeter, to scare
 Our enemy. And then the nimble hare
 Our royal bulletins shall homeward bear."

A monarch provident and wise
 Will hold his subjects all of consequence,
 And know in each what talent lies.
 There's nothing useless to a man of sense.

THE STAG SEEING HIMSELF IN THE WATER.

Beside a placid, crystal flood,
 A stag admired the branching wood
 That high upon his forehead stood,

But gave his Maker little thanks
 For what he called his spindleshanks.
 "What limbs are these for such a head!
 So mean and slim!" with grief he said.
 "My glorious head o'ertops
 The branches of the copse;
 My legs are my disgracc."
 As thus he talked, a bloodhound gave him chase.
 To save his life he flew
 Where forests thickest grew.
 His horns, — pernicious ornament! —
 Arresting him where'er he went,
 Did unavailing render
 What else, in such a strife,
 Had saved his precious life, —
 His legs, as fleet as slender.
 Obligated to yield, he cursed the gear
 Which nature gave him every year.

Too much the beautiful we prize;
 The useful, often, we despise:
 Yet oft, as happened to the stag,
 The former doth to ruin drag.

THE DOG THAT DROPPED THE SUBSTANCE FOR THE SHADOW.

This world is full of shadow chasers,
 Most easily deceived.
 Should I enumerate these racers,
 I should not be believed.
 I send them all to Æsop's dog,
 Which, crossing water on a log,
 Espied the meat he bore, below;
 To seize its image, let it go;
 Plunged in; to reach the shore was glad,
 With neither what he hoped, nor what he'd had.

THE CARTER IN THE MIRE.

The Phaëton who drove a load of hay
 Once found his cart bemired.
 Poor man! the spot was far away
 From human help — retired,
 In some rude country place,
 In Brittany, as near as I can trace,

Near Quimper Corentan, —
 A town that poet never saug, —
 Which Fate, they say, puts in the traveler's path,
 When she would rouse the man to special wrath.
 May Heaven preserve us from that route!
 But to our carter, hale and stout:
 Fast stuck his cart; he swore his worst,
 And, filled with rage extreme,
 The mudholes now he cursed,
 And now he cursed his team,
 And now his cart and load, —
 Anon, the like upon himself bestowed.
 Upon the god he called at length,
 Most famous through the world for strength.
 "Oh, help me, Hercules!" cried he;
 "For if thy back of yore
 This burly planet bore,
 Thy arm can set me free."
 This prayer gone up, from out a cloud there broke
 A voice which thus in godlike accents spoke:
 "The suppliant must himself bestir,
 Ere Hercules will aid confer.
 Look wisely in the proper quarter,
 To see what hindrance can be found;
 Remove the execrable mud and mortar
 Which, axle-deep, beset thy wheels around.
 Thy sledge and crowbar take,
 And pry me up that stone, or break;
 Now fill that rut upon the other side.
 Hast done it?" "Yes," the man replied.
 "Well," said the voice, "I'll aid thee now;
 Take up thy whip." "I have . . . but, how?
 My cart glides on with ease!
 I thank thee, Hercules."
 "Thy team," rejoined the voice, "has light ado;
 So help thyself, and Heaven will help thee too."



MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ'S LETTERS.

[MARIE DE RABUTIN-CHANTAL, MARQUISE DE SÉVIGNÉ, French epistolary writer, was the daughter of the Baron de Chantal, representative of an ancient Burgundian family, and was born at Paris, February 6, 1626. She lost her parents in early childhood, and was brought up by her mother's brother, the Abbé

de Coulanges. At eighteen she married the dissolute Marquis Henri de Sévigné, who was killed in a duel occasioned by one of his amours. The marquise for a time devoted herself to the education of her son and daughter, and then removed to Paris. Here she became a leader in the brilliant society of the French capital, and numbered among her admirers Prince Conti, Turenne, and Fouquet. In 1669 her daughter, to whom she was greatly attached, married the Comte de Grignan, governor of Provence, and the consequent separation occasioned the famous correspondence which still ranks as one of the finest monuments in the French language. The "Letters" cover a period of twenty-five years, and are a valuable source of information for the history and social condition of the time. Madame de Sévigné died at Grignan, April 18, 1696.]

THE DRAMA OF M. DE LAUZUN.

I.

TO HER COUSIN, M. DE COULANGES, MAÎTRE DES REQUÊTES.

PARIS, *Monday, Dec. 15, 1670.*

I AM going to tell you a thing the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvelous, the most miraculous, the most magnificent, the most confounding, the most unheard-of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unforeseen, the greatest, the least, the rarest, the most common, the most public, the most private till to-day, the most brilliant, the most enviable,—in short, a thing of which there is but one example in past ages, and that not an exact one neither; a thing that we cannot believe at Paris, how then will it gain credit at Lyons? a thing which makes everybody cry, "Lord have mercy upon us!" a thing which causes the greatest joy to Madame de Rohan and Madame de Hauterive [because they married beneath their rank]; a thing, in fine, which is to happen on Sunday next, when those who are present will doubt the evidence of their senses; a thing which, though it is to be done on Sunday, yet perhaps will be unfinished on Monday. I cannot bring myself to tell it you: guess what it is. I give you three times to do it in. What, not a word to throw at a dog? Well, then, I find I must tell you. M. de Lauzun is to be married next Sunday at the Louvre to,—pray guess to whom! I give you four times to do it in, I give you six, I give you a hundred. Says Madame de Coulanges, "It is really very hard to guess; perhaps it is Madame de La Vallière."

Indeed, Madame, it is not.

"It is Mademoiselle de Retz, then."

No, nor she either ; you are extremely provincial.

"Lord bless me," say you, "what stupid wretches we are ! it is Mademoiselle de Colbert all the while."

Nay, now you are still farther from the mark.

"Why, then, it must certainly be Mademoiselle de Créqui."

You have it not yet. Well, I find I must tell you at last. He is to be married next Sunday, at the Louvre, with the king's leave, to Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de — Mademoiselle — guess, pray guess her name ; he is to be married to MADMOISELLE, the great Mademoiselle ; Mademoiselle, daughter to the late Monsieur [Gaston, Duc d'Orléans, brother of Louis XIII.] ; Mademoiselle, granddaughter of Henry IV. ; Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orléans, mademoiselle, the king's cousin-german, mademoiselle, destined to the throne, mademoiselle, the only match in France that was worthy of Monsieur [Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, brother of Louis XIV., and one of Mademoiselle's rejected suitors]. What glorious matter for talk ! If you should burst forth like a bedlamite, say we have told you a lie, that it is false, that we are making a jest of you, and that a pretty jest it is without wit or invention, — in short, if you abuse us we shall think you quite in the right, for we have done just the same things ourselves. Farewell ; you will find by the letters you receive this post whether we tell you truth or not.

II.

TO M. DE COULANGES.

PARIS, *Friday, Dec. 19, 1670.*

What is called falling from the clouds happened last night at the Tuileries ; but I must go farther back. You have already shared in the joy, the transport, the ecstasies, of the princess and her happy lover. It was just as I told you ; the affair was made public on Monday. Tuesday was passed in talking, astonishment, and compliments. Wednesday Mademoiselle made a deed of gift to M. de Lauzun, investing him with certain titles, names, and dignities necessary to be inserted in the marriage contract, which was drawn up that day. She gave him then, till she could give him something better, four duchies : the first was the county of Eu, which entitles him to

rank as the first peer of France; the duchy of Montpensier, which title he bore all that day; the duchy of Saint Fargeau, and the duchy of Châtellerault,—the whole valued at twenty-two millions of livres. The contract was then drawn up, and he took the name of Montpensier. Thursday morning, which was yesterday, Mademoiselle was in expectation of the king's signing the contract, as he had said he would do; but about seven o'clock in the evening the queen, Monsieur, and several old dotards that were about him had so persuaded his Majesty that his reputation would suffer in the affair, that, sending for Mademoiselle and M. de Lauzun, he announced to them before the prince, that he forbade them to think any further of this marriage. M. de Lauzun received the prohibition with all the respect, submission, firmness, and, at the same time, despair that could be expected in so great a reverse of fortune. As for Mademoiselle, she gave loose to her feelings and burst into tears, cries, lamentations, and the most violent expressions of grief; she keeps her bed all day long and takes nothing within her lips but a little broth. What a fine dream is here! what a glorious subject for a tragedy or romance, but especially for talking and reasoning eternally! This is what we do day and night, morning and evening, without end and without intermission; we hope you will do likewise, *E fra tanto vi bacio le mani* ("and with this I kiss your hands").

III.

TO M. DE COULANGES.

PARIS, Wednesday, Dec. 24, 1670.

You are now perfectly acquainted with the romantic story of Mademoiselle and of M. de Lauzun. It is a story well adapted for a tragedy, and in all the rules of the theater; we laid out the acts and scenes the other day. We took four days instead of four and twenty hours, and the piece was complete. Never was such a change seen in so short a time; never was there known so general an emotion. You certainly never received so extraordinary a piece of intelligence before. M. de Lauzun behaved admirably; he supported his misfortune with such courage and intrepidity, and at the same time showed so deep a sorrow, mixed with such profound respect, that he has gained the admiration of everybody. His loss is doubtless

great, but then the king's favor, which he has by this means preserved, is likewise great, so that upon the whole his condition does not seem so very deplorable. Mademoiselle too has behaved extremely well on her side. She has wept much and bitterly; but yesterday, for the first time, she returned to pay her duty at the Louvre, after having received the visits of every one there. So the affair is all over. Adieu.

IV.

TO M. DE COULANGES.

PARIS, *Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1670.*

I have received your answers to my letters. I can easily conceive the astonishment you were in at what passed between the 15th and 20th of this month; the subject called for it all. I admire likewise your penetration and judgment in imagining so great a machine could never support itself from Monday to Sunday. Modesty prevents my launching out in your praise on this head, because I said and thought exactly as you did. I told my daughter on Monday, "This will never go on as it should do till Sunday; I will wager, notwithstanding this wedding seems to be sure, that it will never come to a conclusion." In effect, the sky was overcast on Thursday morning, and about ten o'clock, as I told you, the cloud burst. That very day I went about nine in the morning to pay my respects to Mademoiselle, having been informed that she was to go out of town to be married, and that the Coadjutor of Rheims was to perform the ceremony. These were the resolves on Wednesday night, but matters had been determined otherwise at the Louvre ever since Tuesday. Mademoiselle was writing; she had me shown in, finished her letter, and then, as she was in bed, made me place myself on my knees at her bedside; she told me to whom she was writing, and upon what subject, and also of the fine presents she had made the night before, and the titles she had conferred, and as there was no match in any of the courts of Europe for her, she was resolved, she said, to provide for herself. She related to me, word for word, a conversation she had had with the king, and appeared overcome with joy to think how happy she should make a man of merit. She mentioned with a great deal of tenderness the worth and gratitude of M.

de Lauzun. To all which I made her this answer, "Upon my word, Mademoiselle, you seem quite happy! but why was not this affair finished at once last Monday? Do you not perceive that the delay will give time and opportunity to the whole kingdom to talk, and that it is absolutely tempting God and the king, to protract an affair of so extraordinary a nature as this is to so distant a period?" She allowed me to be in the right, but was so sure of success that what I said made little or no impression on her at the time. She repeated the many amiable qualities of M. de Lauzun, and the noble house he was descended from. To which I replied in these lines of Sévère in "Polyeucte," —

Blame on her choice at least, I may not fling:
Polyeucte can match, in name and blood, a king.

Upon which she embraced me tenderly. Our conversation lasted above an hour. It is impossible to repeat all that passed between us, but I may without vanity say that my company was agreeable to her, for her heart was so full that she was glad of any one to unburden it to. At ten o'clock she gave herself to the rest of France, who crowded to pay their compliments to her. She waited all the morning for news from court, but none came. All the afternoon she amused herself with putting M. de Montpensier's apartment in order. You know what happened at night. The next morning, which was Friday, I waited upon her, and found her in bed. Her grief redoubled at seeing me; she called me to her, embraced me, andwhelmed me with her tears. "Ah!" said she, "you remember what you said to me yesterday. What foresight! what cruel foresight!" In short she made me weep, to see her weep so violently. I have seen her twice since; she still continues in great affliction but behaves to me as to a person that sympathized with her in her distress; in which she is not mistaken, for I really feel sentiments for her that are seldom felt for persons of such superior rank. This, however, between us two and Madame de Coulanges; for you are sensible that this *ehit-chat* would appear ridiculous to others.

THE FIRE AT M. GUITAUD'S.

TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

FRIDAY, *Feb. 20, 1671.*

I cannot express how desirous I am to hear from you. Consider, my dear, I have not had a letter since that from La Palisse ; I know nothing of the rest of your journey to Lyons, nor of your route to Provence. I am very certain that there are letters coming ; but I await them, and I have them not. I have nothing left to comfort and amuse me but writing to you.

You must know that Wednesday night last, after I came from M. de Coulanges', where we had been making up our packets for the post, I began to think of going to bed. "That is nothing very extraordinary," you will say ; but what follows is so. About three o'clock in the morning I was wakened with a cry of "Thieves ! fire !" and it seemed so near, and grew so loud, that I had not the least doubt of its being in the house ; I even fancied I heard them talking of my little granddaughter. I imagined she was burned to death, and in that apprehension got up without a light, trembling in such a manner that I could scarcely stand. I ran directly to her room, which is the room that was yours, and found everything quiet ; but I saw Guitaud's house all in flames, and the fire spreading to Madame de Vauvineux's. The flames cast a light over our courtyard, and that of Guitaud, that made them look shocking. All was outcry, hurry, and confusion, and the beams and joists falling down made a dreadful noise. I immediately ordered our doors to be opened, and my people to give assistance. M. de Guitaud sent me a casket of valuables, which I secured in my cabinet, and then went into the street to gape like the rest. There I found Monsieur and Madame de Guitaud, Madame de Vauvineux, the Venetian ambassador, and all his people, with little Vauvineux, whom they were carrying fast asleep to the ambassador's house, with a great quantity of movables and plate. Madame de Vauvineux had removed all her goods. I knew our house was as safe as if it had been in an island, but I was greatly concerned for my poor neighbors. Madame Guëton and her brother gave some excellent directions, but we were all in consternation ; the fire was so fierce that there was no ap-

proaching it, and no one supposed it would cease till it had burned poor Guitaud's house entirely down.

Guitaud himself was a melancholy object. He was for flying to save his mother, who was in the midst of the flames, as he supposed, in the upper part of the house; but his wife clung about him, and held him as tightly as she could. He was in the greatest distress. . . .

At last he begged me to lay hold of her, which I did, and he went in search of his mother, who, he found, had passed through the flames and was safe. He then endeavored to save some papers, but found it impossible to get near the place where they were. At length he came back to the spot where he had left us, and where I had prevailed on his wife to sit down. Some charitable Capuchins worked so well and so skillfully that they cut off the communication of the fire. Water was thrown upon the rest that was burning, and at last the battle ceased for want of combatants, but not till several of the best apartments were entirely consumed. It was looked upon as fortunate that any part of the house was saved, though as it is poor Guitaud will lose at least ten thousand crowns; for it is proposed to rebuild the room that was painted and gilded. There were lost several fine pictures of M. le Blanc's (whose house it was), besides tables, looking-glasses, tapestry, and other valuable pieces of furniture. They are greatly concerned about some letters, which I imagine to be those of the prince. By this it was near five o'clock in the morning, and time to think of getting Madame de Guitaud to rest. I offered her my bed; but Madame Guéton put her into hers, as she had several apartments in her house unoccupied. . . . She is still at Madame Guéton's, where everybody goes to see her.

You will naturally ask how the fire happened; but that no one can tell. There was not a spark in the room where it first broke out. Could any one have thought of diverting himself at so melancholy a time, what pictures might he not have drawn of us in the situation we were then in! Guitaud was naked, except his shirt and drawers; his wife was without stockings, and had lost one of her slippers; Madame de Vauvineux was in a short under petticoat, without a dressing gown; all the footmen and neighbors were in their nightcaps. The ambassador, in his dressing gown and long peruke, maintained very well the importance of a *serenissimo*; but his secretary was a most admirable figure. . . . So much for the melancholy news of our

quarter. Let me beg of Deville that he will go his rounds every night after the family is in bed, to see that the fire is out everywhere, for we cannot be too careful to prevent accidents of this kind.

I hope the water was favorable to you in your passage; in a word, I wish you every happiness, and implore the God of heaven to preserve you from every evil. . . .

VATEL'S SUICIDE.

I.

TO HER DAUGHTER, MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

FRIDAY EVENING, *April 24, 1671.*

(From M. de La Rochefoucauld's.)

Here, then, I make up my packet. I had intended to tell you that the king arrived yesterday evening at Chantilly. He hunted a stag by moonlight; the lamps did wonders; the fireworks were a little eclipsed by the brightness of our serene friend, the moon; but the evening, the supper, and the entertainment went off admirably well. The weather we had yesterday gave us hopes of an end worthy of so fine a beginning. But what do you think I learned when I came here? I am not yet recovered and hardly know what I write. Vatel, the great Vatel, late *maître-d'hôtel* to M. Fouquet, and in that capacity with the prince [de Condé], a man so eminently distinguished for taste, and whose abilities were equal to the government of a State, — this man whom I knew so well, finding, at eight o'clock this morning, that the fish he had sent for did not come at the time he expected it, and unable to bear the disgrace that he thought would inevitably attach to him, ran himself through with his own sword. Guess what confusion so shocking an accident must have occasioned. Think too that perhaps the fish might come in just as he was expiring. I know no more of the affair at present; and I suppose you think this enough. I make no doubt the consternation was general; it must be very disagreeable to have so fatal an event break in upon an entertainment that cost fifty thousand crowns.

M. de Menars is to be married to Mademoiselle de La Grange-Neuville; but I do not know how I can have the heart to speak to you about anything but Vatel.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE OF SAINT-SIMON ON THE
REIGN OF LOUIS XIV. AND THE REGENCY.¹

[LOUIS DE ROUVROY, DUC DE SAINT-SIMON, a French writer of memoirs, was born at Paris, January 18, 1675, the son of a favorite nobleman of Louis XIII's court. He entered the army and fought at the siege of Namur, the battle of Neerwinden, etc., but in 1702 handed in his commission and turned his attention to court statesmanship. He was a member of the council of the regency under the Duke of Orleans, and in 1721 was sent to Spain as ambassador extraordinary to negotiate a marriage between the Infanta and the young king, Louis XV. His last years were clouded by domestic misfortunes and financial reverses, and he died a bankrupt on his estate at Laferté, March 2, 1755. His entertaining "Memoirs" throw a flood of light on court life under Louis XIV. and Louis XV.]

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER having paid the last duties to my father, I betook myself to Mons to join the Royal Roussillon cavalry regiment, in which I was captain. The King, after stopping eight or ten days with the ladies at Quesnoy, sent them to Namur, and put himself at the head of the army of M. de Boufflers, and camped at Gembloux, so that his left was only half a league distant from the right of M. de Luxembourg. The Prince of Orange was encamped at the Abbey of Pure, was unable to receive supplies, and could not leave his position without having the two armies of the King to grapple with: he entrenched himself in haste, bitterly repenting having allowed himself to be thus driven into a corner. We knew afterwards that he wrote several times to his intimate friend the Prince de Vaudemont, — saying that he was lost, and that nothing short of a miracle could save him.

We were in this position, with an army in every way infinitely superior to that of the Prince of Orange, and with four whole months before us to profit by our strength, when the King declared on the 8th of June that he should return to Versailles, and sent off a large detachment of the army into Germany. The surprise of the Maréchal de Luxembourg was without bounds. He represented the facility with which the Prince of Orange might now be beaten with one army and pursued by another, and how important it was to draw off detachments of the Imperial forces from Germany into Flanders, and how, by sending an army into Flanders instead of Germany, the

¹ By permission of Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd. (3 vols., 8vo., price 12s. net.)

whole of the Low Countries would be in our power. But the King would not change his plans, although M. de Luxembourg went down on his knees and begged him not to allow such a glorious opportunity to escape. Madame de Maintenon, by her tears when she parted from his Majesty, and by her letters since, had brought about this resolution.

The news had not spread on the morrow, June 9th. I chanced to go alone to the quarters of M. de Luxembourg, and was surprised to find not a soul there, every one having gone to the King's army. Pensively bringing my horse to a stand, I was ruminating on a fact so strange, and debating whether I should return to my tent or push on to the royal camp, when up came M. le Prince de Conti with a single page and a groom leading a horse. "What are you doing there?" cried he, laughing at my surprise. Thereupon he told me he was going to say adieu to the King, and advised me to do likewise. "What do you mean by 'saying adieu'?" answered I. He sent his servants to a little distance, and begged me to do the same, and with shouts of laughter told me about the King's retreat, making tremendous fun of him, despite my youth, for he had confidence in me. I was astonished. We soon after met the whole company coming back; and the great people went aside to talk and sneer. I then proceeded to pay my respects to the King, by whom I was honorably received. Surprise, however, was expressed by all faces, and indignation by some.

The effect of the King's retreat, indeed, was incredible, even amongst the soldiers and the people. The general officers could not keep silent upon it, and the inferior officers spoke loudly, with a license that could not be restrained. All through the army, in the towns, and even at Court, it was talked about openly. The courtiers, generally so glad to find themselves again at Versailles, now declared that they were ashamed to be there; as for the enemy, they could not contain their surprise and joy. The Prince of Orange said that the retreat was a miracle he could not have hoped for; that he could scarcely believe in it, but that it had saved his army, and the whole of the Low Countries. In the midst of all this excitement the King arrived with the ladies, on the 25th of June, at Versailles.

We gained some successes, however, this year. Maréchal de Villeroy took Huy in three days, losing only a sub-engineer and some soldiers. On the 29th of July we attacked at dawn the Prince of Orange at Neerwinden, and after twelve hours of

hard fighting, under a blazing sun, entirely routed him. I was of the third squadron of the Royal Roussillon, and made five charges. One of the gold ornaments of my coat was torn away, but I received no wound. During the battle our brigadier, Quoadt, was killed before my eyes. The Duc de Feuillade became thus commander of the brigade. We missed him immediately, and for more than half an hour saw nothing of him; he had gone to make his toilette. When he returned he was powdered and decked out in a fine red surtout, embroidered with silver, and all his trappings and those of his horses were magnificent; he acquitted himself with distinction.

Our cavalry stood so well against the fire from the enemy's guns, that the Prince of Orange lost all patience, and turning away, exclaimed, "Oh, the insolent nation!" He fought until the last, and retired with the Elector of Hanover only when he saw there was no longer any hope. After the battle my people brought us a leg of mutton and a bottle of wine, which they had wisely saved from the previous evening, and we attacked them in good earnest, as may be believed. The enemy lost about twenty thousand men, including a large number of officers; our loss was not more than half that number. We took all their cannon, eight mortars, many artillery wagons, a quantity of standards, and some pairs of kettledrums. The victory was complete.

Meanwhile, the army which had been sent to Germany under the command of Monseigneur and of the Maréchal de Lorges, did little or nothing. The Maréchal wished to attack Heilbronn, but Monseigneur was opposed to it; and, to the great regret of the principal generals and of the troops, the attack was not made. Monseigneur returned early to Versailles.

At sea we were more active. The rich merchant fleet of Smyrna was attacked by Tourville; fifty vessels were burnt or sunk, and twenty-seven taken, all richly freighted. This campaign cost the English and Dutch dear. It is believed their loss was more than thirty millions of écus.

The season finished with the taking of Charleroy. On the 16th of September the Maréchal de Villeroy, supported by M. de Luxembourg, laid siege to it, and on the 11th of October, after a good defense, the place capitulated. Our loss was very slight. Charleroy taken, our troops went into winter quarters, and I returned to Court, like the rest. The roads and the posting service were in great disorder. Amongst

other adventures I met with, I was driven by a deaf and dumb postilion, who stuck me fast in the mud when near Quesnoy. At Pont Saint-Maxence all the horses were retained by M. de Luxembourg. Fearing I might be left behind, I told the postmaster that I was a governor (which was true), and that I would put him in jail if he did not give me horses. I should have been sadly puzzled how to do it; but he was simple enough to believe me, and gave the horses. I arrived, however, at last in Paris, and found a change at the Court, which surprised me.

Daquin — first doctor of the King and creature of Madame de Montespan — had lost nothing of his credit by her removal, but had never been able to get on well with Madame de Maintenon, who looked coldly upon all the friends of her predecessor. Daquin had a son, an abbé, and wearied the King with solicitations on his behalf. Madame de Maintenon seized the opportunity, when the King was more than usually angry with Daquin, to obtain his dismissal; it came upon him like a thunderbolt. On the previous evening the King had spoken to him for a long time as usual, and had never treated him better. All the Court was astonished also. Fagon, a very skillful and learned man, was appointed in his place at the instance of Madame de Maintenon.

Another event excited less surprise than interest. On Sunday, the 29th of November, the King learned that La Vauguyon had killed himself in his bed, that morning, by firing twice into his throat. I must say a few words about this Vauguyon. He was one of the pettiest and poorest gentlemen of France; he was well made, but very swarthy, with Spanish features, had a charming voice, played the guitar and lute very well, and was skilled in the arts of gallantry. By these talents he had succeeded in finding favor with Madame de Beauvais, much regarded at the Court as having been the King's first mistress. I have seen her — old, blear-eyed, and half blind — at the toilette of the Dauphiness of Bavaria, where everybody courted her, because she was still much considered by the King. Under this protection La Vauguyon succeeded well; was several times sent as ambassador to foreign countries; was made councilor of state, and to the scandal of everybody, was raised to the Order in 1688. Of late years, having no appointments, he had scarcely the means of living, and endeavored, but without success, to improve his condition.

Poverty by degrees turned his brain; but a long time passed before it was perceived. The first proof that he gave of it was at the house of Madame Pelot, widow of the Chief President of the Rouen parliament. Playing at *brelan* one evening, she offered him a stake, and because he would not accept it bantered him, and playfully called him a poltroon. He said nothing, but waited until all the rest of the company had left the room; and when he found himself alone with Madame Pelot, he bolted the door, clapped his hat on his head, drove her up against the chimney, and holding her head between his two fists, said he knew no reason why he should not pound it into a jelly, in order to teach her to call him poltroon again. The poor woman was horribly frightened, and made perpendicular courtesies between his two fists, and all sorts of excuses. At last he let her go, more dead than alive. She had the generosity to say no syllable of this occurrence until after his death; she even allowed him to come to the house as usual, but took care never to be alone with him.

One day, a long time after this, meeting, in a gallery, at Fontainebleau, M. de Courtenay, La Vauguyon drew his sword, and compelled the other to draw also, although there had never been the slightest quarrel between them. They were soon separated and La Vauguyon immediately fled to the King, who was just then in his private closet, where nobody ever entered unless expressly summoned. But La Vauguyon turned the key, and, in spite of the usher on guard, forced his way in. The King in great emotion asked him what was the matter. La Vauguyon on his knees said he had been insulted by M. de Courtenay and demanded pardon for having drawn his sword in the palace. His Majesty, promising to examine the matter, with great trouble got rid of La Vauguyon. As nothing could be made of it, M. de Courtenay declaring he had been insulted by La Vauguyon and forced to draw his sword, and the other telling the same tale, both were sent to the Bastille. After a short imprisonment they were released, and appeared at the Court as usual.

Another adventure, which succeeded this, threw some light upon the state of affairs. Going to Versailles, one day, La Vauguyon met a groom of the Prince de Condé leading a saddled horse: he stopped the man, descended from his coach, asked whom the horse belonged to, said that the Prince would not object to his riding it, and leaping upon the animal's back,

galloped off. The groom, all amazed, followed him. La Vauguyon rode on until he reached the Bastille, descended there, gave a gratuity to the man, and dismissed him: he then went straight to the governor of the prison, said he had had the misfortune to displease the King, and begged to be confined there. The governor, having no orders to do so, refused, and sent off an express for instructions how to act. In reply he was told not to receive La Vauguyon, whom at last, after great difficulty, he prevailed upon to go away. This occurrence made great noise. Yet even afterwards the King continued to receive La Vauguyon at the Court, and to affect to treat him well, although everybody else avoided him and was afraid of him. His poor wife became so affected by these public derangements, that she retired from Paris, and shortly afterwards died. This completed her husband's madness; he survived her only a month, dying by his own hand, as I have mentioned. During the last two years of his life he carried pistols in his carriage, and frequently pointed them at his coachman and postilion. It is certain that without the assistance of M. de Beauvais he would often have been brought to the last extremities. Beauvais frequently spoke of him to the King; and it is inconceivable that having raised this man to such a point, and having always shown him particular kindness, his Majesty should perseveringly have left him to die of hunger and become mad from misery.

not see him, to be sent to a minister of state. Upon this the King allowed him to have an interview with one of his secretaries, Barbezieux. But Barbezieux was not a minister of state, and to the great surprise of everybody, the farrier, who had only just arrived from the country, and who had never before left it or his trade, replied that not being a minister of state he would not speak with him. Upon this he was allowed to see Pomponne, and converse with him; and this is the story he told.

He said that, returning home late one evening, he found himself surrounded by a great light, close against a tree and near Salon. A woman clad in white—but altogether in a royal manner, and beautiful, fair, and very dazzling—called him by his name, commanded him to listen to her, and spake to him more than half an hour. She told him she was the Queen, who had been the wife of the King; to whom she ordered him to go and say what she had communicated, assuring him that God would assist him through all the journey, and that upon a secret thing he should say, the King, who alone knew that secret, would recognize the truth of all he uttered. She said that in case he could not see the King he was to speak with a minister of state, telling him certain things, but reserving certain others for the King alone. She told him, moreover, to set out at once, assuring him he would be punished with death if he neglected to acquit himself of his commission. The farrier promised to obey her in everything, and the Queen then disappeared. He found himself in darkness near the tree. He lay down and passed the night there, scarcely knowing whether he was awake or asleep. In the morning he went home, persuaded that what he had seen was a mere delusion and folly, and said nothing about it to a living soul.

Two days afterward he was passing by the same place, when the same vision appeared to him, and he was addressed in the same terms. Fresh threats of punishment were uttered if he did not comply, and he was ordered to go at once to the Intendant of the province, who would assuredly furnish him with money, after saying what he had seen. This time the farrier was convinced there was no delusion in the matter; but, halting between his fears and doubts, knew not what to do, told no one what had passed, and was in great perplexity. He remained thus eight days, and at last resolved not to make the journey; when, passing by the same spot, he saw and heard

the same vision, which bestowed upon him so many dreadful menaces that he no longer thought of anything but setting out immediately. In two days from that time he presented himself at Aix, to the Intendant of the province, who without a moment's hesitation urged him to pursue his journey, and gave him sufficient money to travel by a public conveyance. Nothing more of the story was ever known.

The farrier had three interviews with M. de Pomponne, each of two hours' length. M. de Pomponne rendered, in private, an account of these to the King, who desired him to speak more fully upon the point in a council composed of the Ducs de Beauvilliers, Pontchartrain, Torcy, and Pomponne himself, — Monseigneur to be excluded. This council sat very long, perhaps because other things were spoken of. Be that as it may, the King after this wished to converse with the farrier, and did so in his cabinet. Two days afterwards he saw the man again, and each time was nearly an hour with him, and was careful that no one was within hearing.

The day after the first interview, as the King was descending the staircase, to go a hunting, M. de Duras, who was in waiting, and who was upon such a footing that he said almost what he liked, began to speak of this farrier with contempt, and, quoting the bad proverb, said, "The man was mad, or the King was not noble." At this the King stopped, and, turning round, a thing he scarcely ever did in walking, replied, "If that be so, I am not noble, for I have discoursed with him long, he has spoken to me with much good sense, and I assure you he is far from being mad."

These last words were pronounced with a sustained gravity which greatly surprised those near, and which in the midst of deep silence opened all eyes and ears. After the second interview the King felt persuaded that one circumstance had been related to him by the farrier, which he alone knew, and which had happened more than twenty years before. It was that he had seen a phantom in the forest of Saint Germain. Of this phantom he had never breathed a syllable to anybody.

The King on several other occasions spoke favorably of the farrier; moreover, he paid all the expenses the man had been put to, gave him a gratuity, sent him back free, and wrote to the Intendant of the province to take particular care of him, and never to let him want for anything all his life.

The most surprising thing of all this is that none of the

ministers could be induced to speak a word upon the occurrence. Their most intimate friends continually questioned them, but without being able to draw forth a syllable. The ministers either affected to laugh at the matter or answered evasively. This was the case whenever I questioned M. de Beauvilliers or M. de Pontchartrain, and I knew from their most intimate friends that nothing more could ever be obtained from M. de Pomponne or M. de Torcy. As for the farrier himself, he was equally reserved. He was a simple, honest, and modest man, about fifty years of age. Whenever addressed upon this subject, he cut short all discourse by saying, "I am not allowed to speak," and nothing more could be extracted from him. When he returned to his home he conducted himself just as before, gave himself no airs, and never boasted of the interview he had had with the King and his ministers. He went back to his trade, and worked at it as usual.

Such is the singular story which filled everybody with astonishment, but which nobody could understand. It is true that some people persuaded themselves, and tried to persuade others, that the whole affair was a clever trick, of which the simple farrier had been the dupe. They said that a certain Madame Arnoul, who passed for a witch, and who, having known Madame de Maintenon when she was Madame Scarron, still kept up a secret intimacy with her, had caused the three visions to appear to the farrier, in order to oblige the King to declare Madame de Maintenon queen. But the truth of the matter was never known.

The King bestowed at this time some more distinctions on his illegitimate children. M. de Maine, as grand master of the artillery, had to be received at the *Chambre des Comptes*; and his place ought to have been, according to custom, immediately above that of the senior member. But the King wished him to be put between the first and second president; and this was done. The King accorded also to the Princess de Conti that her two ladies of honor should be allowed to sit at the Duchess de Bourgogne's table. It was a privilege that no lady of honor to a Princess of the blood had ever been allowed. But the King gave these distinctions to the ladies of his illegitimate children, and refused it to those of the Princesses of the blood.

In thus according honors, the King seemed to merit some new ones himself. But nothing fresh could be thought of. What had been done, therefore, at his statue in the *Place des*

Victoires, was done over again at the Place Vendôme on the 13th of August, after midday. Another statue which had been erected there was uncovered. The Duc de Gesvres, Governor of Paris, was in attendance on horseback, at the head of the city troops, and made turns, and reverences, and other ceremonies, imitated from those in use at the consecration of the Roman Emperors. There were, it is true, no incense and no victims: something more in harmony with the title of Christian King was necessary. In the evening, there was upon the river a fine illumination, which Monsieur and Madame went to see.

A difficulty arose soon after this with Denmark. The Prince Royal had become King, and announced the circumstance to our King, but would not receive the reply sent him because he was not styled in it "Majesty." We had never accorded to the Kings of Denmark this title, and they had always been contented with that of "Serenity." The King in his turn would not wear mourning for the King of Denmark, just dead, although he always did so for any crowned head, whether related to him or not. This state of things lasted some months; until, in the end, the new King of Denmark gave way, received the reply as it had been first sent, and our King wore mourning as if the time for it had not long since passed.

Boucherat, chancellor and keeper of the seals, died on the 2d of September. Harlay, as I have previously said, had been promised this appointment when it became vacant. But the part he had taken in our case with M. de Luxembourg had made him so lose ground, that the appointment was not given to him. M. de La Rochefoucauld, above all, had undermined him in the favor of the King; and none of us had lost an opportunity of assisting in this work. Our joy, therefore, was extreme when we saw all Harlay's hopes frustrated, and we did not fail to let it burst forth. The vexation that Harlay conceived was so great, that he became absolutely intractable, and often cried out with a bitterness he could not contain, that he should be left to die in the dust of the palace. His weakness was such, that he could not prevent himself six weeks after from complaining to the King at Fontainebleau, where he was playing the valet with his accustomed suppleness and deceit. The King put him off with fine speeches, and by appointing him to take part in a commission then sitting for the purpose of bringing about a reduction in the price of corn in Paris and

the suburbs, where it had become very dear. Harlay made a semblance of being contented, but remained not the less annoyed. His health and his head were at last so much attacked that he was forced to quit his post: he then fell into contempt after having excited so much hatred. The chancellorship was given to Pontchartrain, and the office of comptroller general, which became vacant at the same time, was given to Chamillart, a very honest man, who owed his first advancement to his skill at billiards, of which game the King was formerly very fond. It was while Chamillart was accustomed to play billiards with the King, at least three times a week, that an incident happened which ought not to be forgotten. Chamillart was Counselor of the Parliament at that time. He had just reported on a case that had been submitted to him. The losing party came to him, and complained that he had omitted to bring forward a document that had been given into his hands, and that would assuredly have turned the verdict. Chamillart searched for the document, found it, and saw that the complainer was right. He said so, and added, "I do not know how the document escaped me, but it decides in your favor. You claimed twenty thousand francs, and it is my fault you did not get them. Come to-morrow, and I will pay you. Chamillart, although then by no means rich, scraped together all the money he had, borrowing the rest, and paid the man as he had promised, only demanding that the matter should be kept a secret. But after this, feeling that billiards three times a week interfered with his legal duties, he surrendered part of them, and thus left himself more free for other charges he was obliged to attend to.

The Comtesse de Fiesque died very aged, while the Court was at Fontainebleau this year. She had passed her life with the most frivolous of the great world. Two incidents amongst a thousand will characterize her. She was very straitened in means, because she had frittered away all her substance, or allowed herself to be pillaged by her business people. When those beautiful mirrors were first introduced, she obtained one, although they were then very dear and very rare. "Ah, Countess!" said her friends, "where did you find that?"

"Oh!" replied she, "I had a miserable piece of land, which only yielded me corn; I have sold it, and I have this mirror instead. Is not this excellent? Who would hesitate between corn and this beautiful mirror?"

On another occasion she harangued with her son, who was as poor as a rat, for the purpose of persuading him to make a good match and thus enrich himself. Her son, who had no desire to marry, allowed her to talk on, and pretended to listen to her reasons. She was delighted—entered into a description of the wife she destined for him, painting her as young, rich, an only child, beautiful, well educated, and with parents who would be delighted to agree to the marriage. When she had finished, he pressed her for the name of this charming and desirable person. The Countess said she was the daughter of Jacquier, a man well known to everybody, and who had been a contractor of provisions to the armies of M. de Turenne. Upon this, her son burst into a hearty laugh, and she in anger demanded why he did so, and what he found so ridiculous in the match.

The truth was, Jacquier had no children, as the Comtesse soon remembered. At which she said it was a great pity, since no marriage would have better suited all parties. She was full of such oddities, which she persisted in for some time with anger, but at which she was the first to laugh. People said of her that she had never been more than eighteen years old. The memoirs of Mademoiselle paint her well. She lived with Mademoiselle, and passed all her life in quarrels about trifles.

It was immediately after leaving Fontainebleau that the marriage between the Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne was consummated. It was upon this occasion that the King named four gentlemen to wait upon the Duc,—four who in truth could not have been more badly chosen. One of them, Gamaches, was a gossip, who never knew what he was doing or saying—who knew nothing of the world, or the court, or of war, although he had always been in the army. D'O was another; but of him I have spoken. Cheverny was the third, and Saumery the fourth. Saumery had been raised out of obscurity by M. de Beauvilliers. Never was man so intriguing, so truckling, so mean, so boastful, so ambitious, so intent upon fortune; and all this without disguise, without veil, without shame! Saumery had been wounded, and no man ever made so much of such a mishap. I used to say of him that he limped audaciously, and it was true. He would speak of personages the most distinguished, whose antechambers even he had scarcely seen, as though he spoke of his equals or of his particular friends. He related what he had heard, and

was not ashamed to say before people who at least had common sense, "Poor *Mons. Turenne* said to me," *M. de Turenne* never having probably heard of his existence. With *Monsieur* in full he honored nobody. It was *Mons. de Beauvilliers*, *Mons. de Chevreuse*, and so on; except with those whose names he clipped off short, as he frequently would even with princes of the blood. I have heard him say many times, "the Princess de Conti," in speaking of the daughter of the king; and "the Prince de Conti," in speaking of Monsieur her brother-in-law! As for the chief nobles of the Court, it was rare for him to give them the *Monsieur* or the *Mons.* It was *Maréchal d'Humières*, and so on with the others. Fatuity and insolence were united in him, and by dint of mounting a hundred staircases a day, and bowing and scraping everywhere, he had gained the ear of I know not how many people. His wife was a tall creature, as impertinent as he, who wore the breeches, and before whom he dared not breathe. Her effrontery blushed at nothing, and after many gallantries she had linked herself on to *M. de Duras*, whom she governed, and of whom she was publicly and absolutely the mistress, living at his expense. Children, friends, servants, all were at her mercy,—even *Madame de Duras* herself when she came, which was but seldom, from the country.

Such were the people whom the King placed near *M. le Duc de Bourgogne*.

The *Duc de Gesvres*, a malicious old man, a cruel husband, and an unnatural father, sadly annoyed *Maréchal de Villeroy* towards the end of this year, having previously treated me very scurvily for some advice that I gave him respecting the ceremonies to be observed at the reception by the King of *M. de Lorraine* as *Duc de Bar*. *M. de Gesvres* and *M. de Villeroy* had both had fathers who made large fortunes and who became secretaries of state. One morning *M. de Gesvres* was waiting for the King, with a number of other courtiers, when *M. de Villeroy* arrived, with all that noise and those airs he had long assumed, and which his favor and his appointments rendered more superb. I know not whether this annoyed *De Gesvres* more than usual, but as soon as the other had placed himself, he said, "*Monsieur le Maréchal*, it must be admitted that you and I are very lucky." The *Maréchal*, surprised at a remark which seemed to be suggested by nothing, assented with a modest air, and, shaking his head and his wig, began to talk to some one

else. But M. de Gesvres had not commenced without a purpose. He went on, addressed M. de Villeroy point blank, admiring their mutual good fortune, but when he came to speak of the father of each, "Let us go no further," said he, "for what did our fathers spring from? From tradesmen; even tradesmen they were themselves. Yours was the son of a dealer in fresh fish at the markets, and mine of a peddler, or, perhaps, worse. Gentlemen," said he, addressing the company, "have we not reason to think our fortune prodigious — the Maréchal and I?" The Maréchal would have liked to strangle M. de Gesvres, or to see him dead — but what can be done with a man who, in order to say something cutting to you, says it to himself first? Everybody was silent, and all eyes were lowered. Many, however, were not sorry to see M. de Villeroy so pleasantly humiliated. The King came and put an end to the scene, which was the talk of the Court for several days.

Omissions must be repaired as soon as they are perceived. Other matters have carried me away. At the commencement of April, Ticquet, councilor at the parliament, was assassinated in his own house; and if he did not die, it was not the fault of his porter, or of the soldier who had attempted to kill him, and who left him for dead, disturbed by a noise they heard. This councilor, who was a very poor man, had complained to the King, the preceding year, of the conduct of his wife with Montgeorges, captain in the Guards, and much esteemed. The King prohibited Montgeorges from seeing the wife of the councilor again.

Such having been the case, when the crime was attempted, suspicion fell upon Montgeorges and the wife of Ticquet, a beautiful, gallant, and bold woman, who took a very high tone in the matter. She was advised to fly, maintaining that in all such cases it is safer to be far off than close at hand. The woman would listen to no such advice, and in a few days she was no longer able. The porter and the soldier were arrested and tortured, and Madame Ticquet, who was foolish enough to allow herself to be arrested, also underwent the same examination, and avowed all. She was condemned to lose her head, and her accomplice to be broken on the wheel. Montgeorges managed so well, that he was not legally criminated. When Ticquet heard the sentence, he came with all his family to the King, and sued for mercy. But the King would not listen to him, and the execution took place on Wednesday, the 17th of

June, after midday, at the Grève. All the windows of the Hôtel de Ville, and of the houses in the Place de Grève, in the streets that lead to it from the Conciergerie of the palace where Madame Tiquet was confined, were filled with spectators, men and women, many of title and distinction. There were even friends of both sexes of this unhappy woman, who felt no shame or horror in going there. In the streets the crowd was so great that it could not be passed through. In general, pity was felt for the culprit; people hoped that she would be pardoned, and it was because they hoped so, that they went to see her die. But such is the world; so unreasoning, and so little in accord with itself.

.. CHAPTER XXVI.

The Prince d'Harcourt at last obtained permission to wait on the King, after having never appeared at Court for seventeen years. He had followed the King in all his conquests in the Low Countries and Franche-Comté; but he had remained little at the Court since his voyage to Spain, whither he had accompanied the daughter of Monsieur to the King, Charles II., her husband. The Prince d'Harcourt took service with Venice, and fought in the Morea until the Republic made peace with the Turks. He was tall, well made; and, although he looked like a nobleman and had wit, reminded one at the same time of a country actor. He was a great liar, and a libertine in body and mind; a great spendthrift, a great and impudent swindler, with a tendency to low debauchery, that cursed him all his life. Having fluttered about a long time after his return, and found it impossible either to live with his wife — which is not surprising — or accommodate himself to the Court or to Paris, he set up his rest at Lyons, with wine, street walkers, a society to match, a pack of hounds, and a gaming table to support his extravagance and enable him to live at the expense of the dupes, the imbeciles, and the sons of fat tradesmen, whom he could lure into his nets. Thus he spent many years, and seemed to forget that there existed in the world another country besides Lyons. At last he got tired, and returned to Paris. The King, who despised him, let him alone, but would not see him; and it was only after two months of begging for him by the Lorraines, that he received permission to present himself. His wife, the

Princesse d'Harcourt, was a favorite of Madame de Maintenon. The origin of their friendship is traced to the fact that Brancas, the father of the Princesse, had been one of the lovers of Madame de Maintenon. No claim less powerful could have induced the latter to take into her favor a person who was so little worthy. Like all women who know nothing but what chance has taught them, and who have long languished in obscurity before arriving at splendor, Madame de Maintenon was dazzled by the very name of Princess, even if assumed; as to a real Princess, nothing equaled her in her opinion. The Princesse then tried hard to get the Prince invited to Marly, but without success. Upon this she pretended to sulk, in hopes that Madame de Maintenon would exert all her influence; but in this she was mistaken. The Prince accordingly by degrees got disgusted with the Court, and retired into the provinces for a time.

The Princesse d'Harcourt was a sort of personage whom it is good to make known, in order better to lay bare a Court which did not scruple to receive such as she. She had once been beautiful and gay; but though not old, all her grace and beauty had vanished. The rose had become an ugly thorn. At the time I speak of she was a tall, fat creature, mightily brisk in her movements, with a complexion like milk porridge; great, ugly, thick lips, and hair like tow, always sticking out and hanging down in disorder, like all the rest of her fittings out. Dirty, slatternly, always intriguing, pretending, enterprising, quarreling—always low as the grass or high as the rainbow, according to the person with whom she had to deal: she was a blonde Fury, nay more, a harpy; she had all the effrontery of one, and the deceit and violence; all the avarice and the audacity; moreover, all the gluttony, and all the promptitude to relieve herself from the effects thereof; so that she drove out of their wits those at whose house she dined; was often a victim of her confidence; and was many a time sent to the devil by the servants of M. du Maine and M. le Grand. She, however, was never in the least embarrassed, tucked up her petticoats and went her way; then returned, saying she had been unwell. People were accustomed to it.

Whenever money was to be made by scheming and bribery, she was there to make it. At play she always cheated, and if found out stormed and raged; but pocketed what she had won. People looked upon her as they would have looked upon a fish fag, and did not like to commit themselves by quarreling with

her. At the end of every game she used to say that she gave whatever might have been unfairly gained to those who had gained it, and hoped that others would do likewise. For she was very devout by profession, and thought by so doing to put her conscience in safety; because, she used to add, in play there is always some mistake. She went to church always, and constantly took the Sacrament, very often after having played until four o'clock in the morning.

One day, when there was a grand fête at Fontainebleau, Madame la Maréchale de Villeroy persuaded her, out of malice, to sit down and play, instead of going to evening prayers. She resisted some time; saying that Madame de Maintenon was going; but the Maréchale laughed at her for believing that her patron could see who was and who was not at the chapel; so down they sat to play. When the prayers were over, Madame de Maintenon, by the merest accident—for she scarcely ever visited any one—went to the apartments of the Maréchale de Villeroy. The door was flung back, and she was announced. This was a thunderbolt for the Princesse d'Harcourt. "I am ruined," cried she, unable to restrain herself; "she will see me playing, and I ought to have been at chapel;" down fell the cards from her hands, and down fell she all abroad in her chair. The Maréchale laughed most heartily at so complete an adventure. Madame de Maintenon entered slowly, and found the Princesse in this state, with five or six persons. The Maréchale de Villeroy, who was full of wit, began to say that, whilst doing her a great honor, Madame was the cause of great disorder, and showed her the Princesse d'Harcourt in her state of discomfort. Madame de Maintenon smiled with majestic kindness, and addressing the Princesse d'Harcourt, "Is this the way," said she, "that you go to prayers?" Thereupon the Princesse flew out of her half faint into a sort of fury; said that this was the kind of trick that was played off upon her; that no doubt the Maréchale knew that Madame de Maintenon was coming, and for that reason had persecuted her to play. "Persecuted!" exclaimed the Maréchale, "I thought I could not receive you better than by proposing a game; it is true you were for a moment troubled at missing the chapel, but your tastes carried the day. This, Madame, is my whole crime," continued she, addressing Madame de Maintenon. Upon this everybody laughed louder than before. Madame de Maintenon, in order to stop the quarrel, commanded them both

to continue their game ; and they continued accordingly, the Princesse d'Harcourt, still grumbling, quite beside herself, blinded with fury, so as to commit fresh mistakes every minute. So ridiculous an adventure diverted the Court for several days ; for this beautiful Princesse was equally feared, hated, and despised.

Monseigneur le Duc and Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne continually played off pranks upon her. They put, one day, crackers all along the avenue of the Château at Marly, that led to the Perspective where she lodged. She was horribly afraid of everything. The Duc and Duchesse bribed two porters to be ready to take her into the mischief. When she was right in the middle of the avenue, the crackers began to go off, and she to cry aloud for mercy ; the chairmen set her down and ran for it. There she was, then, struggling in her chair, furiously enough to upset it, and yelling like a demon. At this the company, which had gathered at the door of the château to see the fun, ran to her assistance, in order to have the pleasure of enjoying the scene more fully. Thereupon she set to abusing everybody right and left, commencing with Monseigneur and Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne. At another time, M. de Bourgogne put a cracker under her chair in the salon, where she was playing at piquet. As he was about to set fire to this cracker, some charitable soul warned him that it would maim her, and he desisted.

Sometimes they used to send about twenty Swiss guards, with drums, into her chamber, who roused her from her first sleep by their horrid din. Another time—and these scenes were always at Marly—they waited until very late for her to go to bed and sleep. She lodged not far from the post of the captain of the Guards, who was at that time the Maréchal de Lorges. It snowed very hard, and had frozen. Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne and her suite gathered snow from the terrace which is on a level with their lodgings ; and in order to be better supplied, waked up, to assist them, the Maréchal's people, who did not let them want for ammunition. Then with a false key, and lights, they gently slipped into the chamber of the Princesse d'Harcourt ; and suddenly drawing the curtains of her bed, pelted her amain with snowballs. The filthy creature, waking up with a start, bruised and stifled in snow, with which even her ears were filled, with disheveled hair, yelling at the top of her voice, and wriggling like an eel, without

knowing where to hide, formed a spectacle that diverted people more than half an hour: so that at last the nymph swam in her bed, from which the water flowed everywhere, slushing all the chamber. It was enough to make one die of laughter. On the morrow she sulked, and was more than ever laughed at for her pains.

Her fits of sulkiness came over her either when the tricks played were too violent, or when M. le Grand abused her. He thought, very properly, that a person who bore the name of Lorraine should not put herself so much on the footing of a buffoon; and, as he was a rough speaker, he sometimes said the most abominable things to her at table; upon which the Princesse would burst out crying, and then, being enraged, would sulk. The Duchesse de Bourgogne used then to pretend to sulk, too; but the other did not hold out long, and came crawling back to her, crying, begging pardon for having sulked, and praying that she might not cease to be a source of amusement! After some time the Duchesse would allow herself to be melted, and the Princesse was more villainously treated than ever, for the Duchesse de Bourgogne had her own way in everything. Neither the King nor Madame de Maintenon found fault with what she did, so that the Princesse d'Harcourt had no resource; she did not even dare to complain of those who aided in tormenting her; yet it would not have been prudent in any one to make her an enemy.

The Princesse d'Harcourt paid her servants so badly, that they concocted a plan, and one fine day drew up on the Pont Neuf. The coachman and footmen got down, and came and spoke to her at the door, in language she was not used to hear. Her ladies and chambermaid got down, and went away, leaving her to shift as she might. Upon this she set herself to harangue the blackguards who collected, and was only too happy to find a man, who mounted upon the seat and drove her home. Another time, Madame de Saint-Simon, returning from Versailles, overtook her, walking in full dress in the street, and with her train under her arms. Madame de Saint-Simon stopped, offered her assistance, and found that she had been left by her servants, as on the Pont Neuf. It was volume the second of that story; and even when she came back she found her house deserted, every one having gone away at once by agreement. She was very violent with her servants, beat them, and changed them every day.

Upon one occasion, she took into her service a strong and robust chambermaid, to whom, from the first day of her arrival, she gave many slaps and boxes on the ear. The chambermaid said nothing, but after submitting to this treatment for five or six days, conferred with the other servants; and one morning, while in her mistress' room, locked the door without being perceived, said something to bring down punishment upon her, and, at the first box on the ear she received, flew upon the Princesse d'Harcourt, gave her no end of thumps and slaps, knocked her down, kicked her, mauled her from her head to her feet, and when she was tired of this exercise, left her on the ground, all torn and disheveled, howling like a devil. The chambermaid then quitted the room, double-locked the door on the outside, gained the staircase, and fled the house.

Every day the Princesse was fighting, or mixed up in some adventures. Her neighbors at Marly said they could not sleep for the riot she made at night; and I remember that, after one of these scenes, everybody went to see the room of the Duchesse de Villeroy and that of Madame d'Espinoy, who had put their bed in the middle of their room, and who related their night vigils to every one.

Such was this favorite of Madame de Maintenon; so insolent and so insupportable to every one, but who had favors and preferences for those who brought her over, and who had raised so many young men, amassed their wealth, and made herself feared even by the Prince and minister.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Two very different persons died towards the latter part of this year. The first was Lamoignon, Chief President, the second Niunon, known by the name of Mademoiselle de l'Enclos. Of Lamoignon I will relate a single anecdote, curious and instructive, which will show the corruption of which he was capable.

One day — I am speaking of a time many years previous to the date of the occurrences just related — one day there was a great hunting party at Saint Germain. The chase was pursued so long, that the King gave up, and returned to Saint Germain. A number of courtiers, among whom was M. de Lauzun, who related this story to me, continued their sport, and just as darkness was coming on, discovered that they had

lost their way. After a time they espied a light, by which they guided their steps, and at length reached the door of a kind of castle. They knocked, they called aloud, they named themselves, and asked for hospitality. It was then between ten and eleven at night, and towards the end of autumn. The door was opened to them. The master of the house came forth. He made them take their boots off, and warm themselves; he put their horses into his stables; and at the same time had a supper prepared for his guests, who stood much in need of it. They did not wait long for the meal; yet when served it proved excellent; the wines served with it, too, were of several kinds, and excellent likewise; as for the master of the house, he was so polite and respectful, yet without being ceremonious or eager, that it was evident he had frequented the best company. The courtiers soon learnt that his name was Fargues, that the place was called Courson, and that he had lived there in retirement several years. After having supped, Fargues showed each of them into separate bedrooms, where they were waited upon by his valets with every proper attention. In the morning, as soon as the courtiers had dressed themselves, they found an excellent breakfast awaiting them; and upon leaving the table they saw their horses ready for them, and as thoroughly attended to as they had been themselves. Charmed with the politeness and with the manners of Fargues, and touched by his hospitable reception of them, they made him many offers of service, and made their way back to Saint Germain. Their non-appearance on the previous night had been the common talk, their return and the adventure they had met with was no less so.

These gentlemen were then the very flower of the Court, and all of them very intimate with the King. They related to him, therefore, their story, the manner of their reception, and highly praised the master of the house and his good cheer. The King asked his name, and, as soon as he heard it, exclaimed: "What, Fargues! is he so near here, then?" The courtiers redoubled their praises, and the King said no more; but soon after he went to the Queen mother, and told her what had happened.

Fargues, indeed, was no stranger, either to her or to the King. He had taken a prominent part in the movements of Paris against the Court and Cardinal Mazarin. If he had not been hanged, it was because he was well supported by his

party, who had him included in the amnesty granted to those who had been engaged in these troubles. Fearing, however, that the hatred of his enemies might place his life in danger if he remained in Paris, he retired from the capital to this country house which has just been mentioned, where he continued to live in strict privacy, even when the death of Cardinal Mazarin seemed to render such seclusion no longer necessary.

The King and the Queen mother, who had pardoned Fargues in spite of themselves, were much annoyed at finding that he was living in opulence and tranquillity so near the Court; thought him extremely bold to do so; and determined to punish him for this and for his former insolence. They directed Lamoignon, therefore, to find out something in the past life of Fargues for which punishment might be awarded; and Lamoignon, eager to please, and make a profit out of his eagerness, was not long in satisfying them. He made researches, and found means to complicate Fargues in a murder that had been committed in Paris at the height of the troubles. Officers were accordingly sent to Courson, and its owner was arrested.

Fargues was much astonished when he learnt of what he was accused. He exculpated himself, nevertheless, completely; alleging, moreover, that as the murder of which he was accused had been committed during the troubles, the amnesty in which he was included effaced all memory of the deed, according to law and usage, which had never been contested until this occasion. The courtiers who had been so well treated by the unhappy man did everything they could with the judges and the King to obtain the release of the accused. It was all in vain. Fargues was decapitated at once, and all his wealth was given by way of recompense to the Chief President Lamoignon, who had no scruple thus to enrich himself with the blood of the innocent.

The other person who died at the same time was, as I have said, Ninon, the famous courtesan, known, since age had compelled her to quit that trade, as Mademoiselle de l'Enclos. She was a new example of the triumph of vice carried on cleverly and repaired by some virtue. The stir that she made, and still more the disorder that she caused among the highest and most brilliant youth, overcame the extreme indulgence that, not without cause, the Queen mother entertained for persons whose conduct was gallant, and more than gallant, and made her send her an order to retire into a convent. But Ninon, observing that

no special convent was named, said, with a great courtesy, to the officer who brought the order, that, as the option was left to her, she would choose "the convent of the Cordeliers at Paris"; which impudent joke so diverted the Queen that she left her alone for the future. Ninon never had but one lover at a time — but her admirers were numberless — so that when wearied of one incumbent, she told him so frankly, and took another. The abandoned one might groan and complain: her decree was without appeal; and this creature had acquired such an influence that the deserted lovers never dared to revenge on the favored one, and were too happy to remain on the footing of friend of the house. She sometimes kept faithful to one, when he pleased her very much, during an entire campaign.

Ninon had illustrious friends of all sorts, and had so much wit that she preserved them all and kept them on good terms with each other; or, at least, no quarrels ever came to light. There was an external respect and decency about everything that passed in her house, such as princesses of the highest rank have rarely been able to preserve in their intrigues.

In this way she had among her friends a selection of the best members of the Court; so that it became the fashion to be received by her, and it was useful to be so, on account of the connections that were thus formed. There was never any gambling there, nor loud laughing, nor disputes, nor talk about religion or politics; but much and elegant wit, ancient and modern stories, news of gallantries, yet without scandal. All was delicate, light, measured; and she herself maintained the conversation by her wit and her great knowledge of facts. The respect which, strange to say, she had acquired, and the number and distinction of her friends and acquaintances, continued when her charms ceased to attract, and when propriety and fashion compelled her to use only intellectual baits. She knew all the intrigues of the old and the new court, serious and otherwise; her conversation was charming; she was disinterested, faithful, secret, safe to the last degree; and, setting aside her frailty, virtuous and full of probity. She frequently snccored her friends with money and influence, constantly did them the most important services, and very faithfully kept the secrets or the money deposits that were confided to her.

She had been intimate with Madame de Maintenon during the whole of her residence at Paris; but Madame de Maintenon, although not daring to disavow this friendship, did not

like to hear her spoken about. She wrote to Ninon with amity from time to time, even until her death; and Ninon in like manner, when she wanted to serve any friend in whom she took great interest, wrote to Madame de Maintenon, who did her what service she required efficaciously and with promptness. But since Madame de Maintenon came to power, they had seen each other only two or three times, and then in secret.

Ninon was remarkable for her repartees. One that she made to the last Maréchal de Choiseul is worth repeating. The Maréchal was virtuous itself, but not fond of company or blessed with much wit. One day, after a long visit he had paid her, Ninon gaped, looked at the Maréchal, and cried:—

“Oh, my lord! how many virtues you make me detest!”—a line from I know not what play. The laughter at this may be imagined. L’Enclos lived long beyond her eightieth year, always healthy, visited, respected. She gave her last years to God, and her death was the news of the day. The singularity of this personage has made me extend my observations upon her.

A short time after the death of Mademoiselle de l’Enclos, a terrible adventure happened to Courtenvaux, eldest son of M. de Louvois. Courtenvaux was commander of the Cent-Suisses, fond of obscure debauches, with a ridiculous voice, miserly, quarrelsome, though modest and respectful; and in fine a very stupid fellow. The King, more eager to know all that was passing than most people believed, although they gave him credit for not a little curiosity in this respect, had authorized Bontems to engage a number of Swiss in addition to those posted at the doors, and in the parks and gardens. These attendants had orders to stroll morning, noon, and night along the corridors, the passages, the staircases, even into the private places, and, when it was fine, in the court-yards and gardens; and in secret to watch people, to follow them, to notice where they went, to notice who was there, to listen to all the conversation they could hear, and to make reports of their discoveries. This was assiduously done at Versailles, at Marly, at Trianon, at Fontainebleau, and in all the places where the King was. These new attendants vexed Courtenvaux considerably, for over such newcomers he had no sort of authority. This season, at Fontainebleau, a room which had formerly been occupied by a party of the Cent-Suisses and of the bodyguard was given up entirely to the

new corps. The room was in a public passage of communication indispensable to all in the chateau, and in consequence excellently well adapted for watching those who passed through it. Courtenvaux, more than ever vexed by this new arrangement, regarded it as a fresh encroachment upon his authority, and flew into a violent rage with the newcomers, and railed at them in good set terms. They allowed him to fume as he would; they had their orders, and were too wise to be disturbed by his rage. The King, who heard of all this, sent at once for Courtenvaux. As soon as he appeared in the cabinet, the King called to him from the other end of the room, without giving him time to approach, and in a rage so terrible, and for him so novel, that not only Courtenvaux, but princes, princesses, and everybody in the chamber, trembled. Menaces that his post should be taken away from him, terms the most severe and the most unusual, rained upon Courtenvaux, who, fainting with fright, and ready to sink under the ground, had neither the time nor the means to prefer a word. The reprimand finished by the King saying, "Get out." He had scarcely the strength to obey.

The cause of this strange scene was that Courtenvaux, by the fuss he had made, had drawn the attention of the whole Court to the change effected by the King, and that, when once seen, its object was clear to all eyes. The King, who hid his spy system with the greatest care, had counted upon this change passing unperceived, and was beside himself with anger when he found it made apparent to everybody by Courtenvaux's noise. He never regained the King's favor during the rest of his life; and but for his family he would certainly have been driven away, and his office taken from him.



BOILEAU'S ART OF POETRY.

TRANSLATED BY SOAME.

[NICHOLAS BOILEAU-DESPRÉAUX, French critic and poet, was born at Paris, November 1, 1636. He studied law and theology at Beauvais, but appears to have devoted himself entirely to authorship. He began his literary career by composing a satire for recitation to his friends, among whom were Racine, Molière, and La Fontaine. This was the forerunner of a series of seven, composed between 1681 and 1685, and published in one volume in 1686. In 1677 he received a pension of two thousand livres and an appointment as joint histori-

Most writers mounted on a resty muse,
 Extravagant and senseless objects choose;
 They think they err, if in their verse they fall
 On any thought that's plain or natural.
 Fly this excess; and let Italians be
 Vain authors of false glittering poetry.
 All ought to aim at sense: but most in vain
 Strive the hard pass and slippery path to gain;
 You drown, if to the right or left you stray;
 Reason to go has often but one way.

Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
 Pursues its object till it's overwrought:
 If he describes a house, he shows the face,
 And after walks you round from place to place;
 Here is a vista, there the doors unfold,
 Balconies here are balustered with gold;
 Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls
 "The festoons, friezes, and the astragals."
 Tired with his tedious pomp, away I run,
 And skip o'er twenty pages, to be gone.
 Of such descriptions the vain folly see,
 And shun their barren superfluity.
 All that is needless carefully avoid;
 The mind once satisfied is quickly cloyed.
 He cannot write who knows not to give o'er,
 To mend one fault he makes a hundred more:
 A verse was weak, you turn it much too strong,
 And grow obscure for fear you should be long;
 Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry;
 Not to be low, another soars too high.

Would you of every one deserve the praise?
 In writing vary your discourse and phrase;
 A frozen style, that neither ebbs nor flows,
 Instead of pleasing, makes us gape and doze.
 Those tedious authors are esteemed by none,
 Who tire us, humming the same heavy tone.

Happy who in his verse can gently steer
 From grave to light, from pleasant to severe!
 His works will be admired wherever found,
 And oft with buyers will be compassed round.

In all you write be neither low nor vile;
 The meanest theme may have a proper style.
 The dull burlesque appeared with impudence,
 And pleased by novelty in spite of sense;
 All, except trivial points, grew out of date;

Parnassus spoke the cant of Billingsgate;
 Boundless and mad, disordered rime was seen;
 Disguised Apollo changed to Harlequin.
 This plague, which first in country towns began,
 Cities and kingdoms quickly overran;
 The dullest scribblers some admirers found,
 And the Mock Tempest was awhile renowned.
 But this low stuff the town at last despised,
 And scorned the folly that they once had prized,
 Distinguished dull from natural and plain,
 And left the villages to Flecknoe's reign.
 Let not so mean a style your muse debase,
 But learn from Butler the buffooning grace,
 And let burlesque in ballads be employed.

Yet noisy bombast carefully avoid,
 Nor think to raise, though on Pharsalia's plain,
 "Millions of mourning mountains of the slain."
 Nor, with Dubartas, "bridle up the floods,
 And periwig with wool the baldpate woods."
 Choose a just style. Be grave without constraint,
 Great without pride, and lovely without paint.

Write what your reader may be pleased to hear.
 And for the measure have a careful ear;
 On easy numbers fix your happy choice;
 Of jarring sounds avoid the odious noise;
 The fullest verse, and the most labored sense,
 Displease us if the ear once take offense.

Our ancient verse, as homely as the times,
 Was rude, unmeasured, only tagged with rimes;
 Number and cadence, that have since been shown,
 To those unpolished writers were unknown.
 Fairfax was he, who, in that darker age,
 By his just rules restrained poetic rage;
 Spenser did next in pastorals excel,
 And taught the noble art of writing well,
 To stricter rules the stanza did restrain,
 And found for poetry a richer vein.
 Then Davenant came, who, with a new-found art,
 Changed all, spoiled all, and had his way apart;
 His haughty muse all others did despise,
 And thought in triumph to bear off the prize,
 Till the sharp-sighted critics of the times
 In their Mock Gondibert exposed his rimes,
 The laurels he pretended did refuse,
 And dashed the hopes of his aspiring muse.

This headstrong writer, falling from on high,
Made following authors take less liberty.

Waller came last, but was the first whose art
Just weight and measure did to verse impart,
That of a well-placed word could teach the force,
And showed for poetry a nobler course.
His happy genius did our tongue refine,
And easy words with pleasing numbers join;
His verses to good method did apply,
And changed hard discord to soft harmony.
All owned his laws; which, long approved and tried,
To present authors now may be a guide;
Tread boldly in his steps, secure from fear,
And be, like him, in your expressions clear.
If in your verse you drag, and sense delay,
My patience tires, my fancy goes astray,
And from your vain discourse I turn my mind,
Nor search an author troublesome to find.

There is a kind of writer pleased with sound,
Whose fustian head with clouds is compassed round—
No reason can disperse them with its light;
Learn then to think ere you pretend to write.
As your idea's clear, or else obscure,
The expression follows, perfect or impure;
What we conceive with ease we can express;
Words to the notions flow with readiness.

Observe the language well in all you write,
And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.
The smoothest verse and the exactest sense
Displease us, if ill English give offense;
A barbarous phrase no reader can approve,
Nor bombast, noise, or affectation love.
In short, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit or delight.

Take time for thinking; never work in haste;
And value not yourself for writing fast;
A rapid poem, with such fury writ,
Shows want of judgment, not abounding wit.
More pleased we are to see a river lead
His gentle streams along a flowery mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
With foamy waters, on a muddy shore.
Gently make haste, of labor not afraid;
A hundred times consider what you've said;
Polish, repolish, every color lay,

And sometimes add, but oftener take away.

'Tis not enough, when swarming faults are writ,
That here and there are scattered sparks of wit;
Each object must be fixed in the due place,
And differing parts have corresponding grace;
Till, by a curious art disposed, we find
One perfect whole of all the pieces joined.
Keep to your subject close in all you say,
Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.

The public censure for your writings fear,
And to yourself be critic most severe.
Fantastic wits their darling follies love;
But find you faithful friends that will reprove,
That on your works may look with careful eyes,
And of your faults be zealous enemies.
Lay by an author's pride and vanity,
And from a friend a flatterer descry,
Who seems to like but means not what he says;
Embrace true counsel, but suspect false praise.

A sycophant will everything admire;
Each verse, each sentence, sets his soul on fire;
All is divine! there's not a word amiss!
He shakes with joy, and weeps with tenderness;
He overpowers you with his mighty praise.
Truth never moves in those impetuous ways.

A faithful friend is careful of your fame,
And freely will your heedless errors blame;
He cannot pardon a neglected line,
But verse to rule and order will confine,
Reprove of words the too-affected sound, —
"Here the sense flags, and your expression's round,
Your fancy tires, and your discourse grows vain,
Your terms improper; make it just and plain."
Thus 'tis a faithful friend will freedom use.

But authors partial to their darling muse
Think to protect it they have just pretense,
And at your friendly counsel take offense.
"Said you of this, that the expression's flat?
Your servant, sir, you must excuse me that,"
He answers you. — "This word has here no grace,
Pray leave it out." — "That, sir, 's the properest place." —
"This turn I like not." — "'Tis approved by all."
Thus, resolute not from one fault to fall,
If there's a symbol of which you doubt,
'Tis a sure reason not to blot it out.

Yet still he says you may his faults confute,
 And over him your power is absolute.
 But of his feigned humility take heed,
 'Tis a bait laid to make you hear him read;
 And, when he leaves you, happy in his Muse,
 Restless he runs some other to abuse,
 And often finds; for in our scribbling times
 No fool can want a sot to praise his rimes;
 The flattest work has ever in the court
 Met with some zealous ass for its support;
 And in all times a forward scribbling fop
 Has found some greater fool to cry him up.

CANTO II.

As a fair nymph, when rising from her bed,
 With sparkling diamonds dresses not her head,
 But without gold, or pearl, or costly scents,
 Gathers from neighboring fields her ornaments;
 Such, lovely in its dress, but plain withal,
 Ought to appear a perfect Pastoral.
 Its humble method nothing has of fierce,
 But hates the rattling of a lofty verse;
 There native beauty pleases and excites,
 And never with harsh sounds the ear affrights.

But in this style a poet often spent,
 In rage throws by his rural instrument,
 And vainly, when disordered thoughts abound,
 Amidst the eclogue makes the trumpet sound;
 Pan flies alarmed into the neighboring woods,
 And frightened nymphs dive down into the floods.

Opposed to this, another, low in style,
 Makes shepherds speak a language low and vile;
 His writings flat and heavy, without sound,
 Kissing the earth and creeping on the ground;
 You'd swear that Randal, in his rustic strains,
 Again was quavering to the country swains,
 And changing, without care of sound or dress,
 Strephon and Phyllis into Tom and Bess.

'Twixt these extremes 'tis hard to keep the right;
 For guides take Virgil and read Theocrite;
 Be their just writings, by the gods inspired,
 Your constant pattern, practiced and admired.
 By them alone you'll easily comprehend
 How poets without shame may condescend
 To sing of gardens, fields, of flowers and fruit,

To stir up shepherds and to tune the flute;
 Of love's rewards to tell the happy hour,
 Daphne a tree, Narcissus make a flower,
 And by what means the eclogue yet has power
 To make the woods worthy a conqueror;
 This of their writings is the grace and flight;
 Their risings lofty, yet not out of sight.

The Elegy, that loves a mournful style,
 With unbound hair weeps at a funeral pile;
 It paints the lover's torments and delights,
 A mistress flatters, threatens, and invites;
 But well these raptures if you'll make us see,
 You must know love as well as poetry.

I hate those lukewarm authors, whose forced fire
 In a cold style describes a hot desire;
 That sigh by rule, and, raging in cold blood,
 Their sluggish muse whip to an amorous mood.
 Their feigned transports appear but flat and vain;
 They always sigh, and always hug their chain,
 Adore their prisons and their sufferings bless,
 Make sense and reason quarrel as they please.
 'Twas not of old in this affected tone
 That smooth Tibullus made his amorous moan.
 Nor Ovid, when, instructed from above,
 By nature's rule he taught the art of love.
 The heart in elegies forms the discourse.

The Ode is bolder and has greater force;
 Mounting to heaven in her ambitious flight,
 Amongst the gods and heroes takes delight;
 Of Pisa's wrestlers tells the sinewy force,
 And sings the dusty conqueror's glorious course;
 To Simois' streams does fierce Achilles bring,
 And makes the Ganges bow to Britain's king.
 Sometimes she flies like an industrious bee,
 And robs the flowers by nature's chemistry,
 Describes the shepherd's dances, feasts, and bliss,
 And boasts from Phyllis to surprise a kiss,
 "When gently she resists with feigned remorse,
 That what she grants may seem to be by force."
 Her generous style at random oft will part,
 And by a brave disorder shows her art.

Unlike those fearful poets whose cold rime
 In all their raptures keeps exactest time;
 That sing the illustrious hero's mighty praise—
 Lean writers!—by the terms of weeks and days,

And dare not from least circumstances part,
 But take all towns by strictest rules of art.
 Apollo drives those fops from his abode;
 And some have said that once the humorous god,
 Resolving all such scribblers to confound,
 For the short Sonnet ordered this strict bound,
 Set rules for the just measure and the time,
 The easy running and alternate rime;
 But, above all, those licenses denied
 Which in these writings the lame sense supplied,
 Forbade a useless line should find a place,
 Or a repeated word appear with grace.
 A faultless sonnet, finished thus, would be
 Worth tedious volumes of loose poetry.
 A hundred scribbling authors, without ground,
 Believe they have this only phenix found,
 When yet the exactest scarce have two or three,
 Among whole tomes, from faults and censure free;
 The rest, but little read, regarded less,
 Are shoveled to the pastry from the press.
 Closing the sense within the measured time,
 'Tis hard to fit the reason to the rime.

The Epigram, with little art composed,
 Is one good sentence in a distich closed.
 These points that by Italians first were prized,
 Our ancient authors knew not, or despised;
 The vulgar, dazzled with their glaring light,
 To their false pleasures quickly they invite;
 But public favor so increased their pride,
 They overwhelmed Parnassus with their tide.
 The Madrigal at first was overcome,
 And the proud Sonnet fell by the same doom;
 With these grave Tragedy adorned her flights,
 And mournful Elegy her funeral rites;
 A hero never failed them on the stage,
 Without his point a lover durst not rage;
 The amorous shepherds took more care to prove
 True to his point, than faithful to their love.
 Each word, like Janus, had a double face,
 And prose, as well as verse, allowed it place;
 The lawyer with conceits adorned his speech,
 The parson without quibbling could not preach.

At last affronted reason looked about,
 And from all serious matters shut them out,
 Declared that none should use them without shame,

Except a scattering in the epigram —
 Provided that by art, and in due time,
 They turned upon the thought, and not the rime.
 Thus in all parts disorders did abate;
 Yet quibblers in the court had leave to prate,
 Insipid jesters and unpleasant fools,
 A corporation of dull punning drolls.
 'Tis not but that sometimes a dextrous muse
 May with advantage a turned sense abuse,
 And on a word may trifle with address;
 But above all avoid the fond excess,
 And think not, when your verse and sense are lame,
 With a dull point to tag your epigram.



TRIAL AND DEATH OF JOAN OF ARC.

By M. MICHELET.

(From the "History of France.")

[JULES MICHELET: A French historian and essayist; born in Paris in 1798, died in 1874. His boyhood was passed in poverty, almost in penury,—and it was only by the most extraordinary effort that his father was able to give him his first foothold in learning and letters. By exercising the greatest economies he managed to enter him at the Lycée Charlemagne, where his natural qualities, with the help of hard study, soon made themselves felt. His "History of France" engaged all the leisure time which he could spare from the employments necessary to gain his daily bread during thirty-eight years, and is a monumental work. He wrote also, among other books, "A History of the Revolution," "Poland and Russia," "The Jesuits," "The Priest, the Wife, and the Family," and several books in collaboration with Madame Michelet.]

ON February 21 the Pucelle was brought before her judges. The bishop of Beauvais admonished her "with mildness and charity," praying her to answer truly to whatever she should be asked, without evasion or subterfuge, both to shorten her trial and ease her conscience. — *Answer.* "I do not know what you mean to question me about, you might ask me things which I would not tell you." — She consented to swear to speak the truth upon all matters except those which related to her visions; "But, with respect to these," she said, "you shall cut off my head first." Nevertheless she was induced to swear that she would answer all questions "on points affecting faith."

She was again urged on the following day, the 22d, and

again on the 24th, but held firm—"It is a common remark even in children's mouths," was her observation, "that *people are often hung for telling the truth.*" At last, worn out, and for quietness' sake, she consented to swear "to tell what she knew upon her trial, but not all she knew."

Interrogated as to her age, name, and surname, she said that she was about nineteen years old. "In the place where I was born they called me Jehanette, and in France Jehanne. . . ." But, with regard to her surname (the *Pucelle*, the maid), it seems that through some caprice of feminine modesty she could not bring herself to utter it, and that she eluded the direct answer by a chaste falsehood—"As to surname, I know nothing of it."

She complained of the fetters on her limbs; and the bishop told her that as she had made several attempts to escape, they had been obliged to put them on. "It is true," she said, "I have done so, and it is allowable for any prisoner. If I escaped, I could not be reproached with having broken my word, for I had given no promise."

She was ordered to repeat the *Pater* and the *Ave*, perhaps in the superstitious idea that if she were vowed to the devil she durst not—"I will willingly repeat them if my lord of Beauvais will hear me confess:" adroit and touching demand; by thus reposing her confidence in her judge, her enemy, she would have made him both her spiritual father and the witness of her innocence.

Cauchon declined the request; but I can well believe that he was moved by it. He broke up the sitting for that day, and, on the day following, did not continue the interrogatory himself, but deputed the office to one of his assessors.

At the fourth sitting she displayed unwonted animation. She did not conceal her having heard her voices. "They awakened me," she said, "I clasped my hands in prayer, and besought them to give me counsel; they said to me, 'Ask of our Lord.'"—"And what more did they say?"—"To answer you boldly."

". . . I cannot tell all; I am much more fearful of saying anything which may displease them, than I am of answering you. . . . For to-day, I beg you to question me no further."

The bishop, perceiving her emotion, persisted: "But, Jehanne, God is offended, then, if one tells true things?"—"My voices have told me certain things, not for you, but



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for the king." Then she added, with fervor, "Ah! if he knew them, he would eat his dinner with greater relish. . . . Would that he did know them, and would drink no wine from this to Easter."

She gave utterance to some sublime things, while prattling in this simple strain: "I come from God, I have naught to do here; dismiss me to God, from whom I come. . . ."

"You say that you are my judge; think well what you are about, for of a truth I am sent of God, and you are putting yourself in great danger."

There can be no doubt such language irritated the judges, and they put to her an insidious and base question, a question which it is a crime to put to any man alive: "Jehaune, do you believe yourself to be in a state of grace?"

They thought that they had bound her with an indissoluble knot. To say no, was to confess herself unworthy of having been God's chosen instrument; but, on the other hand, how say yes? Which of us, frail beings as we are, is sure here below of being truly in God's grace? Not one, except the proud, presumptuous man, who, of all, is precisely the furthest from it.

She cut the knot, with heroic and Christian simplicity:—

"If I am not, may God be pleased to receive me into it; if I am, may God be pleased to keep me in it."

The Pharisees were struck speechless.

But, with all her heroism, she was nevertheless a woman. . . . After giving utterance to this sublime sentiment, she sank from the high-wrought mood, and relapsed into the softness of her sex, doubting of her state, as is natural to a Christian soul, interrogating herself, and trying to gain confidence. "Ah! if I knew that I were not in God's grace, I should be the most wretched being in the world. . . . But, if I were in a state of sin, no doubt the voice would not come. . . . Would that every one could hear it like myself. . . ."

These words gave a hold to her judges. After a long pause, they returned to the charge with redoubled hate, and pressed upon her question after question designed to ruin her. "Had not the voices told her to *hate* the Burgundians?" . . . "Did she not go when a child to the *Fairies'* tree?" etc. They now longed to burn her as a witch.

At the fifth sitting she was attacked on delicate and dangerous ground, namely, with regard to the appearances she had

seen. The bishop, become all of a sudden compassionate and honeyed, addressed her with, "Jehanne, how have you been since Saturday?"—"You see," said the poor prisoner, loaded with chains, "as well as I might."

"Jehanne, do you fast every day this Lent?"—"Is the question a necessary one?"—"Yes, truly."—"Well then, yes, I have always fasted."

She was then pressed on the subject of her visions, and with regard to a sign shown the dauphin, and concerning St. Catherine and St. Michael. Among other insidious and indelicate questions, she was asked whether, when St. Michael appeared to her, he *was naked*? . . . To this shameful question she replied, without understanding its drift, and with heavenly purity, "Do you think, then, that our Lord has not wherewith to clothe him?"

On March 3, other out-of-the-way questions were put to her, in order to entrap her into confessing some diabolical agency, some evil correspondence with the devil. "Has this St. Michael of yours, have these holy women, a body and limbs? Are you sure the figures you see are those of angels?"—"Yes, I believe so, as firmly as I believe in God." This answer was carefully noted down.

They then turn to the subject of her wearing male attire, and of her standard. "Did not the soldiery make standards in imitation of yours? Did they not replace them with others?"—"Yes, when the lance (staff) happened to break."—"Did you not say that those standards would bring them luck?"—"No, I only said, 'Fall boldly upon the English,' and I fell upon them myself."

"But why was this standard borne at the coronation, in the church of Reims, rather than those of the other captains? . . ."—"It had seen all the danger, and it was only fair that it should share the honor."

"What was the impression of the people who kissed your feet, hands, and garments?"—"The poor came to me of their own free will, because I never did them any harm, and assisted and protected them, as far as was in my power."

It was impossible for heart of man not to be touched with such answers. Cauchon thought it prudent to proceed henceforward with only a few assessors on whom he could rely, and quite quietly. We find the number of assessors varying at each sitting from the very beginning of the trial: some

leave, and their places are taken by others. The place of trial is similarly changed. The accused, who at first is interrogated in the hall of the castle of Rouen, is now questioned in prison. "In order not to fatigue the rest," Cauchon took there only two assessors and two witnesses (from the 10th to the 17th of March). He was, perhaps, emboldened thus to proceed with shut doors, from being sure of the support of the Inquisition; the vicar having at length received from the Inquisitor General of France full powers to preside at the trial along with the bishop (March 12).

In these fresh examinations, she is pressed only on a few points indicated beforehand by Cauchon.

"Did the voices command her to make that sally out of Compiègne in which she was taken?"—To this she does not give a direct reply: "Tho saints had told me that I should be taken before midsummer; that it behooved so to be, that I must not be astonished, but suffer all cheerfully, and God would aid me. . . . Since it has so pleased God, it is for the best that I should have been taken."

"Do you think you did well in setting out without the leave of your father and mother? Ought we not to honor our parents?"—"They have forgiven me."—"And did you think you were not sinning in doing so?"—"It was by God's command; and if I had had a hundred fathers and mothers I should have set out."

"Did not the voices call you daughter of God, daughter of the Church, the maid of the great heart?"—"Before the siege of Orléans was raised, and since then, the voices have called me, and they call me every day, 'Jehanne the Pucelle, daughter of God.'"

"Was it right to attack Paris, the day of the Nativity of Our Lady?"—"It is fitting to keep the festivals of Our Lady; and it would be so, I truly think, to keep them every day."

"Why did you leap from the tower of Beaurevoir?" (The drift of this question was to induce her to say that she had wished to kill herself.)—"I heard that the poor people of Compiègne would all be slain, down to children seven years of age, and I knew, too, that I was sold to the English; I would rather have died than fall into the hands of the English."

"Do St. Catherine and St. Margaret hate the English?"—"They love what our Lord loves, and hate what he hates."—"Does God hate the English?"—"Of the love or hate God

may bear the English, and what he does with their souls, I know nothing; but I know that they will be put forth out of France, with the exception of such as shall perish in it."

"Is it not a mortal sin to hold a man to ransom, and then to put him to death?"—"I have not done that."—"Was not Franquet d'Arras put to death?"—"I consented to it, having been unable to exchange him for one of my men; he owned to being a brigand and a traitor. His trial lasted a fortnight, before the bailli of Senlis."—"Did you not give money to the man who took him?"—"I am not treasurer of France, to give money."

"Do you think that your king did well in killing, or causing to be killed, my lord of Burgundy?"—"It was a great pity for the realm of France; but, whatever might have been between them, God sent me to the aid of the king of France."

"Jehanne, has it been revealed to you whether you will escape?"—"That does not bear upon your trial. Do you want me to depone against myself?"—"Have the voices said nothing to you about it?"—"That does not concern your trial; I put myself in our Lord's hands, who will do as it pleaseth him." . . . And, after a pause, "By my troth, I know neither the hour nor the day. God's will be done."—"Have not your voices told you anything about the result, generally?"—"Well then, yes; they have told me that I shall be delivered, and have bade me be of good cheer and courage. . . ."

Another day she added: "The saints tell me that I shall be victoriously delivered, and they say to me besides, 'Take all in good part; care not for thy martyrdom; thou shalt at the last enter the kingdom of Paradise.'"—"And since they have told you so, do you feel sure of being saved, and of not going to hell?"—"Yes, I believe what they have told me as firmly as if I were already saved."—"This assurance is a very weighty one."—"Yes, it is a great treasure to me."—"And so, you believe you can no longer commit a mortal sin?"—"I know nothing of that; I rely altogether on our Lord."

At last, the judges had made out the true ground, on which to bring the accusation; at last, they had found a spot on which to lay strong hold. There was not a chance of getting this chaste and holy girl to be taken for a witch, for a familiar of the devil's; but, in her very sanctity, as is invariably the case with all mystics, there was a side left open to attack: the secret

voice considered equal, or preferred to, the instruction of the Church, the prescriptions of authority—inspiration, but free and independent inspiration—revelation, but a personal revelation—submission to God; what God? the God within.

These preliminary examinations were concluded by a formal demand, whether she would submit her actions and opinions to the judgment of the Church; to which she replied, "I love the Church, and would support it to the best of my power. As to the good works which I have wrought, I must refer them to the King of heaven, who sent me."

The question being repeated, she gave no other answer, but added, "Our Lord and the Church, it is all one."

She was then told, that there was a distinction; that there was the Church *triumphant*, God, the saints, and those who had been admitted to salvation; and the Church *militant*, or, in other words, the pope, the cardinals, the clergy, and all good Christians—the which Church, "properly assembled," cannot err, and is guided by the Holy Ghost.—"Will you not then submit yourself to the Church *militant*?"—"I am come to the king of France from God, from the Virgin Mary, the saints, and the Church *victorious* there above; to that Church I submit myself, my works, all that I have done or have to do."—"And to the Church *militant*?"—"I will give no other answer."

According to one of the assessors she said that, on certain points, she trusted to neither bishop, pope, nor any one; but held her belief of God alone.

The question on which the trial was to turn was thus laid down in all its simplicity and grandeur, and the true debate commenced: on the one hand, the visible Church and authority, on the other, inspiration attesting the invisible Church . . . invisible to vulgar eyes, but clearly seen by the pious girl, who was forever contemplating it, forever hearing it within herself, forever carrying in her heart these saints and angels . . . there was her Church, there God shone in his brightness; everywhere else, how shadowy He was! . . .

Such being the case at issue, the accused was doomed to irremediable destruction. She could not give way, she could not, save falsely, disavow, deny what she saw and heard so distinctly. On the other hand, could authority remain authority if it abdicated its jurisdiction, if it did not punish?

She fell sick in Passion Week. Her temptation began, no doubt, on Palm Sunday. A country girl, born on the skirts of

a forest, and having ever lived in the open air of heaven, she was compelled to pass this fine Palm Sunday in the depth of a dungeon. The grand *succor* which the Church invokes came not for her; the *doors did not open*.

They were opened on the Tuesday; but it was to lead the accused to the great hall of the castle before her judges. They read to her the articles which had been founded on her answers, and the bishop previously represented to her, "that these doctors were all churchmen, clerks, and well read in law, divine and human; that they were all tender and pitiful, and desired to proceed mildly, seeking neither vengeance *nor corporal punishment*, but solely wishing to enlighten her, and put her in the way of truth and of salvation; and that, as she was not sufficiently informed in such high matters, the bishop and the inquisitor offered her the choice of one or more of the assessors to act as her counsel." The accused, in presence of this assembly, in which she did not descry a single friendly face, mildly answered: "For what you admonish me as to my good, and concerning our faith, I thank you; as to the counsel you offer me, I have no intention to forsake the counsel of our Lord."

The first article touched the capital point, submission. She replied as before: "Well do I believe that our Holy Father, the bishops, and others of the Church are to guard the Christian *faith*, and punish those who are found wanting. As to my *deeds* (*faits*), I submit myself only to the Church in heaven, to God and the Virgin, to the sainted men and women in Paradise. I have not been wanting in regard to the Christian faith, and trust I never shall be."

And, shortly afterwards: "I would rather die than recall what I have done by our Lord's command."

What illustrates the time, the uninformed mind of these doctors, and their blind attachment to the letter without regard to the spirit, is, that no point seemed graver to them than the sin of having assumed male attire. They represented to her that, according to the canons, those who thus change the habit of their sex are abominable in the sight of God. At first she would not give a direct answer, and begged for a respite till the next day; but her judges insisting on her discarding the dress, she replied, "That she was not empowered to say when she could quit it."—"But if you should be deprived of the privilege of hearing mass?"—"Well, our Lord can grant me

to hear it without you." — "Will you put on a woman's dress, in order to receive your Saviour at Easter?" — "No; I cannot quit this dress; it matters not to me in what dress I receive my Saviour." — After this she seems shaken, asks to be at least allowed to hear mass, adding, "I wont say but if you were to give me a gown such as the daughters of the burghers wear, a very long gown . . ."

It is clear she shrank, through modesty, from explaining herself. The poor girl durst not explain her position in prison, or the constant danger she was in. The truth is, that three soldiers slept in her room, three of the brigand ruffians called *houspilleurs*; that she was chained to a beam by a large iron chain, almost wholly at their mercy; the man's dress they wished to compel her to discontinue was all her safeguard. . . . What are we to think of the imbecility of the judge, or of his horrible connivance?

Besides being kept under the eyes of these wretches, and exposed to their insults and mockery, she was subjected to espial from without. Winchester, the inquisitor, and Cauchon had each a key to the tower, and watched her hourly through a hole in the wall. Each stone of this infernal dungeon had eyes.

Her only consolation was, that she was at first allowed interviews with a priest, who told her that he was a prisoner, and attached to Charles VII.'s cause. Loyseleur, so he was named, was a tool of the English. He had won Jeanne's confidence, who used to confess herself to him; and, at such times, her confessions were taken down by notaries concealed on purpose to overhear her. . . . It is said that Loyseleur encouraged her to hold out, in order to insure her destruction. On the question of her being put to the torture being discussed (a very useless proceeding, since she neither denied nor concealed anything), there were only two or three of her judges who counseled the atrocious deed, and the confessor was one of these.

The sentence of grace was a most severe one: "Jehanne, we condemn you, out of our grace and moderation, to pass the rest of your days in prison, on the bread of grief and water of anguish, and so to mourn your sins."

She was admitted by the ecclesiastical judge to do penance, no doubt, nowhere save in the prisons of the church. The ecclesiastic *in pace*, however severe it might be, would at the least withdraw her from the hands of the English, place her

under shelter from their insults, save her honor. Judge of her surprise and despair when the bishop coldly said: "Take her back whence you brought her."

Nothing was done; deceived on this wise, she could not fail to retract her retraction. Yet, though she had abided by it, the English, in their fury, would not have allowed her so to escape. They had come to Saint-Ouen in the hope of at last burning the sorceress, had waited panting and breathless to this end; and now they were to be dismissed on this fashion, paid with a slip of parchment, a signature, a grimace. . . . At the very moment the bishop discontinued reading the sentence of condemnation, stones flew upon the scaffolding without any respect for the cardinal. . . . The doctors were in peril of their lives as they came down from their seats into the public place; swords were in all directions pointed at their throats. The more moderate among the English confined themselves to insulting language: "Priests, you are not earning the king's money." The doctors, making off in all haste, said tremblingly: "Do not be uneasy, we shall soon have her again."

And it was not the soldiery alone, not the English *mob*, always so ferocious, which displayed this thirst for blood. The better born, the great, the lords, were no less sanguinary. The king's man, his tutor, the earl of Warwick, said like the soldiers: "The king's business goes on badly: the girl will not be burnt."

According to English notions, Warwick was the mirror of worthiness, the accomplished Englishman, the perfect *gentleman*. Brave and devout, like his master, Henry V., and the zealous champion of the *established* Church, he had performed the pilgrimage to the Holy Land, as well as many other chivalrous expeditions, not failing to give tournaments on his route: one of the most brilliant and celebrated of which took place at the gates of Calais, where he defied the whole chivalry of France. This tournament was long remembered; and the bravery and magnificence of this Warwick served not a little to prepare the way for the famous Warwick, the *kingmaker*.

With all his chivalry, Warwick was not the less savagely eager for the death of a woman, and one who was, too, a prisoner of war. The best, and the most looked up to of the English, was as little deterred by honorable scruples as the rest of his countrymen, from putting to death on the award of priests and by fire, her who had humbled them by the sword.

This great English people, with so many good and solid qualities, is infected by one vice, which corrupts these very qualities themselves. This rooted, all-poisoning vice, is pride: a cruel disease, but which is nevertheless the principle of English life, the explanation of its contradictions, the secret of its acts. With them, virtue or crime is almost ever the result of pride; even their follies have no other source. This pride is sensitive, and easily pained in the extreme; they are great sufferers from it, and again, make it a point of pride to conceal these sufferings. Nevertheless, they will have vent. The two expressive words, *disappointment* and *mortification*, are peculiar to the English language.

This self-adoration, this internal worship of the creature for its own sake, is the sin by which Satan fell, the height of impiety. This is the reason that with so many of the virtues of humanity, with their seriousness and sobriety of demeanor, and with their biblical turn of mind, no nation is further off from grace. They are the only people who have been unable to claim the authorship of the "Imitation of Jesus": a Frenchman might write it, a German, an Italian, never an Englishman. From Shakespeare to Milton, from Milton to Byron, their beautiful and somber literature is skeptical, Judaical, satanic, in a word, antichristian. "As regards law," as a legist well says, "the English are Jews, the French Christians." A theologian might express himself in the same manner, as regards faith. The American Indians, with that penetration and originality they so often exhibit, expressed this distinction in their fashion. "Christ," said one of them, "was a Frenchman whom the English crucified in London; Pontius Pilate was an officer in the service of Great Britain."

The Jews never exhibited the rage against Jesus which the English did against the Pucelle. It must be owned that she had wounded them cruelly in the most sensible part—in the simple but deep esteem they have for themselves. At Orléans, the invincible men at arms, the famous archers, Talbot at their head, had shown their backs; at Jargeau, sheltered by the good walls of a fortified town, they had suffered themselves to be taken; at Patay, they had fled as fast as their legs would carry them, fled before a girl. . . . This was hard to be borne, and these taciturn English were forever pondering over the disgrace. . . . They had been afraid of a girl, and it was not very certain but that, chained as she was, they felt fear

of her still . . . though, seemingly, not of her, but of the devil, whose agent she was. At least, they endeavored both to believe, and to have it believed so.

But there was an obstacle in the way of this, for she was said to be a virgin; and it was a notorious and well-ascertained fact that the devil could not make a compact with a virgin. The coolest head among the English, Bedford, the regent, resolved to have the point cleared up; and his wife, the duchess, intrusted the matter to some matrons, who declared Jehanne to be a maid: a favorable declaration which turned against her, by giving rise to another superstitious notion; to wit, that her virginity constituted her strength, her power, and that to deprive her of it was to disarm her, was to break the charm, and lower her to the level of other women.

The poor girl's only defense against such a danger had been wearing male attire; though, strange to say, no one had ever seemed able to understand her motive for wearing it. All, both friends and enemies, were scandalized by it. At the outset, she had been obliged to explain her reasons to the women of Poitiers; and when made prisoner, and under the care of the ladies of Luxembourg, those excellent persons prayed her to clothe herself as honest girls were wont to do. Above all, the English ladies, who have always made a parade of chastity and modesty, must have considered her so disguising herself monstrous, and insufferably indecent. The duchess of Bedford sent her female attire; but by whom? by a man, a tailor. The fellow, with impudent familiarity, was about to pass it over her head, and, when she pushed him away, laid his unmannerly hand upon her; his tailor's hand on that hand which had borne the flag of France—she boxed his ear.

If women could not understand this feminine question, how much less could priests! . . . They quoted the text of a council held in the fourth century, which anathematized such changes of dress; not seeing that the prohibition specially applied to a period when manners had been barely retrieved from pagan impurities. The doctors belonging to the party of Charles VII., the apologists of the Pucelle, find exceeding difficulty in justifying her on this head. One of them (thought to be Gerson) makes the gratuitous supposition that the moment she dismounted from her horse, she was in the habit of resuming woman's apparel; confessing that Esther and Judith had had recourse to more natural and feminine means for their

triumphs over the enemies of God's people. Entirely preoccupied with the soul, these theologians seem to have held the body cheap; provided the letter, the written law, be followed, the soul will be saved; the flesh may take its chance. . . . A poor and simple girl may be pardoned her inability to distinguish so clearly.

It is our hard condition here below, that soul and body are so closely bound one with the other, that the soul takes the flesh along with it, undergoes the same hazards, and is answerable for it. . . . This has ever been a heavy fatality; but how much more so does it become under a religious law, which ordains the endurance of insult, and which does not allow imperiled honor to escape by flinging away the body, and taking refuge in the world of spirits!

On the Friday and the Saturday, the unfortunate prisoner, despoiled of her man's dress, had much to fear. Brutality, furious hatred, vengeance, might severally incite the cowards to degrade her before she perished, to sully what they were about to burn. . . . Besides, they might be tempted to varnish their infamy by a *reason of state*, according to the notions of the day; by depriving her of her virginity, they would undoubtedly destroy that secret power of which the English entertained such great dread, who, perhaps, might recover their courage when they knew that, after all, she was but a woman. According to her confessor, to whom she divulged the fact, an Englishman, not a common soldier, but a *gentleman*, a lord—patriotically devoted himself to this execution, bravely undertook to violate a girl laden with fetters, and, being unable to effect his wishes, rained blows upon her.

"On the Sunday morning, Trinity-Sunday, when it was time for her to rise (as she told him who speaks), she said to her English guards, 'Leave me, that I may get up.' One of them took off her woman's dress, emptied the bag in which was the man's apparel, and said to her, 'Get up.'—'Gentlemen,' she said, 'you know that dress is forbidden me; excuse me, I will not put it on.' The point was contested till noon; when, being compelled to go out for some bodily want, she put it on. When she came back, they would give her no other despite her entreaties."

In reality, it was not to the interest of the English that she should resume her man's dress, and so make null and void a retractation obtained with such difficulty. But at this moment,

their rage no longer knew any bounds. Saintrilles had just made a bold attempt upon Rouen. It would have been a lucky hit to have swept off the judges from the judgment seat, and have carried Winchester and Bedford to Poitiers; the latter was, subsequently, all but taken on his return, between Rouen and Paris. As long as this accursed girl lived, who, beyond a doubt, continued in prison to practice her sorceries, there was no safety for the English: perish, she must.

The assessors, who had notice instantly given them of her change of dress, found some hundred English in the court to bar their passage; who, thinking that if these doctors entered, they might spoil all, threatened them with their axes and swords, and chased them out, calling them *traitors of Armagnacs*. Cauchon, introduced with much difficulty, assumed an air of gayety to pay his court to Warwick, and said with a laugh, "She is caught."

On the Monday, he returned along with the inquisitor and eight assessors, to question the Pucelle, and ask her why she had resumed that dress. She made no excuse, but, bravely facing the danger, said that the dress was fitter for her as long as she was guarded by men, and that faith had not been kept with her. Her saints, too, had told her, "that it was great pity she had abjured to save her life." Still, she did not refuse to resume woman's dress. "Put me in a seemly and safe prison," she said, "I will be good, and do whatever the Church shall wish."

On leaving her, the bishop encountered Warwick and a crowd of English; and to show himself a good Englishman, he said in their tongue, "Farewell, farewell." This joyous adieu was about synonymous with "Good evening, good evening, all's over."

It was nine o'clock: she was dressed in female attire, and placed on a cart. On one side of her was brother Martin l'Advenu; the constable, Massieu, was on the other. The Augustine monk, brother Isambart, who had already displayed such charity and courage, would not quit her. It is stated that the wretched Loyseleur also ascended the cart, to ask her pardon; but for the earl of Warwick, the English would have killed him.

Up to this moment the Pucelle had never despaired, with the exception, perhaps, of her temptation in the Passion Week. While saying, as she at times would say, "These English will

kill me," she, in reality, did not think so. She did not imagine that she could ever be deserted. She had faith in her king, in the good people of France. She had said expressly, "There will be some disturbance either in prison or at the trial, by which I shall be delivered . . . greatly, victoriously delivered." . . . But though king and people deserted her, she had another source of aid, and a far more powerful and certain one, from her friends above, her kind and dear saints. . . . When she was assaulting Saint-Pierre, and deserted by her followers, her saints sent an invisible army to her aid. How could they abandon their obedient girl; they who had so often promised her *safety* and *deliverance*. . . .

What then must her thoughts have been, when she saw that she must die; when, carried in a cart, she passed through a trembling crowd, under the guard of eight hundred Englishmen armed with sword and lance. She wept and bemoaned herself, yet reproached neither her king nor her saints. . . . She was only heard to utter, "O Rouen, Rouen! must I then die here?"

The term of her sad journey was the old market place, the fish market. Three scaffolds had been raised: on one, was the episcopal and royal chair, the throne of the cardinal of England, surrounded by the stalls of his prelates; on another, were to figure the principal personages of the mournful drama, the preacher, the judges, and the bailli, and, lastly, the condemned one; apart, was a large scaffolding of plaster, groaning under a weight of wood—nothing had been grudged the stake, which struck terror by its height alone. This was not only to add to the solemnity of the execution, but was done with the intent that from the height to which it was reared, the executioner might not get at it save at the base, and that to light it only, so that he would be unable to cut short the torments and relieve the sufferer, as he did with others, sparing them the flames. On this occasion, the important point was that justice should not be defrauded of her due, or a dead body be committed to the flames; they desired that she should be really burnt alive, and that, placed on the summit of this mountain of wood, and commanding the circle of lances and of swords, she might be seen from every part of the market place. There was reason to suppose that being slowly, tediously burnt before the eyes of a curious crowd, she might at last be surprised into some weakness, that something might escape her which could

be set down as a disavowal, at the least some confused words which might be interpreted at pleasure, perhaps, low prayers, humiliating cries for mercy, such as proceed from a woman in despair. . . .

A chronicler, friendly to the English, brings a heavy charge against them at this moment. According to him, they wanted her gown to be burnt first, so that she might remain naked, "in order to remove all the doubts of the people;" that the fagots should then be removed so that all might draw nigh to see her, "and all the secrets which can or should be in a woman:" and that after this immodest, ferocious exhibition, "the executioners should replace the great fire on her poor carrion. . . ."

The frightful ceremony began with a sermon. Master Nicolas Midy, one of the lights of the university of Paris, preached upon the edifying text: "When one limb of the Church is sick, the whole Church is sick." This poor Church could only be cured by cutting off a limb. He wound up with the formula: "*Jeanne, go in peace, the Church can no longer defend thee.*"

The ecclesiastical judge, the bishop of Beauvais, then benignly exhorted her to take care of her soul and to recall all her misdeeds, in order that she might awaken to true repentance. The assessors had ruled that it was the law to read over her abjuration to her; the bishop did nothing of the sort. He feared her denials, her disclaimers. But the poor girl had no thought of so chicaning away life; her mind was fixed on far other subjects. Even before she was exhorted to repentance, she had knelt down and invoked God, the Virgin, St. Michael, and St. Catherine, pardoning all and asking pardon, saying to the bystanders, "Pray for me!" . . . In particular, she besought the priests to say each a mass for her soul. . . . And all this, so devoutly, humbly, and touchingly, that sympathy becoming contagious, no one could any longer contain himself; the bishop of Beauvais melted into tears, the bishop of Boulogne sobbed, and the very English cried and wept as well, Winchester with the rest.

Might it be in this moment of universal tenderness, of tears, of contagious weakness, that the unhappy girl, softened, and relapsing into the mere woman, confessed that she saw clearly she had erred, and that, apparently, she had been deceived when promised deliverance. This is a point on which we cannot implicitly rely on the interested testimony of the English. Never-

theless, it would betray scant knowledge of human nature to doubt, with her hopes so frustrated, her having wavered in her faith. . . . Whether she confessed to this effect in words is uncertain ; but I will confidently affirm that she owned it in thought.

Meanwhile the judges, for a moment put out of countenance, had recovered their usual bearing, and the bishop of Beauvais, drying his eyes, began to read the act of condemnation. He reminded the guilty one of all her crimes, of her schism, idolatry, invocation of demons, how she had been admitted to repentance, and how, "*Seduced by the prince of lies, she had fallen, O grief ! like the dog which returns to his vomit.* . . . Therefore, we pronounce you to be a rotten limb, and, as such, to be lopped off from the Church. We deliver you over to the secular power, praying it at the same time to relax its sentence and to spare you death, and the mutilation of your members."

Deserted thus by the Church, she put her whole trust in God. She asked for the cross. An Englishman handed her a cross which he made out of a stick ; she took it, rudely fashioned as it was, with not less devotion, kissed it, and placed it under her garments, next to her skin. . . . But what she desired was the crucifix belonging to the Church, to have it before her eyes till she breathed her last. The good *huissier*, Massieu, and brother Isambart, interfered with such effect, that it was brought her from St. Sauveur's. While she was embracing this crucifix, and brother Isambart was encouraging her, the English began to think all this exceedingly tedious ; it was now noon, at least ; the soldiers grumbled, and the captains called out : "What's this, priest ; do you mean us to dine here ?" . . . Then, losing patience, and without waiting for the order from the bailli, who alone had authority to dismiss her to death, they sent two constables to take her out of the hands of the priests. She was seized at the foot of the tribunal by the men at arms, who dragged her to the executioner with the words, "Do thy office. . . ." The fury of the soldiery filled all present with horror ; and many there, even of the judges, fled the spot that they might see no more.

When she found herself brought down to the market place, surrounded by English, laying rude hands on her, nature asserted her rights, and the flesh was troubled. Again she cried out, "O Rouen, thou art then to be my last abode ! . . ." She

said no more, and, in this hour of fear and trouble, *did not sin with her lips*. . . .

She accused neither her king, nor her holy ones. But when she set foot on the top of the pile, on viewing this great city, this motionless and silent crowd, she could not refrain from exclaiming, "Ah! Rouen, Rouen, much do I fear you will suffer from my death!" She who had saved the people, and whom that people deserted, gave voice to no other sentiment when dying (admirable sweetness of soul!) than that of compassion for it.

She was made fast under the infamous placard, mitered with a miter, on which was read, "Heretic, relapser, apostate, idolater. . . ." And then the executioner set fire to the pile. . . . She saw this from above and uttered a cry. . . . Then, as the brother who was exhorting her paid no attention to the fire, forgetting herself in her fear for him, she insisted on his descending.

The proof that up to this period she had made no express recantation is, that the unhappy Cauchon was obliged (no doubt by the high satanic will which presided over the whole) to proceed to the foot of the pile, obliged to face his victim to endeavor to extract some admission from her. All that he obtained was a few words, enough to rack his soul. She said to him mildly, what she had already said: "Bishop, I die through you. . . . If you had put me into the church prisons, this would not have happened." No doubt hopes had been entertained that on finding herself abandoned by her king, she would at last accuse and defame him. To the last, she defended him: "Whether I have done well or ill, my king is faultless; it was not he who counseled me."

Meanwhile, the flames rose. . . . When they first seized her, the unhappy girl shrieked for holy *water*—this must have been the cry of fear. . . . But soon recovering, she called only on God, on her angels and her saints. She bore witness to them: "Yes, my voices were from God, my voices have not deceived me." The fact that all her doubts vanished at this trying moment must be taken as a proof that she accepted death as the promised *deliverance*, that she no longer understood her *salvation* in the Judaic and material sense, as until now she had done, that at length she saw clearly; and that rising above all shadows, her gifts of illumination and of sanctity were at the final hour made perfect unto her.

The great testimony she thus bore is attested by the sworn and compelled witness of her death, by the Dominican who mounted the pile with her, whom she forced to descend, but who spoke to her from its foot, listened to her, and held out to her the crucifix.

There is yet another witness of this sainted death, a most grave witness, who must himself have been a saint. This witness, whose name history ought to preserve, was the Augustine monk already mentioned, brother Isambart de la Pierre. During the trial, he had hazarded his life by counseling the Pucelle, and yet, though so clearly pointed out to the hate of the English, he persisted in accompanying her in the cart, procured the parish crucifix for her, and comforted her in the midst of the raging multitude, both on the scaffold where she was interrogated, and at the stake.

Twenty years afterwards, the two venerable friars, simple monks, vowed to poverty, and having nothing to hope or fear in this world, bear witness to the scene we have just described: "We heard her," they say, "in the midst of the flames invoke her saints, her archangel; several times she called on her Saviour. . . . At the last, as her head sunk on her bosom, she shrieked, 'Jesus'!"

"Ten thousand men wept. . . ." A few of the English alone laughed, or endeavored to laugh. One of the most furious among them had sworn that he would throw a fagot on the pile. Just as he brought it, she breathed her last. He was taken ill. His comrades led him to a tavern to recruit his spirits by drink, but he was beyond recovery. "I saw," he exclaimed, in his frantic despair, "I saw a dove fly out of her mouth with her last sigh." Others had read in the flames the word "Jesus," which she so often repeated. The executioner repaired in the evening to brother Isambart, full of consternation, and confessed himself; but felt persuaded that God would never pardon him. . . . One of the English king's secretaries said aloud, on returning from the dismal scene, "We are lost; we have burnt a saint!"

Though these words fell from an enemy's mouth, they are not the less important, and will live, uncontradicted by the future. Yes, whether considered religiously or patriotically, Jeanne Darc was a saint.

THE HYPOCRITE UNMASKED.¹

BY MOLIÈRE.

(From "Tartuffe.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 3085.]

Present: TARTUFFE, ELMIRE, and ORGON.

Tartuffe [to *ELMIRE* who has pretended to consent to his proposals] — Everything is propitious to me. I have searched every room, there is no one there; and my delighted soul . . . [TARTUFFE goes with open arms to embrace *ELMIRE*; she draws back and TARTUFFE sees *ORGON*, her husband.]

Orgon [stopping TARTUFFE] — Gently, gently, you yield too freely to your amorous transports, and you should be less imperious in your desires. Oh! oh! holy man, you wanted to make a fool of me! How you give way to temptation! You marry my daughter, and covet my wife! I for a long time doubted if you were in earnest, and I expected every moment that you would change your tone, but this is carrying the proof far enough; I am satisfied, and I require no further test.

Elmire [to TARTUFFE] — It is much against my inclination that I have done all this, but I have been driven to the necessity of treating you thus.

Tartuffe [to *ORGON*] — What! can you believe . . .

Orgon — Come, no noise, out of this house, and without ceremony.

Tartuffe — My intention . . .

Orgon — Your speeches are no longer in season; leave this house at once.

Tartuffe — It is to you to leave the house, you who speak as if you were master here. The house belongs to me, and I will make you know it. I will soon show you that it is vain for you to resort to these base falsehoods to quarrel with me. You little know what you do when you insult me. I can confound and punish imposture, avenge offended Heaven, and make those repent who speak of driving me hence. [Exit.

Elmire — What language is this? What is it he means?

Orgon — Alas! I feel quite confused, and have little reason to laugh.

Elmire — What is it?

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Orgon — What he says shows me my error, and the deed of gift troubles my mind.

Elmire — The deed of gift?

Orgon — Yes, the thing is done. But I have something else to make me anxious.

Elmire — And what is that?

Orgon — I will tell you everything; but first let us see if a certain casket is still upstairs.

Enter CLÉANTE.

Cléante — Where are you running?

Orgon — Alas! how can I tell!

Cléante — It seems to me that the first thing to be done is to consult together, and to see what steps we can take in this emergency.

Orgon — This casket troubles me terribly; I am more distressed about it than about all the rest put together.

Cléante — Does this casket contain any important secret?

Orgon — It is a trust which Argan, my unfortunate friend, intrusted to my keeping with great secrecy. He chose me of all others when he fled. It contains papers, he told me, on which his life and fortune depend.

Cléante — How, then, could you trust them into other hands?

Orgon — A scruple of conscience made me go straight to the scoundrel to confide in him; by his sophistry he persuaded me to give him the casket to keep, so that in case of any inquiry I might have ready at hand a subterfuge to ease my conscience, while taking oath contrary to the truth.

Cléante — According to appearances you are in a very awkward position; the deed of gift and this confidence, to speak to you frankly, are steps which you have taken with little consideration; you may be led far with such pledges. This man has such power over you, that it is a great imprudence in you to irritate him, and you would do better to look for some gentler means of settling with him.

Orgon — What! to hide such a double and wicked heart under so fair a semblance of ardent piety! And I, who took in a begging pauper . . . There, it's all over, I renounce all pious people, I shall have the greatest abhorrence for them, and shall be worse than the devil to them in future.

and everything I possess; and yet, in the mean while, the perfidious and infamous rascal forms the wicked project of seducing my wife; and not satisfied with so base an attempt, he now dares to threaten me with my own gifts. He is making use, for my own ruin, of those advantages which my indiscreet kindness has put into his hands; he is trying to deprive me of my estates, and to reduce me to the state of beggary from whence I rescued him.

Dorine — Poor man!

Madame Pernelle — I can never believe, my son, that he would commit so base an action.

Orgon — What?

Madame Pernelle — Good people are always subject to envy.

Orgon — What do you mean, mother?

Madame Pernelle — That you live after a strange sort here, and that I am but too well aware of the ill will they all bear him.

Orgon — What has this ill will to do with what I have just told you?

Madame Pernelle — I have told it you a hundred times when you were young, that in this world virtue is ever liable to persecution, and that, although the envious die, envy never dies.

Orgon — But what has this to do with what has happened to-day?

Madame Pernelle — They have concocted a hundred foolish stories against him.

Orgon — I have already told you that I saw it all myself.

Madame Pernelle — The malice of evil-disposed persons is very great.

Orgon — You would make me swear, mother! I tell you that I saw his audacious attempt with my own eyes.

Madame Pernelle — Evil tongues have always some venom to pour forth; and here below there is nothing proof against them.

Orgon — You are maintaining a very senseless argument. I saw it, I tell you; saw it with my own eyes; what you can call s-a-w, saw! Must I din it over and over into your ears, and shout as loud as half a dozen people?

Madame Pernelle — Gracious goodness! appearances often deceive us. We must not always judge by what we see.

Orgon — I shall go mad.

Madame Pernelle — We are by nature prone to judge wrongly, and good is often mistaken for evil.

Orgon — I ought to look upon his desire of seducing my wife as eharitable?

Madame Pernelle — You ought to have good reasons before you accuse another, and you should have waited till you were quite sure of the fact.

Orgon — Heaven save the mark! how could I be more sure? I suppose, mother, I ought to have waited till . . . you will make me say something foolish.

Madame Pernelle — In short, his soul is possessed with too pure a zeal, and I cannot possibly conceive that he would think of attempting what you accuse him of.

Orgon — If you were not my mother, I really don't know what I might not say to you, you make me so savage.

Dorine [to ORGON] — A fair repayment of things in this world; you would believe nobody, and now you are not believed yourself.

Cléante — We are wasting in mere trifles the precious time which we ought to employ in devising what measures to take. We should not sleep when a villain threatens us.

Damis — What! you think his impudence can go so far as . . .

Elmire — I hardly think it possible. His ingratitude would be too glaring, were he to carry his threats into execution.

Cléante — Do not trust to that. He will find means to justify his doings against you, and, for a less matter than this, people have been involved in sad troubles. I repeat it: knowing all the arms he had against you, you should not have pushed him so far.

Orgon — You are right; but what could I do? In the face of that scoundrel's impudence I was not master of my own resentment.

Cléante — I wish it were possible to patch up a peace between you.

Elmire — If I had only known what he had in his possession, I would not have given cause for such uneasiness, and my . . .

Orgon [to DORINE, on seeing MR. LOYAL coming] — What does that man want? Go at once and find out. I am, indeed, in a fit state of mind for people to come and see me!

Enter LOYAL.

Loyal [*to DORINE at the further part of the stage*] — Good day, my dear sister ; pray let me speak to your master.

Dorine — He is with friends, and I do not think he can see any one just now.

Loyal — I would not be intrusive. I feel sure that he will find nothing unpleasant in my visit ; in fact, I come for something which will be very gratifying to him.

Dorine — What is your name ?

Loyal — Only tell him that I come from Mr. Tartuffe, for his benefit.

Dorine [*to ORGON*] — It is a man who comes in a civil way from Mr. Tartuffe, on some business which will make you glad, he says.

Cléante [*to ORGON*] — You must see who it is, and what the man wants.

Orgon [*to CLÉANTE*] — He is coming, perhaps, to settle matters between us in a friendly way. How, in this case, ought I to behave to him ?

Cléante — Don't show your resentment, and, if he speaks of an agreement, listen to him.

Loyal [*to ORGON*] — Your servant, sir ; may Heaven punish whoever wrongs you, and may it be as favorable to you, sir, as I wish.

Orgon [*aside to CLÉANTE*] — This pleasant beginning agrees with my conjectures, and augurs some sort of reconciliation.

Loyal — All your family was always dear to me, and I served your father.

Orgon — Sir, I am sorry and ashamed to say that I do not know who you are, neither do I remember your name.

Loyal — My name is Loyal ; I was born in Normandy, and am a royal bailiff in spite of envy. For the last forty years I have had the good fortune to fill the office, thanks to Heaven, with great credit ; and I come, sir, with your leave, to serve you the writ of a certain order.

Orgon — What ! you are here . . .

Loyal — Gently, sir, I beg. It is merely a summons : a notice for you to leave this place, you and yours, to take away all your goods and chattels, and make room for others, without delay or adjournment, as hereby decreed.

Orgon — I ! leave this place ?

Loyal—Yes, sir, if you please. The house incontestably belongs, as you are well aware, to the good Mr. Tartuffe. He is now lord and master of your estates, according to a deed I have in my keeping. It is in due form, and cannot be challenged.

Damis [*to MR. LOYAL*]—This great impudence is, indeed, worthy of all admiration.

Loyal [*to DAMIS*]—Sir, I have nothing at all to do with you. [*Pointing to ORGON*] My business is with this gentleman. He is tractable and gentle, and knows too well the duty of a gentleman to try and oppose authority.

Orgon—But . . .

Loyal—Yes, sir, I know that you would not for anything show contumacy; and that you will allow me, like a reasonable man, to execute the orders I have received.

Damis—You may chance to catch a good drubbing on your black skirt, Mr. Bailiff, I assure you.

Loyal [*to ORGON*]—Sir, see that your son keeps silent or retires. I should be sorry to be forced to put your name down in my official report.

Damis [*aside*]—This Mr. Loyal has a strangely disloyal look.

Loyal—I feel greatly for all good men, and I wished to take the business upon myself in order to oblige you and to render you service. By so doing I prevented the choice from falling upon others, who might not have had the same consideration that I have for you, and might have proceeded in a less gentle manner.

Orgon—And what worse thing can be done than to order people to go out of their house?

Loyal—I will allow you time, and will suspend until to-morrow, sir, the execution of the writ. I shall only come, without noise, or scandal, to spend the night here with ten of my people. For form's sake, you must, if you please, bring me the keys before going to bed. I shall be careful not to trouble your rest, and to suffer nothing unseemly to happen. To-morrow morning you must, however, exert yourself and clear the house to the very last thing. My men will help you in this; I have chosen them strong, so that they might assist you in removing everything. Nobody can act better than I am doing, I feel sure; and, as I treat you with the greatest consideration, I will ask of you, sir, to act as well by me, and

to see that I am in no way hindered in the execution of my duty.

Orgon [*aside*] — I'd give the hundred best louis which are left me, to be able to administer to that ugly face of his the soundest blows that were ever dealt.

Cléante [*aside to ORGON*] — Forbear, and don't make things worse.

Damis — Before such strange insolence I can hardly restrain myself, and my fingers itch to be at him.

Dorine — To such a broad back, in good faith, Mr. Loyal, a sound cudgeling would not seem out of place.

Loyal — Such shameful words may be punished, my dear, and women, too, are answerable to the law.

Cléante [*to MR. LOYAL*] — Enough, sir; enough. Give us the paper, please, and go.

Loyal — Good day. May Heaven bless ye all!

Orgon — And may it confound both you and the scoundrel who sends you! [*Exit LOYAL.*]

Orgon — Well! mother, you see whether I am right; and you can judge of the rest by the writ. Do you at last acknowledge his rascality?

Madame Pernelle — I am thunderstruck, and can scarcely believe my eyes and ears.

Dorine [*to ORGON*] — You are wrong, sir, to complain, and wrong to blame him. His pious intentions are thus confirmed. His love for his neighbor is great; he knows that riches often corrupt men, and it is out of pure charity that he takes away from you all that may prove a hindrance to your salvation.

Orgon — Must I always be reminding you to hold your tongue?

Cléante [*to ORGON*] — Let us go and see what course we had better follow.

Elmire — Yes, go; expose the insolent ingratitude of the wretch. Such a proceeding must destroy the validity of the deed. His perfidy will appear too odious for him to be able to obtain the success he trusts in.

Enter VALÈRE.

Valère — It is with regret, sir, that I come to distress you, but I am forced to it by the urgency of the danger. A friend with whom I am most intimate, and who knows what interest I take in all that concerns you, has, for my sake, by delicate

means, broken through the secrecy we owe to the affairs of state, and has just sent me intelligence, the purport of which is that you had better have recourse to immediate flight. The villain who has so long imposed on you, an hour ago accused you before the king; and, among other charges which he brings against you, he has put in his hands the important casket of a state criminal, of whom, he said, you kept the guilty secret in contempt of your duty as a subject. I am not informed of the particulars of the crime laid to your charge, but a warrant is issued against you, and, the better to execute it, he himself is appointed to accompany the person who is to arrest you.

Cléante—Now his pretensions are strengthened; this is how the scoundrel seeks to possess himself of your estate.

Orgon—Man is, I must own, a wretched animal!

Valère—The least delay may prove fatal to you. I have my coach at the door, so as to take you away at once, and a thousand louis which I have brought for you. Lose no time; the blow is crushing, and one which can only be parried by flight. I will take you myself to a place of safety, and will accompany you to the last in your escape.

Orgon—Alas! what thanks do I not owe to your kindness? I must put off to another time my thanks to you for it. I pray Heaven it may be given to me to acknowledge this generous help. Farewell! take care, all of you . . .

Cléante—Go quickly. We shall see that everything necessary is done.

Enter TARTUFFE, and a Police Officer.

Tartuffe [*stopping ORGON*]—Gently, sir, gently; not so fast, I beg. You have not far to go to find a lodging, and you are a prisoner in the king's name.

Orgon—Wretch! you had reserved this shaft for the last; by it you finish me, and crown all your perfidies.

Tartuffe—Your abuse has no power to disturb me, and I know how to suffer everything for the sake of Heaven.

Cléante—Your moderation is really great, we must acknowledge.

Damis—How impudently the infamous wretch sports with Heaven!

Tartuffe—Your anger cannot move me; I have no other wish but to fulfill my duty.

Marianne—You may claim great glory from the perform-

ance of this duty ; it is a very honorable employment for you.

Tartuffe — The employment cannot be otherwise than glorious, when it comes from the power that sends me here.

Orgon — But do you remember that my charitable hand, ungrateful scoundrel, raised you from a state of misery ?

Tartuffe — Yes, I know what help I have received from you ; but the interest of my king is my first duty. The just obligation of this sacred duty stifles in my heart all other claims, and I would sacrifice to it friend, wife, relations, and myself with them.

Elmire — The impostor !

Dorine — With what treacherous cunning he makes a cloak of all that men revere.

Cléante — But if the zeal you speak of is so perfect, how is it that to show it, you wait till he has surprised you making love to his wife ? How is it that you inform against him, only after self-respect forces him to send you away ? I will not say that the gift of all his possessions he made over to you should have prevented you from doing your duty, but, since you wish to treat him as a criminal, why did you consent to accept anything from him ?

Tartuffe [*to the Officer*] — I beg of you, sir, to deliver me from all this noise, and to act according to the orders you have received.

Officer — I have certainly put off too long the discharge of my duty, and you very rightly remind me of it. To execute my order, follow me immediately to the prison in which a place is assigned to you.

Tartuffe — Who ? I, sir ?

Officer — Yes, you.

Tartuffe — Why to prison ?

Officer — To you I have no account to render. [*To ORGON*] Pray, sir, recover from your great alarm. We live under a king who is an enemy to fraud ; a king who can read the heart, and whom all the arts of impostors cannot deceive. His great mind, endowed with delicate discernment, at all times sees things in their true light. He is never betrayed into exaggeration, and his sound reason knows not excess. On men of worth he bestows immortal glory ; but he dispenses his favors without blindness, and his love for the truly great does not prevent him from feeling the horror which the vicious must

inspire. This man had no chance of deceiving him, for he has pierced through more subtle snares. His clear insight enabled him at once to discover the baseness of his heart. Coming to accuse you, he betrayed himself, and by the even-handed justice of supreme equity discovered himself to be a notorious rascal, of whom, under another name, the king had already received information. His life is a long list of dark deeds, and would fill volumes. Our king, in a word, abhorring his base ingratitude and dishonesty towards you, has added it to his other crimes, and has placed me under his orders only to see how far his impudence would carry him, and to oblige him to give you full satisfaction. Yes, he has ordered me to take away from him, before you, all the documents he says he has of yours. He annuls, by his sovereign will, the terms of the contract by which you give him your property. He moreover forgives you this secret offense in which you were involved by the flight of your friend. This to reward the zeal which you once showed for him in maintaining his rights, and to prove that his heart, when it is least expected, knows how to recompense a good action. Merit with him is never lost, and he remembers good better than evil.

Dorine — Heaven be thanked !

Madame Pernelle — Ah ! I breathe again.

Elmire — What a favorable end to our troubles !

Marianne — Who would have foretold it ?

Orgon [*to TARTUFFE as the Officer leads him off*] — Ah ! wretch, now you are . . .

Cléante — Ah ! brother, forbear, and do not descend to abuse. Leave the wretch to his evil destiny, and do not add to the remorse that crushes him. Better hope that his heart will now, by a happy change, become virtuous ; and that, reforming his life through the detestation of his crimes, he may soften the justice of our glorious king ; while you must go and thank him on your knees for his goodness and leniency to you.

Orgon — Yes, you are right ; let us, with joy, throw ourselves at his feet, and praise the goodness he shows towards us. Then, having acquitted ourselves of this first duty, let us think of another, and by a happy wedding crown in Valère the ardor of a generous and sincere lover.

ON PENITENCE.

[JEAN BAPTISTE MASSILLON: Bishop of Clermont; a French preacher; born June 24, 1663. He was an ecclesiastical orator of extraordinary power, and preached the funeral sermon of the Prince of Conti, also that of Louis XIV. He was of humble parentage, but was educated at the College of the Oratorians of Marseilles, subsequently becoming a priest of that order. He died in 1742.]

SERMON XV.

SUCH are the first sacrifices of her love: she is not contented with giving up cares visibly criminal, she even sacrifices such as might have been looked upon as innocent, and thinks that the most proper way of punishing the abuse she had formerly made of them, is by depriving herself of the liberty she might still have had of employing them.

In effect, by having once abused them, the sinner loses the right he had over them: what is permitted to an innocent soul, is no longer so to him who has been so unhappy as to deviate from the right path. Sin renders us, as it were, anathematized to all creatures around us, and which the Lord had destined to our use. Thus, there are rules for an unfaithful soul, not made for other men: he no longer enjoys, as I may say, the common right, and he must no more judge of his duties by the general maxims, but by the personal exceptions which concern him.

Now, upon this principle, you are continually demanding of us, if the use of such and such an artifice in dress be a crime? If such and such public pleasures be forbidden? I mean not here to decide for others: but I ask of you who maintain their innocence, whether you have never made a bad use of them? Have you never made these cares of the body, these amusements and these artifices, instrumental toward iniquitous passions? Have you never employed them in corrupting hearts, or in nourishing the corrupting of your own? What! your entire life has perhaps been one continued and deplorable chain of passions and evils; you have abused everything around you, and you have made them instrumental to your irregular appetites; you have called them all in aid to that unfortunate tendency of your heart; your intentions have even exceeded your evil; your eye hath never been single, and you would

willingly never have had that of others to have been so with regard to you ; all your cares for your person have been crimes ; and when there is question of returning to your God, and of making reparation for a whole life of corruption and debauchery, you pretend to dispute with him for vanities of which you have always made so infamous a use ? You pretend to maintain the innocency of a thousand abuses, which, though permitted to the rest of men, would be forbidden to you ? You enter into contestation, when it is intended to restrict you from the criminal pomps of the world ; you, to whom the most innocent, if such there be, are forbidden in future, and whose only dress ought henceforth to be sackcloth and ashes ? Can you still pretend to justify cares which are your inward shame, and which have so often covered you with confusion at the feet of the sacred tribunal ? And should so much contestation and so many explanations be required, where your own shame alone should amply suffice.

Besides, the holy sadness of piety no longer looks upon, but with horror, that which has once been a stumbling-block to us. The contrite soul examines not whether he may innocently indulge in it ; it suffices for him to know, that it has a thousand times been the rock upon which he has seen his innocence split. Whatever has been instrumental in leading him to his evils, becomes equally odious in his sight as the evils themselves ; whatever has been assisting to his passions, he equally detests as the passions themselves ; whatever, in a word, has been favorable to his crimes, becomes criminal in his eyes. Should it even happen that he might be disposed to accord it to his weakness, ah ! his zeal, his compunction, would reject the indulgence, and would adopt the interests of God's righteousness against men ; he could not prevail upon himself to permit abuses, which would be the means of recalling to him his past disorders ; he would always entertain a dread that the same manner of acting might recall the same dispositions, and that, engrossed by the same cares, his heart would find itself the same ; the sole image of his past infidelities disturbs and alarms him ; and, far from bearing about with him their sad remains, he would wish to have it in his power to remove even from the spots, and to tear himself from the occupations which renew their remembrance. And, surely, what kind of a penitence must that be which still permits us to love all those things which have been the occasion of our greatest crimes ? And, while yet dripping from a ship-

wreck can we too strenuously form the resolution of forever shunning those rocks upon which we had so lately split?

Lastly, true penitence causes us to find everywhere matter of a thousand invisible sacrifices. It does not confine itself to certain essential privations; everything which flatters the passions, everything which nourishes the life of the senses, every superfluity which tends solely to the gratification of self-love, all these become the subject of its sacrifices; and, like a sharp and grievous sword, it everywhere makes divisions and separations painful to the heart, and cuts even to the quick, whatever in the smallest degree approached too near to the corruption of our propensities. The grace of compunction at once leads the contrite soul to this point; it renders him ingenuous in punishing himself, and arranges matters so well that everything serves in expiation of his crime; that duties, social intercourse, honors, prosperity, and the cares attendant upon his station, become opportunities of proving his merit; and that even his pleasures, through the circumspection and faith with which they are accompanied, become praiseworthy and virtuous actions.

Behold the divine secret of penitence! As it officiates here below toward the criminal soul, says Tertullian, as the justice of God; and as the justice of God shall one day punish guilt by the eternal privation of all creatures which the sinner hath abused, penitence anticipates that terrible judgment; it everywhere imposes on itself the most rigorous privations; and if the miserable condition of human life renders the use of present things still requisite, it employs them much less to flatter than to punish the senses, by the sober and austere manner in which it applies them.

You have only to calculate thereupon the truth of your penitence. In vain do you appear to have left off the brutal gratification of the passions, if the same pomp and splendor are requisite toward satisfying that natural inclination which courts distinction through a vain magnificence; the same profusions, in consequence of not having the courage to deprive self-love of accustomed superfluities; the same pleasures of the world, in consequence of being unable to do without it; the same advantages on the part of fortune, in consequence of the continual desire of rising superior to others: in a word, if you can part with nothing, you exclude yourself from nothing; even admitting that all those attachments which you still preserve should

not be absolute crimes, your heart is not penitent ; your manners are apparently different, but all your passions are still the same ; you are apparently changed, but you are not converted. How rare, my brethren, are true penitents ! How common are vain and superficial conversions ! And how many souls, changed in the eyes of the world, shall one day find themselves the same before God !

But it is not enough to have attained to that degree of self-denial which keeps us without the circle of attraction of the allurements of guilt ; those laborious atonements must likewise be added which wash out its stains. Thus, in the third place, the sinner of our gospel is not contented with having sacrificed her hair and her perfumes to Jesus Christ ; she prostrates herself at his feet, she washes them with her tears, she wipes, she kisses them : and, as the third disorder of her sin had been a shameful subjection of her senses, she begins the reparation of these criminal lewdnesses, by the humiliation and disgust of these lowly services.

New instruction : it is not sufficient to remove from the passions those allurements which incite them ; it is likewise necessary that laborious exertions of such virtues as are most opposite to them insensibly repress, and recall them to duty and order. You were fond of gaming, pleasures, amusements, and everything which composes a worldly life ; it is doing little to cut off from these pleasures that portion which may still conduct to guilt ; if you wish that the love of the world be extinguished in your heart, it is necessary that prayer, retirement, silence, and acts of charity succeed to these dissolute manners ; and that, not satisfied with shunning the crimes of the world, you likewise fly from the world itself. By giving yourself up to boundless and shameful passions, you have fortified the empire of the senses and of the flesh ; it is necessary that fasting, watching, the yoke of mortification, gradually extinguish these impure fires, weaken these tendencies, become ungovernable through a long indulgence of voluptuousness, and not only remove guilt from you, but operate, as I may say, to dry up its source in your heart. Otherwise, by sparing, you only render yourself more miserable : the old attachments which you shall have broken without having weakened, and, as it were, rooted them from your heart by mortification, will incessantly be renewing their attacks ; your passions, become more violent and impetuous by being checked and suspended, without your hav-

ing weakened and overcome them, will make you undergo agitations and storms, such as you had never experienced even in guilt: you will behold yourself on the point, every moment, of a melancholy shipwreck; you will never taste of peace in this new life. You will find yourself more weak, more exhausted, more animated for pleasure, more easy to be shaken, and more disgusted with the service of God, in this state of imperfect penitence, than you had even been formerly in the midst of dissipation; everything will become a rock to you; you will be a continual temptation to yourself; you will be astonished to find within you a still greater repugnance to duties; and, as it is hardly possible to stand out long against yourself, you will soon become disgusted with a virtue by which you suffer so much; and, in consequence of your having wished to be only a tranquil and mitigated penitent, you will be an unhappy one, without consolation, without peace, and, consequently, without perseverance. To augment and multiply the sacrifices is to abridge the sufferings in virtue; and whatever we are induced to spare to the passions, becomes rather the punishment and the disgust than the softening of our penitence.



ADVENTURES OF COUNT GRAMMONT.

By COUNT ANTHONY HAMILTON.

[COUNT ANTHONY HAMILTON was born of Scottish descent at Roscrea, Tipperary, Ireland, in 1646. After the execution of Charles I., he proceeded with his parents to France, but returned to England at the Restoration. Under James II., he was appointed governor of Limerick, and as colonel of a regiment of dragoons participated in the siege of Enniskillen and fought at the battle of the Boyne (1690). On the ruin of the royal cause, he followed James to France, and resided at St. Germain-en-Laye until his death in 1720. He wrote "*Contes de Féerie*" (Fairly Tales), and the well-known "*Mémoires*" (1713) of his brother-in-law, the Comte de Grammont, who was a prominent figure at the court of Louis XIV., and after 1662 at that of Charles II. of England. The work was highly commended by Voltaire, and has often been translated into English.]

WHILE these little projects were forming, the king, who always wished to oblige the Chevalier de Grammont, asked him if he would make one at the masquerade, on condition of being Miss Hamilton's partner. He did not pretend to dance sufficiently well for an occasion like the present; yet he was far from refusing the offer: "Sire," said he, "of all the favors you

have been pleased to show me, since my arrival, I feel this more sensibly than any other; and to convince you of my gratitude, I promise you all the good offices in my power with Miss Stewart." He said this because they had just given her an apartment separate from the rest of the maids of honor, which made the courtiers begin to pay respect to her. The king was very well pleased at this pleasantry, and having thanked him for so necessary an offer: "Monsieur le Chevalier," said he, "in what style do you intend to dress yourself for the ball? I leave you the choice of all countries." "If so," said the Chevalier, "I will dress after the French manner, in order to disguise myself; for they already do me the honor to take me for an Englishman in your city of London. Had it not been for this, I should have wished to have appeared as a Roman; but for fear of embroiling myself with Prince Rupert, who so warmly espouses the interests of Alexander against Lord Thanet, who declares himself for Cæsar, I dare no longer think of assuming the hero; nevertheless, though I may dance awkwardly, yet, by observing the tune, and with a little alertness, I hope to come off pretty well; besides, Miss Hamilton will take care that too much attention shall not be paid to me. As for my dress, I shall send Termes off to-morrow morning; and if I do not show you at his return the most splendid habit you have ever seen, look upon mine as the most disgraced nation in your masquerade."

Termes set out with ample instructions on the subject of his journey; and his master, redoubling his impatience on an occasion like the present, before the courier could be landed, began to count the minutes in expectation of his return: thus was he employed until the very eve of the ball. . . .

The day being come, the court, more splendid than ever, exhibited all its magnificence at this masquerade. The company were all met except the Chevalier de Grammont: everybody was astonished that he should be one of the last at such a time, as his readiness was so remarkable on every occasion; but they were still more surprised to see him at length appear in an ordinary court dress, which he had worn before. The thing was preposterous on such an occasion, and very extraordinary with respect to him: in vain had he the finest point lace, with the largest and best-powdered peruke imaginable; his dress, magnificent enough for any other purpose, was not at all proper for this entertainment.



CHEVALIER DE GRAMMONT AND MISS HAMILTON

The king immediately took notice of it: "Chevalier," said he, "Termes is not arrived then?" "Pardon me, Sire," said he, "God be thanked!" "Why God be thanked?" said the king; "has anything happened to him on the road?" "Sire," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "this is the history of my dress, and of Termes, my messenger." At these words the ball, ready to begin, was suspended: the dancers making a circle around the Chevalier de Grammont, he continued his story in the following manner:—

"It is now two days since this fellow ought to have been here, according to my orders and his protestations: you may judge of my impatience all this day, when I found he did not come; at last, after I had heartily cursed him, about an hour ago he arrived, splashed all over from head to foot, booted up to the waist, and looking as if he had been excommunicated: 'Very well, Mr. Scoundrel,' said I, 'this is just like you; you must be waited for to the very last minute, and it is a miracle that you are arrived at all.' 'Yes, faith,' said he, 'it is a miracle. You are always grumbling: I had the finest suit in the world made for you, which the Duke de Guise himself was at the trouble of ordering.' 'Give it me, then, scoundrel,' said I. 'Sir,' said he, 'if I did not employ a dozen embroiderers upon it, who did nothing but work day and night, I am a rascal: I never left them one moment.' 'And where is it, traitor?' said I: 'do not stand here prating, while I should be dressing.' 'I had,' continued he, 'packed it up, made it tight, and folded it in such a manner that all the rain in the world could never have been able to reach it; and I rid post, day and night, knowing your impatience, and that you were not to be trifled with.' 'But where is it?' said I. 'Lost, Sir,' said he, clasping his hands. 'How! lost,' said I, in surprise. 'Yes, lost, perished, swallowed up: what can I say more?' 'What, was the packet boat cast away then?' said I. 'Oh! indeed, Sir, a great deal worse, as you shall see,' answered he: 'I was within half a league of Calais yesterday morning, and I was resolved to go by the seaside, to make greater haste; but, indeed, they say very true, that nothing is like the highway; for I got into a quicksand, where I sunk up to the chin.' 'A quicksand,' said I, 'near Calais?' 'Yes, Sir,' said he, 'and such a quicksand, that, the devil take me, if they saw anything but the top of my head when they pulled me out: as for my horse, fifteen men could scarce get him out; but the portmanteau, where I

had unfortunately put your clothes, could never be found: it must be at least a league underground.'

"This, Sire," continued the Chevalier de Grammont, "is the adventure, and the relation which this honest gentleman has given me of it. I should certainly have killed him, but I was afraid of making Miss Hamilton wait, and I was desirous of giving your Majesty immediate advice of the quicksand, that your couriers may take care to avoid it."

"How!" said the queen, bursting out a laughing, "a chaplain in your livery! he surely was not a priest?" "Pardon me, Madam," said he, "and the first priest in the world for dancing the Biscayan jig." "Chevalier," said the king, "pray tell us the history of your chaplain Poussatin."

"Sir," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "the Prince de Condé besieged Lerida. The place in itself was nothing; but Don Gregorio Brice, who defended it, was something. He was one of those Spaniards of the old stamp, as valiant as the Cid, as proud as all the Guzmans put together, and more gallant than all the Abencerrages of Grenada: he suffered us to make our first approaches to the place, without the least molestation. The Marshal de Grammont, whose maxim it was, that a governor who at first makes a great blustering, and burns his suburbs in order to make a noble defense, generally makes a very bad one, looked upon Gregorio de Brice's politeness as no good omen for us; but the prince, covered with glory, and elated with the campaigns of Rocroy, Norlinguen, and Fribourg, to insult both the place and the governor, ordered the trenches to be mounted at noonday by his own regiment, at the head of which marched four and twenty fiddlers, as if it had been to a wedding.

"Night approaching, we were all in high spirits: our violins were playing soft airs, and we were comfortably regaling ourselves: God knows how we were joking about the poor governor and his fortifications, both of which we promised ourselves to take in less than twenty-four hours. This was going on in the trenches, when we heard an ominous cry from the ramparts, repeated two or three times, of 'Alerte on the walls!' This cry was followed by a discharge of cannon and musketry, and this discharge by a vigorous sally, which, after having filled up the trenches, pursued us as far as our grand guard.

"The next day, Gregorio Brice sent by a trumpet a present

of ice and fruit to the Prince de Condé, humbly beseeching his highness to excuse his not returning the serenade which he was pleased to favor him with, as unfortunately he had no violins; but that, if the music of last night was not disagreeable to him, he would endeavor to continue it as long as he did him the honor to remain before the place. The Spaniard was as good as his word; and as soon as we heard 'Alerte on the walls,' we were sure of a sally, that cleared our trenches, destroyed our works, and killed the best of our officers and soldiers. The prince was so piqued at it that, contrary to the opinion of the general officers, he obstinately persisted in carrying on a siege, which was like to ruin his army, and which he was at last forced to quit in a hurry.

"As our troops were retiring, Don Gregorio, far from giving himself those airs which governors generally do on such occasions, made no other sally than sending a respectful compliment to the prince. Signor Brice set out not long after for Madrid, to give an account of his conduct, and to receive the recompense he had merited. Your Majesty, perhaps, will be desirous to know what reception poor Brice met with, after having performed the most brilliant action the Spaniards could boast of in all the war—he was confined by the Inquisition."

"How!" said the queen dowager, "confined by the Inquisition for his services!" "Not altogether for his services," said the Chevalier; "but, without any regard to his services, he was treated in the manner I have mentioned, for a little affair of gallantry, which I shall relate to the king presently."

"The campaign of Catalonia being thus ended, we were returning home, not overloaded with laurels; but, as the Prince de Condé had laid up a great store on former occasions, and as he had still great projects in his head, he soon forgot this trifling misfortune: we did nothing but joke with one another during the march, and the prince was the first to ridicule the siege: we made some of those rhymes on Lerida, which were sung all over France, in order to prevent others more severe; however, we gained nothing by it, for notwithstanding we treated ourselves freely in our own ballads, others were composed in Paris, in which we were ten times more severely handled. At last we arrived at Perpignan upon a holyday: a company of Catalans, who were dancing in the middle of the street, out of respect to the prince came to dance under his windows: Monsieur Poussatin, in a little black jacket, danced

in the middle of this company as if he was really mad : I immediately recognized him for my countryman from his manner of skipping and frisking about : the prince was charmed with his humor and activity. After the dance, I sent for him, and inquired who he was. 'A poor priest, at your service, my lord,' said he : 'my name is Poussatin, and Bearn is my native country : I was going into Catalonia to serve in the infantry, for, God be praised, I can march very well on foot ; but, since the war is happily concluded, if your lordship pleases to take me into your service, I would follow you everywhere, and serve you faithfully.' 'Monsieur Poussatin,' said I, 'my lordship has no great occasion for a chaplain ; but since you are so well disposed towards me, I will take you into my service.'

"The Prince de Condé, who was present at this conversation, was overjoyed at my having a chaplain. As poor Poussatin was in a very tattered condition, I had no time to provide him with a proper habit at Perpignan ; but giving him a spare livery of one of the Marshal de Grammont's servants, I made him get up behind the prince's coach, who was like to die with laughing every time he looked at poor Poussatin's uncanonical mien in a yellow livery.

"As soon as we arrived at Paris, the story was told to the queen, who at first expressed some surprise at it : this, however, did not prevent her from wishing to see my chaplain dance ; for in Spain it is not altogether so strange to see ecclesiastics dance, as to see them in livery.

"Poussatin performed wonders before the queen and retired with a great deal of applause, and some louis d'or.

"Some time afterwards I procured a small benefice in the country for my chaplain, and I have since been informed that Poussatin preached with the same ease in his village as he danced at the wedding of his parishioners."

The king was exceedingly diverted at Poussatin's history ; and the queen was not much hurt at his having been put in livery.

* * * * *

The nearer the Chevalier de Grammont approached the court of France, the more did he regret his absence from that of England ; not but that he expected a gracious reception at the feet of his master, whose anger no one provoked with impunity ; but who likewise knew how to pardon, in such a manner as to make the favor he conferred in every respect to be felt.

Who, except Squire Feraulas, has ever been able to keep a register of all the thoughts, sighs, and exclamations of his illustrious master? For my own part, I should never have thought that the attention of the Count de Grammont, which is at present so sensible to inconveniences and dangers, would have ever permitted him to entertain amorous thoughts upon the road, if he did not himself dictate to me what I am now writing.

But let us speak of him at Abbeville. The postmaster was his old acquaintance: his hotel was the best provided of any between Calais and Paris; and the Chevalier de Grammont, alighting, told Termes he would drink a glass of wine during the time they were changing horses. It was about noon; and, since the preceding night, when they had landed at Calais, until this instant, they had not eaten a single mouthful. Termes, praising the Lord, that natural feelings had for once prevailed over the inhumanity of his usual impatience, confirmed him as much as possible in such reasonable sentiments.

Upon their entering the kitchen, where the Chevalier generally paid his first visit, they were surprised to see half a dozen spits loaded with game at the fire, and every other preparation for a magnificent entertainment. The heart of Termes leaped for joy: he gave private orders to the hostler to pull the shoes off some of the horses, that he might not be forced away from this place before he had satisfied his craving appetite.

Soon after, a number of violins and hautboys, attended by all the mob of the town, entered the court. The landlord being asked the reason of these great preparations, acquainted the Chevalier de Grammont that they were for the wedding of one of the most wealthy gentlemen in the neighborhood, with one of the handsomest girls in the whole province; that the entertainment was to be at his house; and that, if his lordship chose to stop, in a very short time he would see the new-married couple arrive from the church, since the music was already come. He was right in his conjectures; for these words were scarce out of his mouth, when three uncommonly large coaches, loaded with lackeys, as tall as Swiss, with most gaudy liveries, all covered with lace, appeared in the court, and disembarked the whole wedding company. Never was country magnificence more naturally displayed: rusty tinsel, tarnished lace, striped silks, little eyes, and full swelling breasts appeared on every side.

If the first sight of the procession surprised the Chevalier

de Grammont, faithful Termes was no less astonished at the second. The little that was to be seen of the bride's face appeared not without beauty ; but no judgment could be formed of the remainder : four dozen of patches, at least, and ten ringlets of hair, on each side, most completely concealed her from all human eyes ; but it was the bridegroom who most particularly attracted the Chevalier de Grammont's attention.

He was as ridiculously dressed as the rest of the company, except a coat of the greatest magnificence, and of the most exquisite taste. The Chevalier de Grammont, walking up to him to examine his dress, began to commend the embroidery of his coat. The bridegroom thought himself much honored by this examination, and told him he bought it for one hundred and fifty louis, at the time he was paying his addresses to his wife. "Then you did not get it made here?" said the Chevalier de Grammont. "No," replied the other ; "I bought it of a London merchant, who had ordered it for an English lord." The Chevalier de Grammont, who now began to perceive in what manner the adventure would end, asked him if he should recollect the merchant if he saw him again. "Recollect him!" replied the other, "I surely ought ; for I was obliged to sit up drinking with him all night at Calais, as I was endeavoring to beat down the price." Termes had vanished out of sight as soon as ever this coat appeared, though he little supposed that the cursed bridegroom would have any conversation concerning it with his master.

The Chevalier's thoughts were some time wavering between his inclination to laugh, and a desire of hanging Master Termes ; but the long habit of suffering himself to be robbed by his domestics, together with the vigilance of the criminal, whom his master could not reproach with having slept in his service, inclined him to clemency ; and yielding to the importunities of the country gentleman, in order to confound his faithful servant, he sat down to table, to make the thirty-seventh of the company.

A short time after, he desired one of the waiters to call for a gentleman whose name was Termes. He immediately appeared ; and as soon as the master of the feast saw him, he rose from table, and offering him his hand, "Welcome, my friend," said he ; "you see that I have taken good care of the coat which you sold me with so much reluctance, and that have kept it for a good purpose."

Termes, having put on a face of brass, pretended not to know him, and pushed him back with some degree of rudeness. "No, no," said the other, "since I was obliged to sit up with you the whole night, in order to strike the bargain, you shall pledge me in the bride's health." The Chevalier de Grammont, who saw that Termes was disconcerted, notwithstanding his impudence, said to him with a smile, "Come, come, my good London merchant, sit down, as you are so civilly invited: we are not so crowded at table but that there will be room enough for such an honest gentleman as yourself." At these words five and thirty of the guests were in motion to receive this new visitor. The bride alone, out of an idea of decorum, remained seated; and the audacious Termes, having swallowed the first shame of this adventure, began to lay about him at such a rate, as if it had been his intention to swallow all the wine provided for the wedding, if his master had not risen from the table as they were taking off four and twenty soups, to serve up as many other dishes in their stead.

The company were not so unreasonable as to desire a man who was in such haste to remain to the end of a wedding dinner; but they all got up when he arose from table, and all that he could obtain from the bridegroom was, that the company should not attend him to the gate of the inn: as for Termes, he wished they had not quitted him till the end of their journey, so much did he dread being left alone with his master.

They had advanced some distance from Abbeville, and were proceeding on in the most profound silence, when Termes, who expected an end to it in a short time, was only solicitous in what manner it might happen, whether his master would attack him with a torrent of invectives, and certain epithets which were most justly his due, or whether, in an insulting ironical manner, he might make use of such commendations as were most likely to confound him; but finding, instead of either, that he remained in sullen silence, he thought it prudent rather to prevent the speech the Chevalier was meditating, than to suffer him to think longer about it; and, accordingly, arming himself with all his effrontery, "You seem to be very angry, Sir," said he, "and I suppose you think you have reason for being so; but the devil take me, if you are not mistaken in reality."

"How! traitor! in reality?" said the Chevalier de Gram-

mont: "it is then because I have not had thee well threshed, as thou hast for a long time merited." "Look ye, Sir," replied Termes, "you always run into a passion, instead of listening to reason! Yes, Sir, I maintain that what I did was for your benefit." "And was not the quicksand likewise for my service?" said the Chevalier de Grammont. "Have patience, if you please," pursued the other: "I know not how that simpleton of a bridegroom happened to be at the customhouse when my portmanteau was examined at Calais; but these silly cuckolds thrust in their noses everywhere. As soon as ever he saw your coat, he fell in love with it. I immediately perceived he was a fool; for he fell down upon his knees, beseeching me to sell it him. Besides being greatly rumpled in the portmanteau, it was all stained in front by the sweat of the horses; I wonder how the devil he has managed to get it cleaned; but, faith, I am the greatest scoundrel in the world, if you would ever have put it on. In a word, it cost you one hundred and forty louis d'ors, and seeing he offered me one hundred and fifty for it: 'My master,' said I, 'has no occasion for this tinselled bauble to distinguish him at the ball; and, although he was pretty full of cash when I left him, how know I in what situation he may be upon my return? there is no certainty at play.' To be brief, Sir, I got ten louis d'ors for it more than it cost you: this you see is all clear profit: I will be accountable to you for it, and you know that I am sufficiently substantial to make good such a sum. Confess now, do you think you would have appeared to greater advantage at the ball, if you had been dressed out in that damned coat, which would have made you look just like the village bridegroom to whom we sold it? and yet, how you stormed at London when you thought it lost; what fine stories you told the king about the quicksand; and how churlish you looked, when you first began to suppose that this 'country looby wore it at his wedding!'"

What could the Chevalier reply to such uncommon impudence? If he indulged his resentment, he must either have most severely bastinadoed him, or he must have discarded him, as the easiest escape the rogue could expect; but he had occasion for him during the remainder of his journey; and, as soon as he was at Paris, he had occasion for him for his return.

PERSIAN LETTERS.

By MONTESQUIEU.

[CHARLES DE SECONDAT, BARON MONTESQUIEU, was born near Bordeaux, January 18, 1689. He was hereditary president of the Parliament of Bordeaux, and an active public-spirited magistrate; in private he made scientific researches. In 1721 he wrote the "Persian Letters," a witty analysis of French society, under the guise of a Persian traveler. He sold his office in 1726; traveled five years to study institutions; in 1734 issued "Causes of the Greatness of the Romans and of their Decline"; his most famous work, "The Spirit of Laws" in 1748; a "Defense" of it in 1760; "Lysimaque," a political dialogue, "Arsace et Ismenie," a romance, and an essay on "Taste" in the "Encyclopedia." He died February 10, 1755.]

RICA TO ———.

I SAW a strange thing yesterday, although it is common enough at Paris.

All the people assemble in the evening after dinner, and play at a sort of performance which I have heard called comedy. The main action takes place on a platform styled a theater. On both sides of it are seen little recesses named boxes, in which men and women play in dumb show scenes that are not unlike those to which we are accustomed in Persia.

In one place a languishing dame sighs forth her pangs; in another, a lady, with sparkling eyes and impassioned air, regards her lover with an ardor which he returns with interest. Every passion is reflected on their features, and expressed with an eloquence that is not the less fiery for being mute. The actresses, as a rule, are but half clad, though their modesty generally induces them to wear a muff, in order to hide their arms. A crowd of people stand in the lower part of the theater, who laugh at those above them, and those above them laugh in turn at them.

But the persons who take the most trouble of all are certain young men, who are selected for the purpose because the vigor natural to their time of life enables them to bear fatigue. They are obliged to be everywhere; they pass through ways known to them alone, mounting with astounding agility from story to story; they are now upstairs, now downstairs, now in this box, now in that; they dive, so to speak, are lost, reappear. Often they leave one theater, and are seen immediately in another. There are old men even who enga

same antics as the others, and, considering that most of them carry crutches, their miraculous activity is well calculated to excite surprise. At last, some of the parties retire to halls where private comedies are played: they begin with profound salutations, which are followed by embraces. I am told the slightest acquaintance gives a man the right to squeeze another man to death: it would seem the place inspires tenderness. Indeed it is said that the princesses who are also present are far from cruel; and, if we except two or three hours of the day when they are rather morose, it may be affirmed that the rest of the time they are tractable enough, and that their moroseness is a kind of intoxication that quits them easily.

All the incidents I have just written to you about are reproduced, in pretty much the same form, at another place called the Opera: the only difference is, that what is spoken at the one, is sung at the other.

UBSEK TO IBSEN

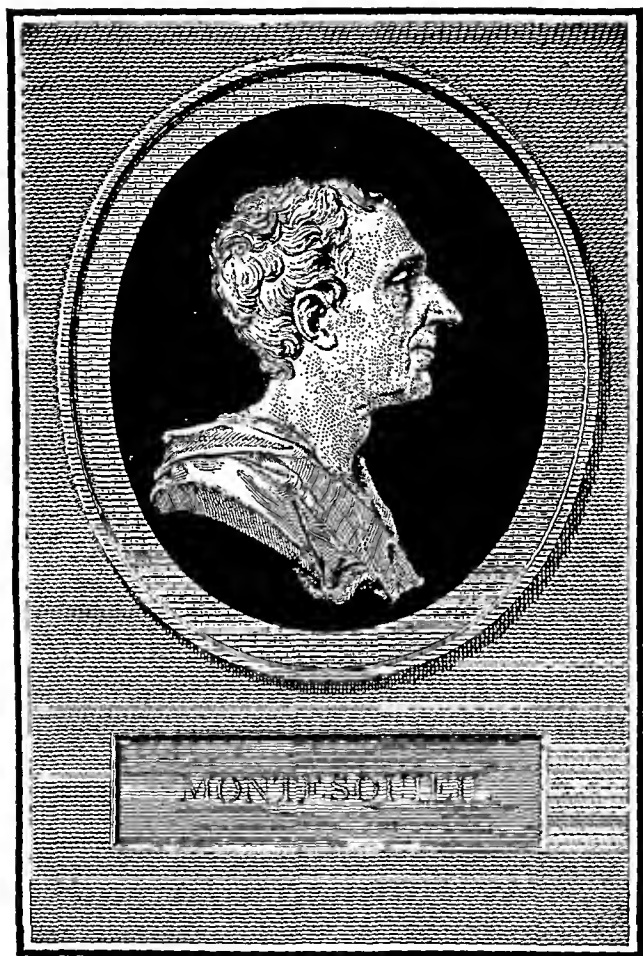
AT SMYRNA.

The women of Persia are more beautiful than the women of France, but the latter are prettier. It is hard not to feel love in the presence of the former, and delight in that of the latter: the first are more tender and modest, the second more vivacious and spirited.

The regular life which the women of Persia lead is the potent cause of their beauty; they neither gamble nor sit up late; they drink no wine, and almost never expose themselves to the atmosphere. It must be acknowledged that life in the seraglio is more conducive to health than to pleasure; it is a calm, untroubled life; everything in it is connected with subordination and duty; even its pleasures are serious and its joys austere, and are all in themselves significant of authority and dependence.

Even the men in Persia have not the same gayety as Frenchmen; you never find amongst them that freedom of spirit and that air of contentment which is here the prerogative of all states and of all conditions.

It is still worse in Turkey; there families may be discovered that, from father to son, have never laughed since the foundation of the monarchy.



The gravity of Asiatics springs from the absence of intercourse; they never see one another except when forced by the exigencies of ceremony. Friendship, that sweet tie of the heart which sustains us in the trials of life, is to them almost unknown; they stay within their houses, where the same companions always await them, so that each family is, as it were, isolated from all the others.

One day, when I was discussing the subject with a man of this country, he said to me: "Nothing disgusts me more with your customs than the fact that you have to live with slaves whose hearts and minds are on a level with their ignoble condition. These base creatures weaken the virtuous sentiments you inherit from nature, and as they are around you from childhood, they must even destroy them.

"For just try to look at the matter with unprejudiced eyes; what sort of a training can be expected from a wretch who regards the guardianship of another man's wives as his sole title to honor, and for whom the vilest of employments is a source of pride; whose very fidelity, his solitary virtue, is utterly degrading, because its motives are envy, jealousy, and despair; who, spurned by either sex, burns to be avenged on both, and consents to be tyrannized over by the stronger, in order that he may afflict the weaker; who derives, from his imperfection, ugliness, and deformity, all the authority of his position, and is esteemed only because he is unworthy of being so?"

PARIS, the 14th of the moon of Zilhage, 1713.

USBK TO GEMSCHID, HIS COUSIN,

DERVISH OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS MONASTERY OF TAURIS.

What is your opinion of the Christians, sublime dervish? Do you believe that at the day of judgment they will, like the unbelieving Turks, serve as asses for the Jews, and be ridden by the latter at full speed down into hell? I know well they cannot enter the abode of the prophets, and that the great Ali was not sent on a mission to them. But because they have been so unfortunate as never to find a mosque in their country, do you think they are, therefore, to be condemned to eternal tortures, and that God will punish them for not practicing a religion of which they never heard? Permit me to tell you that I have often questioned these Christians, and have asked them

what idea they had formed of the illustrious Ali, the most perfect of all men; I have discovered that they were unaware of the existence of any such person.

Consequently, they do not resemble those infidels whom our holy prophets put to the sword because they refused to believe in the miracles of heaven; their position would rather appear to be that of the unfortunates who lived in the darkness of idolatry before the divine light illuminated the countenance of our great prophet.

Besides, if their religion be closely examined, it will be found to contain imperfectly developed germs of our dogmas. I have often admired the secret operations of Providence, which would seem to have adopted this plan of preparing them for a general conversion. A work by one of their doctors, entitled "Polygamy Triumphant," has been brought to my notice, wherein the writer proves that polygamy is appointed for all Christians. Their baptism bears a likeness to our legal ablutions; and their error consists in the efficacy they attribute to the first ablution, for they believe that it renders subsequent ones unnecessary. Like us, their priests and monks pray seven times a day. They also look forward to a paradise, where, by means of the resurrection of the body, they will enjoy numberless delights. Like us, they observe regular fasts and mortifications, by which they expect to dispose the divine mercy in their favor. They worship the good angels, and fear the bad. They have a sacred confidence in the miracles wrought by God through the medium of his servants. Like us, they acknowledge the insufficiency of their merits and the need of an intercessor with God. I see Mahometanism everywhere, although I do not find Mahomet anywhere. In spite of all obstacles, truth will triumph, and always pierce the darkness that surrounds it.

PARIS, the 20th of the moon of Zilhage, 1713.

USBEK TO RHEDI

AT VENICE.

Coffee is very much in use in Paris; there are a great many public resorts where it may be drunk. In some of these houses gossip is the order of the day, in others chess. There is one place where the coffee is prepared in such fashion that it renders

those who imbibe it witty; at least, every one who leaves believes that he is four times wittier than when he entered.

I confess, though, I am rather disgusted with those talented personages; for instead of making themselves useful to their country, they waste their abilities on the most childish trifles. For example, when I arrived in Paris, I found them quite excited over the most trivial question imaginable: it was that of the reputation of a Greek poet, as to the place of whose birth and the time of whose death the world has remained in ignorance for two thousand years. Both parties acknowledge that he was an excellent poet; the dispute turned solely on the degree of his excellence, and each had his own standard of measurement; but some of these dispensers of fame had a higher one, some a lower; and now you have the whole ground of the quarrel. It surely was spirited enough; the most insulting remarks were interchanged with great cordiality; some of the retorts were so acrimonious that the manner of the debate was to me as great a source of wonder as the matter. "If any one," said I to myself, "were harebrained enough to attack the reputation of some honest citizen in presence of the defenders of this Greek poet, he would meet with an unpleasant surprise; for I have no doubt that a zeal so sensitive with regard to the fame of the dead would blaze up at once in defense of the living! But however that may be," I added, "Heaven defend me from attracting in my direction the enmity of the censors of a poet who, though he has lain two thousand years in the tomb, is not safe from their implacable hatred! Their fury is now expended on the air; what would it be if animated by the presence of a living foe?"

The persons to whom I have referred dispute in the vulgar tongue, and must be distinguished from another kind of controversialists who use a barbarous language that of itself seems to increase the rage and obstinacy of the combatants. There are quarters where these people may be seen contending like a confused mass of soldiers in black regimentals engaged in some hand-to-hand encounter. Subtle distinctions are their food; obscure reasonings and false inferences their very life. Their trade, although, at first sight, one might imagine its followers would die of hunger, really brings them in some return. We have had the spectacle of an entire nation, expelled from their own country, crossing the seas in order to settle in France, and carrying with them no other means of providing for the neces-

sities of existence except a formidable talent for disputation. Adieu.

PARIS, the last day of the moon of Zilhage, 1713.

USBK TO IBBEN

AT SMYRNA.

The King of France is old. In our history we have no example of a monarch who has reigned so long. It is said he possesses in a very high degree the talent of compelling obedience; his ability is equally displayed in the government of his family, his court, and his state. He has evidently a high opinion of Oriental policy, for he has been heard to say that of all the governments in the world that of the Turks and that of our august sultan pleased him the best.

I have studied his character, and have discovered contradictions in it which I find impossible to harmonize; for example, he has a minister who is only eighteen, and a mistress who is eighty; he loves his religion, but cannot endure those who tell him that its duties must be rigorously observed; although he flies from the uproar of cities and leads a most retired life, everything he does from morning to night is with the view of having the world speak of him; he loves trophies and victories, yet is as much alarmed at the appearance of a good general at the head of his armies as he might be expected to be if he saw him at the head of an army of his enemies.

He is, I imagine, the only example on record of a man who is at once burdened with more riches than a prince could ever hope for, and the victim of such poverty as would reduce a private individual to despair.

He loves to bestow favors on his subjects; but the obsequious diligence, or rather busy indolence, of his courtiers is rewarded with as much munificence as the laborious campaigns of his captains. He is often more inclined to advance the man who undresses him or who hands him his napkin at table, than he is to exalt the general who captures cities and wins battles. He does not believe that the greatness of a sovereign should be limited in the distribution of graces, and never considers whether the recipient of his bounty is a man of merit, because he thinks his selection of him is enough of itself to render him deserving; accordingly, he has been known to confer a small pension on an

officer who has run two leagues from the enemy, and a lucrative government on one who had run four.

He is magnificent in all things, but particularly in his buildings. There are more statues in the gardens of his palace than there are citizens in a great city. His bodyguard is as numerous as that of the sovereign before whom all other monarchs lie prostrate; his armies are as large, his resources as great, and his finances as inexhaustible.

PARIS, the 7th of the moon of Maharram, 1713.

RICA TO IBBEN

AT SMYRNA.

It is a weighty subject of discussion among men whether to leave women their freedom or to deprive them of it is the more advantageous. It seems to me that much may be said on both sides. While Europeans affirm that to render those we love miserable is anything but the indication of a generous spirit, we Asiatics reply that to renounce the supremacy which nature has given us over women is a symptom of degradation in men. If they tell us that such a superfluity of wives shut up in one house is embarrassing, we retort that ten wives who obey are less embarrassing than one who doesn't. If in turn we urge the objection that Europeans can only be happy with wives that are faithful to them, they answer that the vaunted fidelity of our wives cannot prevent the disgust ever on the watch for satiated passion; that they are too absolutely ours; that a possession so undisturbed, if it leaves nothing to be feared, leaves nothing to be desired; and that a little coquetry, like salt, arouses desire and prevents corruption. It would take, perhaps, a wiser man than me to solve the difficulty; for if the Asiatics adopt the proper means to quiet their jealousy, the Europeans may be equally judicious in not having any.

"After all," say they, "though we may be unfortunate as husbands, we can always find compensation as lovers. A man might justly complain of the infidelity of his wife, if there were only three persons in the world; but, when a fourth can be found, the balance of the account is restored."

Another topic of discussion is whether the law of nature subjects women to men: "No," said a very gallant philosopher to me the other day, "Nature never dictated such a law; the

authority we exercise over them owes its existence to tyranny ; they allow us to use it, because their disposition is milder than ours, and they, consequently, have more humanity and reason. These advantages, which ought to have given them the superiority, if we had been reasonable, have deprived them of it, because we are not so.

“ Now, if it is true that our power over women is purely tyrannical, it is not less true that theirs over us is natural, having its source in beauty, which nothing can resist. Our power is not the same in every country ; but that of beauty is universal. Why should we be specially privileged ? Because we are the stronger ; such a reason would be absolutely unjust. We use every possible means to depress their courage ; if they were educated as we are, their intellectual capacity would be found fully equal to ours ; test them by the gifts they have been allowed to cultivate, and then tell me which sex is the stronger.”

It must be confessed, although such a thing is abhorrent to our customs, that, among the most refined nations, women have always had authority over their husbands. Such authority was established by law among the Egyptians in honor of Isis, and among the Babylonians in honor of Semiramis. It was said of the Romans that they commanded all nations, but obeyed their wives. I speak not of the Sauromates, who were actually the slaves of their wives, because they were too barbarous to be quoted as an example.

You see, my dear Ibben, how I accommodate myself to the argumentative methods of this country, where the most extraordinary opinions are zealously supported, and everything reduced to a paradox. The prophet has settled the question, and regulated the prerogatives of both sexes. “ Wives,” says he, “ should honor their husbands, husbands should honor their wives ; but the former are a degree higher in the scale of creation.”

PARIS, the 26th of the moon of Gemmadi 2, 1713.

USBK TO RHEDI

AT VENICE.

I meet with people here who are constantly disputing about religion, and, at the same time, apparently contending as to who shall observe it least.

While these persons cannot be described as better Christians than others, they have no title to be called better citizens either. This latter defect has impressed me strongly; for, whatever a man's religion may be, the observance of the laws, love of mankind, and respect and affection for one's parents must be essential elements in it.

In fact, ought not the chief object of every religious man to be to please the Divine Power that has established the religion he professes? But the surest method of succeeding in this respect is undoubtedly to comply with the laws of society and fulfill our duties towards humanity. For if we are persuaded of the truth of the religion in which we live, we must be equally persuaded that God loves men, since He has established a religion for the purpose of rendering them happy. Now if He loves men, we are sure of pleasing Him, if we love them also; and this love of ours will consist in the practice of all the duties of charity and humanity towards them, and in our avoidance of every breach of the law under which they live.

We are far likelier to please God in this way than by the observance of any particular ceremony; for ceremonies in themselves have no inherent goodness; they are only relatively good, and depend for their value on the supposition that God has ordained them. This is a subject that must give rise to endless discussion and to much self-deception as well; for the ceremonies of one religion must be selected from amongst those of two thousand.

NARGUM, PERSIAN ENVOY IN MUSCOVY,

TO USBEK AT PARIS.

I have been informed in letters from Ispahan that you had left Persia and were actually in Paris. How is it that I learn such news from others and not from yourself?

The orders of the King of Kings have kept me for five years in this country, where I have terminated several important negotiations.

You know that the czar is the only Christian prince whose interests are connected with ours, because he is, like us, an enemy of the Turks.

His empire is more extensive than ours, for it is reckoned that the distance between Moscow and the last of his possessions in the Chinese frontiers is two thousand leagues.

He is the absolute master of the property and lives of his subjects, who are all slaves, with the exception of four families. The lieutenant of the prophets, the King of Kings, whose footstool is the heavens, does not exercise a more formidable sway.

Any one acquainted with the horrible climate of Muscovy would never imagine that to be exiled from it was a very severe penalty; still, whenever a great man is disgraced, he is banished to Siberia.

Just as the law of our prophet forbids us to drink wine, so the law of their prince forbids the Muscovites.

Their way of receiving their guests is not at all Persian. As soon as a stranger enters a house, the husband presents his wife to him; the stranger is expected to kiss her as a mark of courtesy to the husband.

Although fathers usually stipulate in the marriage contract that the husband shall not whip their daughters, yet you have no idea how fond the Muscovite women are of being beaten. They think they have lost the affection of their husband if he does not now and then give them a sound whipping; any other conduct would argue unpardonable indifference on his part. The following is a letter a woman wrote lately to her mother:—

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I am the most unfortunate woman in the world. I do everything I can to win the love of my husband, but without success. On yesterday, although I had a thousand things to attend to in the house, I went outside and stayed away all day. I was sure he would give me a good thrashing on my return, but he never said a word. *My sister is treated in quite a different manner:* the life is nearly cudged out of her every day; if she looks at a man, her husband knocks her down on the spot; that tells you how fond they are of each other, and in what harmony they live.

So, naturally, she is as proud as a peacock; but she shall not look down upon me much longer; I am determined to make my husband love me, no matter what the consequences. I'll make him that mad that he'll have to show me some token of affection, whether he likes it or not. No one shall say that I am never beaten, and live in my own house without any one ever minding me. I will scream out in such a way, if he gives me the least little tap, that everybody will be sure things are as they ought to be, and if the neighbors come to my aid I will strangle them. I want you, my dear mother, to tell my husband how scandalously he is behaving to me. My father, who is a gentleman, never behaved so; in fact, I remember thinking, when I was a girl, that he loved you just a little too much. I embrace you, my dear mother.

The Muscovites are not allowed to leave their country, even to travel. Being thus separated from other nations by the laws of their own, they are the more firmly attached to all their ancient customs, because they do not see how they can have any others.

But their present ruler has wished to change all this; he has had a lively quarrel with them on the subject of their beards; the monks and clergy, with whom he has also a dispute, have stood up for their ignorance valiantly.

He makes every effort to spread the arts among his subjects, and is trying to extend the fame of his people throughout Europe and Asia,—a people until now almost unknown to the world, and only conscious of its own existence.

Restless and excited, he wanders through his vast dominions, leaving everywhere the impress of his natural severity.

Then he abandons them, as if they were too small to contain him, and goes rambling through Europe in search of other provinces and kingdoms.

I embrace you, my dear Usbek, and beg you to send me news of yourself.

Moscow, the 2d of the moon of Chalval, 1713.

USBK TO. —.

A man of great intellect is difficult to please in society; he selects very few acquaintances, and is bored by that numerous class which he is pleased to term bad company. He cannot hinder this feeling of distaste from finding outward expression, and, consequently, has many enemies.

Sure that he can make himself agreeable when he wishes, he very often neglects to do so.

He is inclined to criticise, because he sees more things than others and feels them more keenly.

He almost always ruins his fortune, because his intellect places a great many more methods of doing this within his reach.

He fails in his enterprises, because he is too venturesome. His faculty of extended vision leads him to see objects at too great distances, even if it is not taken into account that, when his mind forms a plan, he is less struck by the difficulties it entails than by the means of conquering them he will find in his own resources.

He neglects small details, on which, however, depends the success of almost all great enterprises.

The man of moderate abilities, on the other hand, turns everything to account: he sees clearly that trifles are not to be neglected.

He is usually the object of universal approval. People feel as much delight in according it to him as in withholding it from the man of genius. While every one assails the latter, to whom nothing is pardoned, everything the former does is interpreted in his favor: vanity takes his side.

But if the man of genius has so many difficulties to contend with, what shall we say of the man of science?

I never think of the subject without recalling a letter from one of them to a friend of his. Here it is.

MONSIEUR, — I am a man who spends all his nights in observing through telescopes thirty feet long those bodies which revolve above our heads, and, when I wish to have some recreation, I take my little microscopes and examine a maggot or a mite.

I am not rich, and have only one room. I do not dare to make a fire, because I keep my thermometer in it, which the additional warmth would cause to rise. Last winter I thought I should die of the cold; and yet, although my thermometer, which was at the lowest degree, warned me that my hands were about to freeze, I was not disturbed in the least: now I have the consolation of having an exact knowledge of all the most insensible changes in the weather during the past year.

I hold very little intercourse with people, and know very few amongst all those I see. But there is a man in Stockholm, another in Leipsic, and another in London, whom I have never seen, and doubtless never shall see, with whom I correspond so regularly that I never let a post pass without writing to them.

However, although I am not acquainted with a single person in my neighborhood, my reputation is so bad that I shall, in the end, be forced to leave it. I was rudely insulted five years ago, by a woman living near me, for dissecting a dog, which she claimed belonged to her. The wife of a butcher, who happened to be present, took her part, and, while the former was outrageously abusing me, the latter pelted me with stones, as well as Doctor —, who was with me, and who received terrible blows on the os frontal and occipital, whereby his mind was very much shaken.

Ever since, when a dog strays away from the end of the street, it is at once decided that he has passed through my hands. A worthy *bourgeois* who had lost her pet, which she loved, she said,

better than her children, came the other day and fainted in my room, and not finding it, summoned me before a magistrate. I believe I shall never be freed from the pertinacious malice of these women, whose shrill voices stun me incessantly with funeral orations on all the automata that have died during the last ten years.

I am, etc.

Every learned man was formerly accused of magic. I am not astonished at this. Each said to himself, "I have brought my natural talents to as high a pitch of perfection as they can reach; yet a certain scholar has surpassed me: clearly there must be some sorcery in this."

Now that these sorts of accusations have fallen into discredit, another course has been adopted, and a learned man can seldom avoid the reproach of irreligion or heresy. It does not matter whether he is held guiltless by the people or not; the wound is made, and will never entirely heal. It will be always a sore spot with him. Perhaps, thirty years after, an adversary will say to him, unobtrusively: "God forbid I should assert that the accusation was true! Still you have been put on your defense." And in this way his very justification is turned against him.

If he write a history, though it may give evidence of loftiness of mind and purity of heart, he is the victim of endless persecution. He will be hauled before the magistrate on account of his version of some fact that occurred a thousand years ago; and as his pen is not for sale, it will be attempted to make it a prisoner.

Yet such scholars are more to be envied than those miscreants who abandon their faith for a trifling pension; who scarcely gain a single obolus by all their impostures; who overturn the constitution of the state, diminish the rights of one power, increase those of another, give to princes what they wrest from the people, revive obsolete rights, flatter the passions that are fashionable in their time and the vices that are seated on the throne, imposing on posterity the more shamelessly that it has less means of nullifying their testimony.

But it is not enough for an author to have to endure these insults; it is not enough for him to be in a condition of perpetual anxiety as to the success of his work. That work which has cost him so much sees the light at last. It brings down upon him attacks from every direction. And how was he to

avoid them? He had an opinion; he has maintained it in his writings: little knew he that a man two hundred leagues away from him had stated the exact contrary; and so war is declared.

Still, if he could hope to obtain a certain degree of reputation!—No. He is at most esteemed by those who have devoted themselves to the same department of knowledge in which he has been engaged. A philosopher has a sovereign contempt for a man whose head is stuffed with facts; and he, in his turn, is regarded as a visionary by the person who has a good memory.

As for those who make profession of a scornful ignorance, they would wish all mankind to be buried in the same oblivion reserved for themselves.

A man who lacks a certain talent compensates himself by despising it: he removes the obstacle placed between him and merit, and thereby finds himself on an equality with the person whose labors he dreads.

Finally, the doubtful reputation which an author may gain is acquired at the sacrifice of every pleasure and the loss of health besides.

PARIS, the 20th of the moon of Chabban, 1720.



MAXIMS OF ROCHEFOUCAULD.

[FRANÇOIS, DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, Prince de Marcillac, a distinguished French courtier and man of letters, was born at Paris, September 15, 1613. At sixteen he entered the army, and for a time at court aided Anne of Austria in her intrigues against Richelieu. Disappointed at receiving no advancement, he subsequently joined the Frondeurs; fought with conspicuous bravery in the siege of Paris; and at the battle of the Faubourg Saint Antoine (1652) was severely wounded in the head. In consequence of his participation in the Fronde he was banished to his estates at Verteuil, and was not permitted to return to court until 1659. He died at Paris, March 17, 1680. His literary fame rests upon his "Reflections, or Moral Sentences and Maxims," and "Memoirs of the Regency of Anne of Austria" (surreptitiously published in 1662), in which he gives a simple but masterly account of the political events of his time.]

THE desire of appearing to be persons of ability often prevents our being so.

Some weak people are so sensible of their weakness as to be able to make a good use of it.

Few men are able to know all the ill they do.

We should often be ashamed of our best actions, if the world were witness to the motives which produce them.

There is nearly as much ability requisite to know how to make use of good advice, as to know how to act for one's self.

We may give advice ; but we cannot give conduct.

We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have, as by those we affect to have.

Whatever we may pretend, interest and vanity are the usual sources of our afflictions.

There are in affliction several kinds of hypocrisy : we weep, to acquire the reputation of being tender ; we weep, in order to be pitied ; we weep, that we may be wept over ; we even weep, to avoid the scandal of not weeping.

We arrive novices at the different ages of life ; and want experience, though we have had many years to gain it.

Age does not necessarily confer experience ; nor does even precept ; nor anything but an intercourse and acquaintance with things. And we frequently see those who have wanted opportunities to indulge their juvenile passions in youth, go preposterous lengths in old age, with all the symptoms of youth except ability.

We judge so superficially of things, that common words and actions, spoken and done in an agreeable manner, with some knowledge of what passes in the world, often succeed beyond the greatest ability.

When great men suffer themselves to be subdued by the length of their misfortunes, they discover that the strength of their ambition, not of their understanding, was that which supported them. They discover too, that, allowing for a little vanity, heroes are just like other men.

Those who apply themselves too much to little things commonly become incapable of great ones.

Few things are impracticable in themselves ; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.

In every profession, every individual affects to appear what

he would willingly be esteemed ; so that we may say, the world is composed of nothing but appearances.

We like better to see those on whom we confer benefits, than those from whom we receive them.

Everybody takes pleasure in returning small obligations ; many go so far as to acknowledge moderate ones ; but there is hardly any one who does not repay great obligations with ingratitude.

A man often imagines he acts, when he is acted upon ; and while his mind aims at one thing, his heart insensibly gravitates towards another.

In love there are two sorts of constancy : one arises from our continually finding in the favorite object fresh motives to love : the other from our making it a point of honor to be constant.

In misfortunes we often mistake dejection for constancy ; we bear them without daring to look on them, as cowards suffer themselves to be killed without resistance.

None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt. —

We are always afraid of appearing before the person we love, when we have been coquetting elsewhere.

We easily forget crimes that are known only to ourselves.

Cunning and treachery proceed from want of capacity.

It is as easy to deceive ourselves without *our* perceiving it, as it is difficult to deceive others without *their* perceiving it.

In love, deceit almost always outstrips distrust.

We are sometimes less unhappy in being deceived than in being undeceived by those we love.

Before we passionately wish for anything, we should examine into the happiness of its possessor.

Were we perfectly acquainted with any object, we should never passionately desire it.

Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought, as we do to disguise what we are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.

We are so used to disguise ourselves to others, that at last we become disguised even to ourselves.

Whatever distrust we may have of the sincerity of other people, we always believe that they are more ingenuous with ourselves than with anybody else.

A man who finds not satisfaction in himself, seeks for it in vain elsewhere.

It is easier to appear worthy of the employments we are not possessed of, than of those we are.

Those who endeavor to imitate us we like much better than those who endeavor to equal us. Imitation is a sign of esteem, but competition of envy.

We often glory in the most criminal passions; but the passion of envy is so shameful that we never dare to own it.

Jealousy is, in some sort, rational and just—it aims at the preservation of a good which belongs, or which at least we think belongs, to us; whereas envy is a frenzy that cannot bear the good of others.

Envy is destroyed by true friendship, and coquetry by true love.

Our envy always outlives the felicity of its object.

Nothing is so contagious as example: never is any considerable good or ill done that does not produce its like. We imitate good actions through emulation; and bad ones through a malignity in our nature, which shame concealed, and example sets at liberty.

We are often more agreeable through our faults than through our good qualities.

The greatest faults are those of great men.

We are not bold enough to say in general that we have no faults, and that our enemies have no good qualities; but in particulars we seem to think so.

We boast of faults that are the opposites to those we really have; thus, if we are irresolute, we glory in being thought obstinate.

We easily excuse in our friends those faults that do not affect us.

Few cowards know the extent of their fears.

We should have but little pleasure were we never to flatter ourselves.

He who lives without folly is not so wise as he imagines.

As we grow old, we grow more foolish and more wise.

Whatever difference may appear in men's fortunes, there is nevertheless a certain compensation of good and ill, that makes all equal.

Fortune breaks us of many faults which reason cannot.

Fortune is ever deemed blind by those on whom she bestows no favors.

We should manage our fortune like our constitution; enjoy it when good, have patience when bad, and never apply violent remedies but in cases of necessity.

The reason we are so changeable in our friendships is, that it is difficult to know the qualities of the heart, and easy to know those of the head.

It is more dishonorable to distrust a friend than to be deceived by him.

None deserve the name of good, who have not spirit enough, at least, to be bad.

A fool has not stuff enough to make a good man.

A good grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.

The reason of the misreckoning in expected returns of gratitude is, that the pride of the giver and receiver can never agree about the value of the obligation.

None are either so happy or so unhappy as they imagine.

When our hatred is violent, it sinks us even beneath those we hate.

Everybody speaks well of his heart, but no one dares to speak well of his head.

The head is always the dupe of the heart.

The head cannot long act the part of the heart.

Fancy sets the value on the gifts of fortune.

Hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue.

It is a mistake to imagine that the violent passions only, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness, languid as it is, often masters them all; she indeed influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

Idleness, timidity, and shame often keep us within the bounds of duty; whilst virtue seems to run away with the honor.

In jealousy there is less love than self-love.

Jealousy is the greatest of evils, and the least pitied by those who occasion it.

A readiness to believe ill without examination is the effect of pride and laziness. We are willing to find people guilty, and unwilling to be at the trouble of examining into the accusation.

Weakness often gets the better of those ills which reason could not.

Women in love more easily forgive great indiscretions than small infidelities.

We find it more difficult to overlook the least infidelity to ourselves than the greatest to others.

Interest puts in motion all the virtues and vices.

Every one complains of the badness of his memory, but nobody of his judgment.

No disguise can long *conceal* love where it is, nor *feign* it where it is not.

To judge of love by most of its effects, one would think it more like hatred than kindness.

Love lends his name to many a correspondence wherein he is no more concerned than the doge in what is done at Venice.

The pleasure of loving is, to love; and we are much happier in the passion we feel, than in that we excite.

To fall in love is much easier than to get rid of it.

We forgive as long as we love.

In love, we often doubt of what we most believe.

Love, all agreeable as he is, pleases yet more by the manner in which he shows himself.

A man of sense may love like a madman, but never like a fool.

Why have we memory sufficient to retain the minutest circumstances that have happened to us; and yet not enough to remember how often we have related them to the same person?

It is a sign of an extraordinary merit, when those who most envy it are forced to praise it.

Merit has its season, as well as fruit.

Censorious as the world is, it oftener does favor to false merit than injustice to true.

Old age is a tyrant, which forbids the pleasures of youth on pain of death.

Opportunities make us known to ourselves and others.

The duration of our passions is no more in our power than the duration of our lives.

The passions are the only orators that always succeed. They are, as it were, Nature's art of eloquence, fraught with infallible rules. Simplicity, with the aid of the passions, persuades more than the utmost eloquence without it.

In the heart of man there is a perpetual succession of the passions; so that the destruction of one is almost always the production of another.

Passions often beget their opposites; avarice produces prodigality, and prodigality avarice: men are often constant through weakness, and bold through fear.

So much injustice and self-interest enter into the composition of the passions, that it is very dangerous to obey their dictates; and we ought to be on our guard against them even when they seem most reasonable.

Absence destroys small passions and increases great ones, as the wind extinguishes tapers, and kindles fires.

We are by no means aware how much we are influenced by our passions.

While the heart is still agitated by the remains of a passion, it is more susceptible of a new one than when entirely at rest.

Penetration has an air of divination : it pleases our vanity more than any other quality of the mind.

He who is pleased with nobody is much more unhappy than he with whom nobody is pleased.

Pride always indemnifies itself ; and takes care to be no loser, even when it renounces vanity.

Pride is equal in all men ; and differs but in the means and manner of showing itself.

It seems as if nature, who has so wisely adapted the organs of our bodies to our happiness, had with the same view given us pride, to spare us the pain of knowing our imperfections.

Pride will not owe, and self-love will not pay.

Our pride is often increased by what we retrench from our other faults.

We promise according to our hopes, and perform according to our fears.

Prudence and love are inconsistent ; in proportion as the latter increases, the other decreases.

The shame that arises from praise which we do not deserve, often makes us do things we should never otherwise have attempted.

There are reproaches that praise, and praises that reproach.

Ambition to merit praise fortifies our virtue. Praise bestowed on wit, valor, and beauty contributes to their augmentation.

It is with some good qualities as with the senses : they are incomprehensible and inconceivable to such as are deprived of them.

We want strength to act up to our reason.

We never desire ardently what we desire rationally.

Whatever ignominy we may have incurred, it is almost always in our power to reëstablish our reputation.

How can we expect that another should keep our secret, when it is more than we can do ourselves ?

We are so prepossessed in our own favor, that we often mistake for virtues those vices that have some resemblance to them, and which are artfully disguised by self-love.

Nothing is so capable of diminishing our self-love as the observation that we disapprove at one time of what we approve at another.

Self-love never reigns so absolutely as in the passion of love : we are always ready to sacrifice the peace of those we adore, rather than lose the least part of our own.

The self-love of some people is such, that, when in love, they are more taken up with their passion than its object.

A desire to talk of ourselves, and to set our faults in whatever light we choose, makes the main of our sincerity.

We commonly slander more through vanity than malice.

The health of the soul is as precarious as that of the body ; for when we seem secure from passions, we are no less in danger of their infection than we are of falling ill, when we appear to be well.

There are relapses in the distempers of the soul, as well as in those of the body ; thus we often mistake for a cure what is no more than an intermission, or a change of disease.

The flaws of the soul resemble the wounds of the body ; the scar always appears, and they are in danger of breaking open again.

arrive at. The intermediate space is prodigious, and contains all the different species of courage, which are as various as men's faces and humors. There are those who expose themselves boldly at the beginning of an action; and who slacken and are disheartened at its duration. There are others who aim only at preserving their honor, and do little more. Some are not equally exempt from fear at all times alike. Others give occasionally into a general panic: others advance to the charge because they dare not stay in their posts. There are men whom habitual small dangers encourage, and fit for greater. Some are brave with the sword, and fear bullets; others defy bullets, and dread a sword. All these different kinds of valor agree in this, that night, as it augments fear, so it conceals good or bad actions, and gives every one the opportunity of sparing himself. There is also another more general discretion: for we find those who do most, would do more still, were they sure of coming off safe: so that it is very plain that the fear of death gives a damp to courage.

Perfect valor consists in doing without witnesses all we should be capable of doing before the whole world.

Most men sufficiently expose themselves in war to save their honor, but few so much as is necessary even to succeed in the design for which they thus expose themselves.

No man can answer for his courage who has never been in danger.

A wise man had rather avoid an engagement than conquer.

It is our own vanity that makes the vanity of others intolerable.

If vanity really overturns not the virtues, it certainly makes them totter.

The most violent passions have their intermissions: vanity alone gives us no respite.

The reason why the pangs of shame and jealousy are so sharp, is this: vanity gives us no assistance in supporting them.

Vanity makes us do more things against inclination than reason.

When our vices have left us, we flatter ourselves that *we* have left *them*.

It is a common fault to be never satisfied with our fortune, nor dissatisfied with our understanding.

The mind, between idleness and constancy, fixes on what is easy and agreeable to it. This habit always sets bounds to our inquiries. No man was ever at the trouble to stretch his genius as far as it would go.

Most women yield more through weakness than passion; whence it happens that enterprising, rather than amiable, men commonly succeed best with them.

In their first desires women love the lover, afterwards the passion.



THE MANLY HEART.

By GEORGE WITHER.

[1588-1687.]

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or my cheeks make pale with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day
Or the flowery meads in May—
If she be not so to me
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind;
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtledove or pelican,
If she be not so to me
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her merit's value known
Make me quite forget mine own?

Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of Best;
If she seem not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
Who without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?



SENTIMENTS BY JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

[JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE, French moralist and satirist, was born at Paris in 1645, studied law, and for some years filled an administrative position in Normandy. Through Bossuet's influence he was appointed tutor to the young Duke of Bourbon, grandson of the great Condé, and remained attached to the house of Condé until his death at Versailles in May, 1696. In 1693 he was admitted to the French Academy. His "Caractères de Théophraste" (1688) was written in imitation of Theophrastus, and consisted of maxims, reflections, and character portraits of men and women of his own day. The ninth edition, containing over eleven hundred "caractères," was in press at the time of La Bruyère's death. In the "Dialogues on Quietism," a severe attack is made on Fénelon.]

FRIENDSHIP may exist between a man and a woman, quite apart from any influence of sex. Yet a woman always looks upon a man, and so a man regards a woman. This intimacy is neither pure friendship nor pure love. It is a sentiment which stands alone.

Love is born suddenly, without deliberation, either through temperament or weakness: some grace or beauty attracts, determines us. Friendship, on the contrary, grows by degrees

through time and long familiar acquaintance. How many years of affection, kindness, and good service it takes to do what a lovely face or a beautiful hand will often do in a moment!

Time, which strengthens friendship, weakens love.

Perfect friendship is more rare *than* excessive love.

Love and friendship exclude each other.

We never love truly except once, and that is the first time. The attachments which succeed are more voluntary.

Sudden love lasts longest.

He who loves so passionately that he wishes he could love a thousand times more than he loves already, yields only to him who loves more than he would love.

Granted that in the intensity of a great passion it is possible to love another more than one's self, who has the truest pleasure—he who loves, or he who is beloved?

He who loves deeply finds a sweet revenge in acting so that his beloved one shall appear ungrateful.

Hatred is not so remote from friendship as antipathy.

In friendship we confide our secrets: in love they escape us.

In friendship we perceive only those faults which may be prejudicial to our friends; in those we love we see no faults, except those from which we suffer ourselves.

Friendship does not cool without cause; love diminishes for no other reason than that we have been too well beloved.

The beginning, as the end, of love is manifested by our anxiety to be alone.

Our desire is that all the good fortune of those we love, or, if that is impossible, all their evil fortune, should come to them from our hands.

It is happier by comparison to mourn one we love than to live with one we hate.

However disinterested we may be with regard to those we love, we must sometimes force ourselves to give them pleasure by accepting their gifts. He who is capable of receiving a gift delicately displays as much generosity as he who gives.

Liberality consists less in giving much than in giving appropriately.

If it is true that pity and compassion are drawn from us by a kind of selfish fear lest we should ever be in the same circumstances, how does it happen that the unfortunate extract so little help from us in their misery?

However unpleasant it may be to feel ourselves responsible for the maintenance of an indigent person, we seldom relish the better fortune which at last withdraws him from our patronage. In the same way, the pleasure which we feel in the exaltation of a friend is counterbalanced by the slight annoyance of seeing him become our equal or superior. He does not suit us so well thus, for we like to have dependents who do not cost us anything. We wish good fortune for our friends; but when it comes, our first feeling is not one of pure delight.

To live with our enemies as if they might one day be our friends, and with our friends as if they might be our enemies, is neither in accordance with the nature of hatred or the rules of friendship. It may be a good political maxim, but it is a bad moral one.

As we become more and more attached to those we oblige, so we cordially dislike those to whom we have given great offense.

It is as difficult to stifle the resentment of an injury at first, as it is to preserve the feeling after a certain length of time.

It is weakness which makes us hate an enemy and wish to be revenged, and it is laziness which pacifies us and makes us not pursue revenge.

A man will allow himself to be governed as much through indolence as from weakness.

There is no use attempting suddenly to control a man, and especially in matters of importance to him and his. It requires some address to prevent him feeling that you are trying to gain a moral power over him; shame or caprice would move him to resist the restraint. Let him first be guided in little things, and from thence the progress to greater things is certain. Even if at first your influence is only such as will persuade him to go to the country, or to return to town, it will end in your dictating the terms of the will by which his son is disinherited.

The best and most agreeable conversation is that in which the heart has more influence than the head.

There are certain sublime sentiments, certain grand and noble acts, which are called forth more by our moral strength than by innate goodness.

There is scarcely any excess in the world so commendable as an excess of gratitude.

He must be a dull person indeed whom neither love, hate, nor necessity can inspire with wit.



CHORUS OF ANGELS.

By JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL.

(Translated by Sir John Bowring.)

[JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL, the great Dutch poet and dramatist, known as "the Dutch Shakespeare," was born at Cologne, November 17, 1597. His parents, who were Anabaptists, had fled to Cologne from Antwerp to avoid the



CHORUS OF ANGELS

From a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

persecution of the Spanish government, and removed to Amsterdam in 1597. The son carried on his father's business of hosier, to which, however, his wife chiefly attended, and thus secured him leisure for his literary work. In 1657 he became a bankrupt, owing to bad management of his affairs by his eldest son, and the next year was forced to accept a clerkship in the public loan office, retiring with a pension in 1668 on account of old age. Among his dramatic works are: Translations or imitations of classic plays; the original dramas "Palamedes," "Gysbrecht van Aemstel," "Mary Stuart," "Jephtha"; and the dramatic poem "Lucifer," his most powerful work. He also excelled as a lyric poet. He died at Amsterdam in 1679.]

Who sits above heaven's heights sublime,
 Yet fills the grave's profoundest place,
 Beyond eternity or time
 Or the vast round of viewless space:
 Who on Himself alone depends,
 Immortal, glorious, but unseen,
 And in his mighty being blends
 What rolls around or flows within.
 Of all we know not, all we know,
 Prime source and origin, a sea
 Whose waters poured on earth below
 Wake blessing's brightest radiancy.
 His power, love, wisdom, first exalted
 And wakened from oblivion's birth
 Yon starry arch, yon palace vaulted,
 Yon heaven of heavens, to smile on earth.
 From His resplendent majesty
 We shade us, 'neath our sheltering wings,
 While awe-inspired and tremblingly
 We praise the glorious King of Kings,
 With-sight and sense confused and dim.
 O name, describe the Lord of Lords!
 The seraphs' praise shall hallow Him:—
 Or is the theme too vast for words?

RESPONSE.

'Tis God! who pours the living glow
 Of light, creation's fountain head:
 Forgive the praise, too mean and low,
 Or from the living or the dead!
 No tongue Thy peerless name hath spoken,
 No space can hold that awful Name;
 The aspiring spirit's wing is broken;—
 Thou wilt be, wert, and art the same.

Language is dumb, — Imagination,
 Knowledge, and Science, helpless fall;
 They are irreverent profanation,
 And thou, O God! art all in all.
 How vain on such a thought to dwell!
 Who knows Thee? Thee, the All-unknown?
 Can angels be thy oracle,
 Who art, who art Thyself alone?
 None, none can trace Thy course sublime,
 For none can catch a ray from Thee,
 The Splendor and the Source of Time,
 The Eternal of Eternity!
 The light of light outpoured conveys
 Salvation in its flight elysian,
 Brighter than even Thy mercy's rays; —
 But vainly would our feeble vision
 Aspire to Thee. From day to day
 Age steals on us, but meets Thee never:
 Thy power is life's support and stay, —
 We praise Thee, sing Thee, Lord! forever.
 Holy! holy! holy! Praise,
 Praise be His in every land!
 Safety in His presence stays,
 Sacred is His high command.



THE DEBATE IN PANDEMONIUM.

By JOHN MILTON.

(From "Paradise Lost.")

[JOHN MILTON: English poet; born in London, December 9, 1608; died in London, November 8, 1674. He was graduated from Cambridge, 1629; was Latin secretary, 1649-1660. He became totally blind in 1652. At the Restoration he was proscribed and his works were ordered burnt by the hangman; but after a time he was left unmolested and spent the last years of his life in quiet literary labors. "Paradise Lost" was issued in 1666, "Paradise Regained" in 1671, and "Samson Agonistes" in 1671. His masquo of "Comus" was published in 1634, "Lycidas" in 1637, "L'Allegro" and "Penseroso" in 1645. Among his prose works the "Areopagitica" (1644), advocating the freedom of the press, his work on Divorce, and his "Defense of the English People" (1654) are most famous. His sonnets in the Italian manner are among the finest in the English language.]

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,

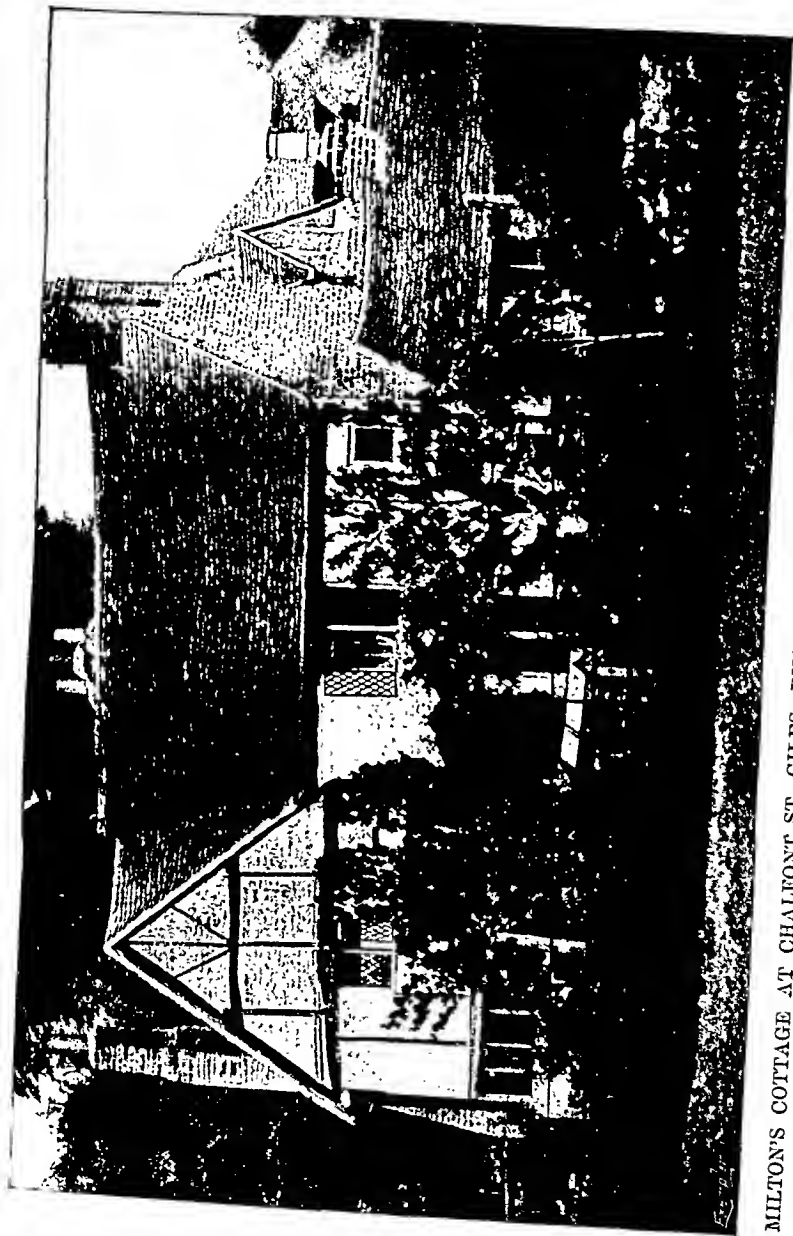
Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Showers on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with heaven, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus displayed.

"Powers and Dominions, Deities of heaven,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppressed and fallen,
I give not heaven for lost: from this descent
Celestial virtues rising will appear
More glorious and more dread, than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right and the fixed laws of heaven
Did first create your leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in council or in fight,
Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Established in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer's aim.
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak."

He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptered king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength, and rather than be less

Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear; of God, or hell, or worse,
He recked not; and these words thereafter spake:

“My sentence is for open war; of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now:
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit ling’ring here,
Heaven’s fugitives, and for their dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather choose,
Armed with hell flames and fury, all at once,
O’er heaven’s high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mixt with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? Th’ ascent is easy then;
Th’ event is feared; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction: if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroyed: what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned,
In this abhorrèd deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus



MILTON'S COTTAGE AT CHALFONT ST. GILES, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, WHERE HE STAYED DURING THE
PLAGUE OF LONDON

We should be quite abolished and expire.
What fear we then ? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire ? which, to the height enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential ; happier far,
Than miserable to have eternal being.
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing ; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."

He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge and battle dangerous
To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane ;
A fairer person lost not heaven ; he seemed
For dignity composed and high exploit :
But all was false and hollow ; though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels ; for his thoughts were low ;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful : yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began :

"I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged,
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success ;
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge ? The towers of heaven are filled
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable ; oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise,
With blackest insurrection to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great enemy

All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and th' ethereal mold
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
Th' almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more: sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? How he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? 'Wherefore cease we then?'
Say they who counsel war; 'we are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?' Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what, if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurled
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or forever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;

There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from heaven's height
All these our motions vain sees and derides;
Not more almighty to resist our might,
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven,
Thus trampled, thus expelled, to suffer here
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus far removed
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punished: whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapor, or inured not feel;
Or changed at length, and to the place conformed
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light:
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe."

Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counseled ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake:

“Either to disenthroned the King of heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: Him to unthroned we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within heaven’s bound, unless heaven’s Lord supreme
We overpower? Suppose He should relent
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Foreed hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied Sov’reign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In heaven, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtained
Unacceptable, though in heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create; and in what place so e’er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labor and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heaven’s all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Must’ring their rage, and heaven resembles hell!
As He our darkness, cannot we His light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden luster, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can heaven show more?

Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements, these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and were, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."

He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled
Th' assembly; as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance
Or pinnacle anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michael
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise,
By policy and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to heaven.

Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state: deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone;
Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake:

"Thrones and imperial Powers, offspring of heaven,
Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now
Must we renounce, and changing style be called
Princes of hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire. Doubtless; while we dream,
And know not that the King of heaven hath doomed
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt

From heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
Under the inevitable curb, reserved
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt, but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron scepter rule
Us here, as with his golden those in heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determined us, and foiled with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be given
To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault, or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
Err not), another world, the happy seat
Of some new race called Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favored more
Of Him who rules above; so was His will
Pronounced among the Gods, and by an oath,
That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirmed.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mold
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtilty. Though heaven be shut,
And heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defense who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achieved

By sudden onset, either with hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive as we were driven
The puny inhabitants; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed; for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:

"Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved; which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up; in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence with neighboring arms
And opportune excursion we may chance
Reënter heaven: or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of heaven's fair light,
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires
Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottomed infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings,

Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? What strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict sentries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."

This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's count'nance read his own dismay
Astonished; none among the choice and prime
Of those heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardy, as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchical pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:

"O Progeny of heaven, empyreal Thrones,
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismayed: long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barred over us prohibit all egress.
These passed, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sov'reignty, adorned
With splendor, armed with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honor, due alike



PANDEMONIUM

From a fresco in the Orvieto Cathedral

To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honored sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,
Terror of heaven though fallen! intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion. Intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all. This enterprise
None shall partake with me." Thus saying rose
The monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest from his resolution raised
Others among the chief might offer now,
Certain to be refused, what erst they feared;
And so refused might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard hugo must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure, than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose:
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Toward him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extol him equal to the highest in heaven:
Nor failed they to express how much they praised,
That for the general safety he despised
His own; for neither do the spirits damned
Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or elose ambition varnished o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the low'ring element
Scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow, or shower;
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope

Of heavenly grace; and God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
 As if, which might induce us to accord,
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
 That day and night for his destruction wait.

The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth
 In order came the grand Infernal peers;
 Midst came their mighty paramount, and seemed
 Alone th' antagonist of heaven, nor less
 Then hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme
 And Godlike imitated state: him round
 A globe of fiery Seraphim inclosed
 With bright emblazonry and horrent arms.
 Then of their session ended they bid cry
 With trumpet's regal sound the great result:
 Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
 Put to their mouths the sounding alehymy,
 By heralds' voice explained: the hollow abyss
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell
 With deafning shout returned them loud acclaim.



WITH FIRE AND SWORD.¹

By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

[HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, the foremost living Polish novelist, was born of Lithuanian parents at Vola Okrzejska in the Lukowschen, in 1846. After pursuing his studies at the University of Warsaw, he adopted a wandering existence, and in 1876 proceeded to America, where he spent considerable time in southern California, and wrote for the Warsaw papers numerous stories and impressions of travel. He subsequently returned to Poland and took up literature as a profession. Nearly all of his works have been translated into English, and enjoy great popularity in the United States and England. The most important are: "Children of the Soil"; "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael," forming a trilogy of historical novels; "Quo Vadis," a tale of the time of Nero; "Yanko the Musician"; "Without Dogma"; "Hania."]

THE DEATH OF THE TRAITORS.

At the house of the inspector of weights and measures, in the outskirts of Hassan Pasha, at the Saitch, sat two Zaporoz-

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jians at a table, fortifying themselves with spirits distilled from millet, which they dipped unceasingly from a wooden tub that stood in the middle of the table. One of them, already old and quite decrepit, was Philip Zakhar. He was the inspector. The other, Anton Tatarchuk, ataman of the Chigirin kuren, was a man about forty years old, tall, with a wild expression of face and oblique Tartar eyes. Both spoke in a low voice, as if fearing that some one might overhear them.

"But it is to-day?" asked the inspector.

"Yes, almost immediately," answered Tatarchuk. "They are waiting for the koshevoi and Tugai Bey, who went with Hmelnitski himself to Bazaluk, where the horde is quartered. The Brotherhood is already assembled on the square, and the kuren atamans will meet in council before evening. Before night all will be known."

"It may have an evil end," muttered old Philip Zakhar.

"Listen, inspector! But did you see that there was a letter to me also?"

"Of course I did, for I carried the letters myself to the koshevoi, and I know how to read. Three letters were found on the Pole, — one to the koshevoi himself, one to you, the third to young Barabash. Every one in the Saitch knows of this already."

"And who wrote? Don't you know?"

"The prince wrote to the koshevoi, for his seal was on the letter; who wrote to you is unknown."

"God guard us!"

"If they don't call you a friend of the Poles openly, nothing will come of it."

"God guard us!" repeated Tatarchuk.

"It is evident that you have something on your mind."

"Pshaw! I have nothing on my mind."

"The koshevoi, too, may destroy all the letters, for his own head is concerned. There was a letter to him as well as to you."

"He may."

"But if you have done anything, then" — here the old inspector lowered his voice still more — "go away!"

"But how and where?" asked Tatarchuk, uneasily. "The koshevoi has placed guards on all the islands, so that no one may escape to the Poles and let them know what is going on. The Tartars are on guard at Bazaluk. A fish couldn't squeeze through, and a bird couldn't fly over."

"Then hide in the Saitch, wherever you can."

"They will find me, — unless you hide me among the barrels in the bazaar? You are my relative."

"I wouldn't hide my own brother. If you are afraid of death, then drink; you won't feel it when you are drunk."

"Maybe there is nothing in the letters."

"Maybe."

"Here is misfortune, misfortune!" said Tatarchuk. "I don't feel that I have done anything. I am a good fellow, an enemy to the Poles. But though there is nothing in the letter, the devil knows what the Pole may say at the council. He may ruin me."

"He is a severe man; he won't say anything."

"Have you seen him to-day?"

"Yes; I rubbed his wounds with tar, I poured spirits and ashes into his throat. He will be all right. He is an angry fellow! They say that at Hortitsa he slaughtered the Tartars like swine, before they captured him. Set your mind at rest about the Pole."

The sullen sound of the kettledrums which were beaten on the Koshevoi's square interrupted further conversation. Tatarchuk, hearing the sound, shuddered and sprang to his feet. Excessive fear was expressed by his face and movements.

"They are beating the summons to council," said he, catching his breath. "God save us! And you, Philip, don't speak of what we have been saying here. God save us!"

Having said this, Tatarchuk, seizing the tub with the liquor, brought it to his mouth with both hands, and drank, — drank as though he wished to drink himself to death.

"Let us go!" said the inspector.

The sound of the drums came clearer and clearer.

They went out. The field of Hassan Pasha was separated from the square by a rampart surrounding the encampment proper, and by a gate with lofty towers on which were seen the muzzles of cannon fixed there. In the middle of the field stood the house of the inspector of weights and measures, and the cabins of the shop atamans, and around a rather large space were shops in which goods were stored. These shops were in general wretched structures made of oak planks, which Hortitsa furnished in abundance, fastened together with twigs and reeds. The cabins, not excepting that of the inspector, were mere huts, for only the roofs were raised

above the ground. The roofs were black and smoked; for when there was fire in the cabin the smoke found exit, not only through the smoke hole, but through every cranny in the roof, and one might suppose that it was not a cabin at all, but a pile of branches and reeds covering a tar pit. No daylight entered these cabins; therefore a fire of pitch pine and oak chips was kept up. The shops, a few dozen in number, were divided into camp shops which belonged to individual camps, and those of strangers in which during time of peace Tartars and Wallachians traded,—the first in skins, Eastern fabrics, arms, and every kind of booty; the second, chiefly in wine. But the shops for strangers were rarely occupied, since in that wild nest trade was changed most frequently to robbery, from which neither the inspectors nor the shop atamans could restrain the crowds.

Among the shops stood also thirty-eight camp drinking shops; and before them always lay, on the sweepings, shavings, oak sticks, and heaps of horse manure, Zaporojians, half dead from drinking,—some sunk in a stony sleep; others with foam in their mouths, in convulsions or delirium tremens; others half drunk, howling Cossack songs, spitting, striking, kissing, cursing Cossack fate or weeping over Cossack sorrow, walking upon the heads and breasts of those lying around. Only during expeditions against the Tartars or the upper country was sobriety enforced, and at such times those who took part in an expedition were punished with death for drunkenness. But in ordinary times, and especially in the bazaar, all were drunk,—the inspector, the camp ataman, the buyers, and the sellers. The sour smell of unrectified spirits, mixed with the odor of tar, fish, smoke, and horse hides, filled the air of the whole place, which in general, by the variety of its shops, reminded one of some little Turkish or Tartar town. Everything was for sale that at any time had been seized as plunder in the Crimea, Wallachia, or on the shores of Anatolia,—bright fabrics of the East, satins, brocades, velvets, cotton cloths, ticking, linen, iron and brass guns, skins, furs, dried fish, cherries, Turkish sweetmeats, church vessels, brass crescents taken from minarets, gilded crosses torn from churches, powder and sharp weapons, spear staffs, and saddles. In that mixture of objects and colors moved about people dressed in remnants of the most varied garments, in the summer half naked, always half wild,

discolored with smoke, black, rolled in mud, covered with wounds, bleeding from the bites of gigantic gnats which hovered in myriads over Chertomelik, and eternally drunk, as has been stated above.

At that moment the whole of Hassan Pasha was more crowded with people than usual; the shops and drinking places were closed, and all were hastening to the square of the Saitch, on which the council was to be held. Philip Zakhar and Anton Tatarchuk went with the others; but Tatarchuk loitered, and allowed the crowd to precede him. Disquiet grew more and more evident on his face. Meanwhile they crossed the bridge over the fosse, passed the gate, and found themselves on the broad fortified square, surrounded by thirty-eight large wooden structures. These were the kurens, or rather the buildings of the kurens,—a kind of military barracks in which the Cossacks lived. These kurens were of one structure and measure, and differed in nothing unless in the names, borrowed from the various towns of the Ukraine, from which the regiments also took their names. In one corner of the square stood the council house, in which the atamans used to sit under the presidency of the koshevoi. The crowd, or the so-called "Brotherhood," deliberated under the open sky, sending deputations every little while, and sometimes bursting in by force to the council house and terrorizing those within.

The throng was already enormous on the square, for the ataman had recently assembled at the Saitch all the warriors scattered over the islands, streams, and meadows; therefore the Brotherhood was more numerous than on ordinary occasions. Since the sun was near its setting, a number of tar barrels had been ignited already; and here and there were kegs of spirits which every kuren had set out for itself, and which added no small energy to the deliberations. Order between the kurens was maintained by the assaults, armed with heavy sticks to restrain the councilors, and with pistols to defend their own lives, which were frequently in danger.

Philip Zakhar and Tatarchuk went straight to the council house; for one as inspector, and the other as kuren ataman, had a right to a seat among the elders. In the council room there was but one small table, before which sat the army secretary. The atamans and the koshevoi had seats on skins by the walls; but at that hour their places were not yet occupied.

The koshevoi walked with great strides through the room; the kuren atamans, gathering in small groups, conversed in low tones, interrupted from time to time by more audible oaths. Tatarchuk, noticing that his acquaintances and even friends pretended not to see him, at once approached young Barabash, who was more or less in a position similar to his own. Others looked at them with a scowl, to which young Barabash paid no attention, not understanding well the reason. He was a man of great beauty and extraordinary strength, thanks to which he had the rank of kuren ataman. He was notorious throughout the whole Saitch for his stupidity, which had gained him the nickname of "Dunee Ataman" and the privilege of being laughed at by the elders for every word he uttered.

"Wait awhile; maybe we shall go in the water with a stone around the neck," whispered Tatarchuk to him.

"Why is that?" asked Barabash.

"Don't you know about the letters?"

"The plague take his mother! Have I written any letters?"

"See how they frown at us!"

"If I give it to one of them in the forehead, he won't look that way, for his eyes will jump out."

Just then shouts from the outside announced that something had happened. The doors of the council house opened wide, and in came Hmelnitski with Tugai Bey. They were the men greeted so joyfully. A few months before Tugai Bey, as the most violent of the Tartars and the terror of the men from below, was the object of extreme hatred in the Saitch. Now the Brotherhood hurled their caps in the air at the sight of him, as a good friend of Hmelnitski and the Zaporojians.

Tugai Bey entered first, and then Hmelnitski, with the baton in his hand as hetman of the Zaporojian armies. He had held that office since his return from the Crimea with reinforcements from the Khan. The crowd at that time raised him in their hands, and bursting open the army treasury, brought him the baton, the standard, and the seal which were generally borne before the hetman. He had changed, too, not a little. It was evident that he bore within himself the terrible power of the whole Zaporojie. This was not Hmelnitski the wronged, fleeing to the steppe through the Wilderness, but Hmelnitski the hetman, the spirit of blood, the giant, the avenger of his own wrongs on millions of people.

Still he did not break the chains; he only imposed new

and heavier ones. This was evident from his relations with Tugai Bey. This hetman, in the heart of the Zaporojie, took a place second to the Tartar, and endured with submission Tartar pride and treatment contemptuous beyond expression. It was the attitude of a vassal before his lord. But it had to be so. Hmelnitski owed all his credit with the Cossacks to the Tartars and the favor of the Khan, whose representative was the wild and furious Tugai Bey. But Hmelnitski knew how to reconcile with submission the pride which was bursting his own bosom, as well as to unite courage with cunning; for he was a lion and a fox, an eagle and a serpent. This was the first time since the origin of the Cossacks that the Tartar had acted as master in the center of the Saitch; but such were the times that had come. The Brotherhood hurled their caps in the air at sight of the Pagan. Such were the times that had been accepted.

The deliberations began. Tugai Bey sat down in the middle of the room on a large bundle of skins, and putting his legs under him, began to crack dry sunflower seeds and spit out the husks in front of himself. On his right side sat Hmelnitski, with the baton; on his left the koshevoi; but the atamans and the deputation from the Brotherhood sat farther away near the walls. Conversation had ceased; only from the crowd outside, debating under the open sky, came a murmur and dull sound like the noise of waves. Hmelnitski began to speak:—

“Gentlemen, with the favor, attention, and aid of the serene Tsar of the Crimea, the lord of many peoples and relative of the heavenly hosts; with the permission of his Majesty the gracious King Vladislav, our lord, and the hearty support of the brave Zaporojian armies,—trusting in our innocence and the justice of God, we are going to avenge the terrible and savage deeds of injustice which, while we had strength, we endured like Christians, at the hands of the faithless Poles, from commissioners, starostas, crown agents, from all the nobility, and from the Jews. Over these deeds of injustice you, gentlemen, and the whole Zaporojian army have shed many tears, and you have given me this baton that I might find the speedy vindication of our innocence and that of all our people. Esteeming this appointment as a great favor from you, my wellwishers, I went to ask of the serene Tsar that aid which he has given. But being ready and willing to move, I was

grieved not a little when I heard that there could be traitors in the midst of us, entering into communication with the faithless Poles, and informing them of our work. If this be true, then they are to be punished according to your will and discretion. We ask you, therefore, to listen to the letters brought from our enemy, Prince Vishnyevetski, by an envoy who is not an envoy but a spy, who wants to note our preparations and the good will of Tugai Bey, our friend, so as to report them to the Poles. And you are to decide whether he is to be punished as well as those to whom he brought letters, and of whom the koshevoi, as a true friend of me, of Tugai Bey, and of the whole army, gave prompt notice."

Hmelnitski stopped. The tumult outside the windows increased every moment. Then the army secretary began to read, first, the letter of the prince to the koshevoi ataman, beginning with these words: "We, by the grace of God, prince and lord in Lubni, Khorol, Pryluki, Gadyateh, etc., vovoda in Russia, etc., starosta, etc." The letter was purely official. The prince, having heard that forces were called in from the meadows, asked the ataman if that were true, and summoned him at once to desist from such action for the sake of peace in Christian lands; and in case Hmelnitski disturbed the Saiteh, to deliver him up to the commissioners on their demand. The second letter was from Pan Grodzitski, also to the chief ataman; the third and fourth from Zatsvilikhovski and the old colonel of Cherkasi to Tatarehuk and Barabash. In all these there was nothing that could bring the persons to whom they were addressed into suspicion. Zatsvilikhovski merely begged Tatarehuk to take the bearer of his letter in care, and to make everything he might want easy for him.

Tatarehuk breathed more freely.

"What do you say, gentlemen, of these letters?" inquired Hmelnitski.

The Cossacks were silent. All their councils began thus, till liquor warmed up their heads, since no one of the atamans wished to raise his voice first. Being rude and cunning people, they did this principally from a fear of being laughed at for folly, which might subject the author of it to ridicule or give him a sarcastic nickname for the rest of his life; for such was the condition in the Saiteh, where amidst the greatest rudeness the sense of the ridiculous and the dread of sarcasm were wonderfully developed.

The Cossacks remained silent. Hmelnitski raised his voice again.

"The koshevoi ataman is our brother and sincere friend. I believe in the koshevoi as I do in my own soul. And if any man were to speak otherwise, I should consider him a traitor. The koshevoi is our old friend and a soldier."

Having said this, he rose to his feet and kissed the koshevoi.

"Gentlemen," said the koshevoi, in answer, "I bring the forces together, and let the hetman lead them. As to the envoy, since they sent him to me, he is mine; and I make you a present of him."

"You, gentlemen of the delegation, salute the koshevoi," said Hmelnitski, "for he is a just man, and go to inform the Brotherhood that if there is a traitor, he is not the man; he first stationed a guard, he gave the order to seize traitors escaping to the Poles. Say, gentlemen, that the koshevoi is not the traitor, that he is the best of us all."

The deputies bowed to their girdles before Tugai Bey, who chewed his sunflower seeds the whole time with the greatest indifference; then they bowed to Hmelnitski and the koshevoi, and went out of the room.

After a while joyful shouts outside the windows announced that the deputies had accomplished their task.

"Long life to our koshevoi! long life to our koshevoi!" shouted hoarse voices, with such power that the walls of the building seemed to tremble to their foundations.

At the same time was heard the roar of guns and muskets. The deputies returned and took their seats again in the corner of the room.

"Gentlemen," said Hmelnitski, after quiet had come in some degree outside the windows, "you have decided wisely that the koshevoi is a just man. But if the koshevoi is not a traitor, who is the traitor? Who has friends among the Poles, with whom do they come to an understanding, to whom do they write letters, to whom do they confide the person of an envoy? Who is the traitor?"

While saying this, Hmelnitski raised his voice more and more, and directed his ominous looks toward Tatarchuk and young Barabash, as if he wished to point them out expressly.

A murmur rose in the room; a number of voices began to cry, "Barabash and Tatarchuk!" Some of the kuren atamans

stood up in their places, and among the deputies was heard the cry, "To destruction!"

Tatarchuk grew pale, and young Barabash began to look with astonished eyes at those present. His slow mind struggled for a time to discover what was laid to his charge; at length he said:—

"The dog won't eat meat!"

Then he burst out into idiotic laughter, and after him others. And all at once the majority of the kuren atamans began to laugh wildly, not knowing themselves why. From outside the windows came shouts, louder and louder; it was evident that liquor had begun to heat their brains. The sound of the human wave rose higher and higher.

But Anton Tatarchuk rose to his feet, and turning to Hmelnitski, began to speak:—

"What have I done to you, most worthy hetman of the Zaporojie, that you insist on my death? In what am I guilty before you? The commissioner Zatsvilikhovski has written a letter to me,—what of that? So has the prince written to the koshevoi. Have I received a letter? No! And if I had received it, what should I do with it? I should go to the secretary and ask to have it read; for I do not know how to write or to read. And you would always know what was in the letter. The Pole I don't know by sight. Am I a traitor, then? Oh, brother Zaporojians! Tatarchuk went with you to the Crimea; when you went to Wallachia, he went to Wallachia; when you went to Smolensk, he went to Smolensk,—he fought with you, brave men, lived with you, and shed his blood with you, was dying of hunger with you; so he is not a Pole, not a traitor, but a Cossack,—your own brother; and if the hetman insists on his death, let the hetman say why he insists. What have I done to him? In what have I shown my falsehood? And do you, brothers, be merciful, and judge justly."

"Tatarchuk is a brave fellow! Tatarchuk is a good man!" answered several voices.

"You, Tatarchuk, are a brave fellow," said Hmelnitski; "and I do not persecute you, for you are my friend, and not a Pole,—a Cossack, our brother. If a Pole were the traitor, then I should not be grieved, should not weep; but if a brave fellow is the traitor, my friend the traitor, then my heart is heavy, and I am grieved. Since you were in the Crimea and in Wallachia and at Smolensk, then the offense is the greater;

because now you were ready to inform the Poles of the readiness and wishes of the Zaporojian army. The Poles wrote to you to make it easy for their man to get what he wanted; and tell me, worthy atamans, what could a Pole want? Is it not my death and the death of my good friend Tugai Bey? Is it not the destruction of the Zaporojian army? Therefore you, Tataarchuk, are guilty; and you cannot show anything else. And to Barabash his uncle the colonel of Cherkasi wrote,—his uncle, a friend to Chaplinski, a friend to the Poles, who secreted in his house the charter of rights, so the Zaporojian army should not obtain it. Since it is this way,—and I swear, as God lives, that it is no other way,—you are both guilty; and now beg mercy of the atamans, and I will beg with you, though your guilt is heavy and your treason clear.”

From outside the windows came, not a sound and a murmur, but as it were the roar of a storm. The Brotherhood wished to know what was doing in the council room, and sent a new deputation.

Tataarchuk felt that he was lost. He remembered that the week before he had spoken in the midst of the atamans against giving the baton to Hmelnitski, and against an alliance with the Tartars. Cold drops of sweat came out on his forehead; he understood that there was no rescue for him now. As to young Barabash, it was clear that in destroying him Hmelnitski wished to avenge himself on the old colonel of Cherkasi, who loved his nephew deeply. Still Tataarchuk did not wish to die. He would not have paled before the saber, the bullet, or the stake; but a death such as that which awaited him pierced him to the marrow of his bones. Therefore, taking advantage of a moment of quiet which reigned after the words of Hmelnitski, he screamed in a terrified voice:—

“In the name of Christ, brother atamans, dear friends, do not destroy an innocent man! I have not seen the Pole, I have not spoken with him! Have mercy on me, brothers! I do not know what the Pole wanted of me; ask him yourselves! I swear by Christ the Savior, the Holy Most Pure, Saint Nicholas the wonder-worker, by Michael the archangel, that you are destroying an innocent man!”

“Bring in the Pole!” shouted the chief inspector.

“The Pole this way! the Pole this way!” shouted the kuren atamans.

Confusion began. Some rushed to the adjoining room in

which the prisoner was confined, to bring him before the council. Others approached Tatarchuk and Barabash with threats. Gladki, the ataman of the Mirgorod kuren, first cried, "To destruction!" The deputies repeated the cry. Chernota sprang to the door, opened it, and shouted to the assembled crowd:—

"Worthy Brotherhood, Tatarchuk is a traitor, Barabash is a traitor; destruction to them!"

The multitude answered with a fearful howl. Confusion continued in the council room; all the atamans rose from their places; some cried, "The Pole! the Pole!" others tried to allay the disturbance. But while this was going on the doors were thrown wide open before the weight of the crowd, and to the middle of the room rushed in a mass of men from the square outside. Terrible forms, drunk with rage, filled the space, seething, waving their hands, gnashing their teeth, and exhaling the smell of spirits. "Death to Tatarchuk, and Barabash to destruction! Give up the traitors! To the square with them!" shouted the drunken voices. "Strike! kill!" and hundreds of hands were stretched out in a moment toward the hapless victims.

Tatarchuk offered no resistance; he only groaned in terror. But young Barabash began to defend himself with desperate strength. He understood at last that they wanted to kill him. Terror, despair, and madness were seen on his face; foam covered his lips, and from his bosom came forth the roar of a wild beast. Twice he tore himself from the hands of his executioners, and twice their hands seized him by the shoulders, by the breast, by the beard and hair. He struggled, he bit, he bellowed, he fell on the ground, and again rose up bleeding and terrible. His clothes were torn, his hair was pulled out of his head, an eye knocked out. At last, pressed to the wall, his arm was broken; then he fell. His executioners seized his feet, and dragged him with Tatarchuk to the square. There, by the light of tar barrels and the great fires, the final execution began. Several thousand people rushed upon the doomed men and tore them, howling and struggling among themselves to get at the victims. They were trampled under foot; bits of their bodies were torn away. The multitude struggled around them with that terrible convulsive motion of furious masses. For a moment bloody hands raised aloft two shapeless lumps, without the semblance of human form; then again

they were trampled upon the earth. Those standing farther away raised their voices to the sky,—some crying out to throw the victims into the water, others to beat them into a burning tar barrel. The drunken ones began to fight among themselves. In the frenzy two tubs of alcohol were set on fire, which lighted up the hellish scene with trembling blue flames; *from heaven the moon looked down on it also*,—the moon, calm, bright, and mild. In this way the Brotherhood punished its traitors.

In the council chamber, the moment the Cossacks dragged Tatarchuk and young Barabash through the doors there was quiet, and the atamans occupied their former places near the wall; for a prisoner was led forth from the adjoining closet.

The shade fell upon his face; in the half-light could be seen only the tall figure, with simple and haughty bearing, though with hands bound together. But Gladki threw a bundle of twigs on the fire, and in a moment a bright flame shot up and covered with a clear light the face of the prisoner, who turned to Hmelnitski.

When he saw him Hmelnitski started. The prisoner was Pan Yan.

Tugai Bey spat out husks of sunflower seeds, and muttered in Russian:—

“I know that Pole; he was in the Crimea.”

“Destruction to him!” cried Gladki.

“Destruction!” repeated Chernota.

Hmelnitski mastered his surprise, but turned his eyes to Gladki and Chernota, who under the influence of that glance grew quiet; then turning to the koshevoi, he said: “And I know him too.”

“Whence do you come?” asked the koshevoi of Pan Yan.

“I was coming with an embassy to you, koshevoi ataman, when robbers fell upon me at Hortitsa, and, in spite of customs observed among the wildest people, killed my men, and, regarding neither my office of envoy nor my birth, wounded me, insulted me, and brought me here as a prisoner; for which my lord, Prince Yeremi Vishnyevetski, will know how to demand of you account, koshevoi ataman.”

“And why did you dissemble? Why did you crush the head of a brave man? Why did you kill four times as many people as your own number? And you came with a letter to me to observe our preparations and report them to the Poles!

We know also that you had letters to traitors in the Zaporojian army, so as to plan with them the destruction of that whole army; therefore you will be received, not as an envoy, but as a traitor, and punished with justice."

"You deceive yourself, koshevoi, and you, self-styled hetman," said the lieutenant, turning to Hmelnitski. "If I brought letters, every envoy does the same when he goes to strange places; for he takes letters from acquaintances to acquaintances, so that through them he may have society. And I came here with a letter from the prince, not to contrive your destruction, but to restrain you from deeds which are an unendurable outrage to the Commonwealth, and which in the end will bring ruin on you and the whole Zaporojian army. For on whom do you raise your godless hands? Against whom do you, who call yourselves defenders of Christianity, form an alliance with Pagans? Against the king, against the nobility, and the whole Commonwealth. You therefore, not I, are traitors; and I tell you that unless you efface your crimes with obedience and humility, then woe to you! Are the times of Pavlyuk and Nalivaika so remote? Has their punishment left your memory? Remember, then, that the patience of the Commonwealth is exhausted, and the sword is hanging over your heads."

"Oh, you son of Satan!" shouted the koshevoi. "You bark to squeeze out and escape death; but your threatening and your Polish Latin won't help you."

Other atamans began to gnash their teeth and shake their sabers; but Skshetuski raised his head still higher, and said:—

"Do not think, atamans, that I fear death, or that I defend my life, or that I am exhibiting my innocence. Being a noble, I can be tried only by equals. Here I am standing, not before judges, but before bandits,—not before nobility, but before serfdom,—not before knighthood, but before barbarism; and I know well I shall not escape my death, with which you will fill the measure of your iniquity. Before me are death and torment; but behind me the power and vengeance of the Commonwealth, in presence of which you are all trembling."

Indeed the lofty stature, the grandeur of his speech, and the name of the Commonwealth made a deep impression. The atamans looked at one another in silence. After a while it seemed to them that not a prisoner, but the terrible messenger of a mighty people, was standing before them.

Tugai Bey murmured : "That is an angry Pole!"

"An angry Pole!" said Hmelnitski.

A violent knocking at the door stopped further conversation. On the square the remains of Tatarchuk and Barabash had been disposed of; and the Brotherhood sent a new deputation. A number of Cossacks, bloody, panting, covered with sweat, drunk, entered the room. They stood near the door, and stretching forth their hands still steaming with blood, began to speak.

"The Brotherhood bow to the elders,"—here they bowed to their girdles,— "and ask that the Pole be given them to play with, as they played with Barabash and Tatarchuk."

"Let them have the Pole!" cried Chernota.

"No," cried others, "let them wait! He is an envoy!"

"To destruction with him!" answered a number of voices.

Then all were silent, waiting for the answer of the koshevoi and Hmelnitski.

"The Brotherhood ask; and if he is not given, they will take him themselves," said the deputies.

Skshetuski seemed lost beyond redemption, when Hmelnitski inclined to the ear of Tugai Bey and whispered:—

"He is your captive. The Tartars took him, he is yours. Will you let him be taken from you? He is a rich nobleman, and besides Prince Yeremi will ransom him with gold."

"Give up the Pole!" cried the Cossacks, with increasing violence.

Tugai Bey straightened himself in his seat and stood up. His countenance changed in a moment; his eyes dilated like the eyes of a wild cat, they began to flash fire. Suddenly he sprang like a tiger in front of the Cossacks who were demanding the prisoner.

"Be off, clowns, infidel dogs, slaves, pig eaters!" bellowed he, seizing by the beard two of the Zaporojians and pulling them with rage. "Be off, drunkards, brutes, foul reptiles! You have come to take my captive, but this is the way I'll treat you." So saying, he pulled some by the beard; at last he threw one down and began to stamp on him with his feet. "On your faces, slaves! I will send you into captivity, I will trample the whole Saitch under foot as I trample you! I will send it up in smoke, cover it with your carcasses."

The deputies drew back in fear; their terrible friend had shown what he could do.

And, wonderful thing in Bazaluk, there were only six thousand of the horde! It is true that behind them stood the Khan and all the power of the Crimea; but in the Saitch itself there were several thousand Cossacks besides those whom Hmelnitski had already sent to Tomakovka,—but still not one voice was raised in protest against Tugai Bey. It might be that the method with which the terrible murza had defended his captive was the only one practicable, and that it brought conviction at once to the Zaporojians, to whom the aid of the Tartars was at that time indispensable.

The deputation went out on the square, shouting to the crowd that they would not play with the Pole, for he was Tugai Bey's captive and Tugai Bey said he himself was wild! "He has pulled our beards!" cried they. On the square they began immediately to repeat: "Tugai Bey is wild!" "Is wild!" cry the crowd, plaintively,—"is wild, is wild!" In a few minutes a certain shrill voice began to sing near the fire:—

"Hei, hei!
Tugai Bey
Is wild, roaring wild.
Hei, hei!
Tugai Bey,
Don't get wild, my friend!"

Immediately thousands of voices repeated: "Hei, hei! Tugai Bey!" And at once rose one of those songs which afterward spread over the whole Ukraine, as if the wind had carried it, and was sung to the sound of lyre and teorbán.

But suddenly the song was interrupted; for through the gates, from the side of Hassan Pasha, rushed a number of men, who broke through the crowd, shouting, "Out of the way! out of the way!" and hastened with all speed to the council house. The atamans were preparing to go out when these new guests fell into the room.

"A letter to the hetman!" shouted an old Cossack. "We are from Chigirin. We have rushed on night and day with the letter. Here it is!"

Hmelnitski took the letter from the hands of the Cossack, and began to read. Suddenly his face changed; he stopped the reading, and said with a piercing voice:—

"Atamans! The Grand Hetman Pototski sends his son Stephen with his army against us. War!"

In the room there rose a wonderful sound, — uncertain whether of joy or amazement. Hmelnitski stepped forward into the middle of the room, and put his hand on his hip; his eyes flashed lightning, his voice was awful and commanding: —

“Atamans, to the kurens! Fire the cannon from the tower! Break the liquor barrels! We march at daybreak to-morrow!”

From that moment the common council ceased, the rule of atamans and the preponderance of the Brotherhood were at an end. Hmelnitski assumed unlimited power. A little while before, through fear that his voice might not be obeyed, he was forced to destroy his opponents by artifice, and by artifice defend the prisoner. Now he was lord of life and death for them all.

So it was ever. Before and after expeditions, even if the hetman was chosen, the multitude still imposed its will on the atamans and the koshevoi, for whom opposition was coupled with danger. But when the campaign was declared, the Brotherhood became an army subject to military discipline, the atamans officers, and the hetman a dictator in command. Therefore, when they heard the orders of Hmelnitski, the atamans went at once to their kurens. The council was at an end.

Soon the roar of cannon from the gates leading from Hassan Pasha to the square of the Saitch shook the walls of the room, and spread with gloomy echoes through all Chertomelik, giving notice of war.

It opened also an epoch in the history of two peoples; but that was unknown to the drunken Cossacks as well as to the Zaporojian hetman himself.

ZAGLOBA AND HELENA.

Helena was wakened by the barking of dogs. Opening her eyes, she saw in the distance before her a great shady oak, an inclosure, and a well sweep. She roused her companion at once: “Oh, wake up!”

Zagloba opened his eyes. “What is this? Where are we?”

“I don’t know.”

“Wait a moment! This is a Cossack wintering place.”

“So it appears to me.”

“Herdsman live here, no doubt. Not too pleasant company! And these dogs howl as if wolves had bitten them.

There are horses and men at the inclosure. No help for it; we must ride up to them, lest they pursue us if we pass. You must have been asleep."

"I was."

"One, two, three, four horses saddled,—four men there at the inclosure. Well, that is no great force. True, they are herdsmen. They are doing something in a hurry. Hallo there, men, come this way!"

The four Cossacks approached immediately. They were, in fact, herders who watched horses in the steppe during the summer. Zagloba noticed at once that only one of them had a saber and a gun. The other three were armed with horse jaws fastened to staves, but he knew that such herdsmen were often dangerous to travelers.

When all four approached, they gazed from under their brows at the newcomers; in their bronzed faces could not be found the least trace of welcome. "What do you want?" asked they, without removing their caps.

"Glory to God!" said Zagloba.

"For the ages of ages! What do you want?"

"Is it far to Syrovati?"

"We don't know of any Syrovati."

"And what is this place called?"

"Gusla."

"Give our horses water."

"We have no water; it is dried up. But where do you ride from?"

"From Krivaya Rudá."

"Where are you going?"

"To Chigirin."

The herdsmen looked at one another. One of them, black as a bug and crooked-eyed, began to gaze intently at Zagloba. At last he asked: "Why did you leave the highway?"

"It was hot there."

The crooked-eyed man put his hand on the reins of Zagloba's horse: "Come down from the horse, come down! You have nothing to go to Chigirin for."

"How so?" asked Zagloba, quietly.

"Do you see that young fellow there?" asked crooked-eye, pointing to one of the herdsmen.

"I do."

"He has come from Chigirin. They are slaughtering Poles there."

"And do you know, fellow, who is following us to Chigirin?"

"Who?"

"Princee Yeremi."

The insolent face of the herdsman dropped in a moment. All, as if by command, removed their caps.

"Do you know, you trash!" continued Zagloba, "what the Poles do to those who slaughter? They hang them. And do you know how many men Prince Yeremi has, and do you know that he is no farther than two or three miles from here? And how have you received us, you dog souls! What stuff you tell!—the well is dried up, you have no water for horses! Ah, basilisks! I'll show you!"

"Oh, don't be angry, Pan! The well is dried up. We go to the Kagamlik with our horses, and bring water for ourselves. But say the word and we will run for water."

"Oh, I can get on without you! I will go with my attendant. Where is the Kagamlik?" inquired he, sternly.

"About a mile and a quarter from here," said the crooked-eyed man, pointing to a line of reeds.

"And must I return this way, or can I go along the bank?"

"Go by the bank. The river turns to the road about a mile from here."

"Dash ahead, young man!" said Zagloba, turning to Helena.

The pretended youth turned his horse and galloped on.

"Listen!" said Zagloba, turning to the herdsman. "If the vanguard comes up, say that I went to the road along the river."

"I will."

A quarter of an hour later Zagloba was riding again by the side of Helena.

"I invented the prince for them in season," said he, blinking with his cataract-covered eye. "Now they will stay all day waiting for the vanguard. They shuddered at the mere name of the prince."

"I see you have such ready wit that you will save us from every trouble," said Helena, "and I thank God for sending me such a guardian."

These words went to the heart of the noble. He smiled, stroked his beard, and said:—

"Well, hasn't Zagloba a head on his shoulders? Cunning

as Ulysses ! and I must tell you, had it not been for that cunning, the crows would have eaten me long ago. Can't help it, I must save myself. They believed easily that the prince was coming, for it is probable that he will appear to-morrow or next day in this neighborhood with a fiery sword like an archangel. And if he should only strike Bogun somewhere on the road, I would make a vow to walk barefoot to Chenstokhova. Even if those herdsmen did not believe, the very mention of the power of the prince was enough to restrain them from attacks on our lives. Still I tell you that their impudence is no good sign to us, for it means that the peasants here have heard of the victories of Hmelnitski, and will become more and more insolent every moment. We must keep therefore to the waste places and visit few villages, for they are dangerous. We have got into such a snare that, as I live, it would be hard to invent a worse one."

Alarm again seized Helena. Wishing to get some word of hope from Zagloba, she said : " But you will save me and yourself this time ? "

" Of course," said the old fox ; " the head is given to think about the body. I have become so attached to you that I will struggle for you as for my own daughter. But, to tell the truth, the worst is that we don't know where to take refuge, for Zólotonosha is no safe asylum."

" I know surely that my cousins are there."

" They are, or they are not ; they may have left there and returned to Rozlogi by a different road from the one we are traveling. I count more on the garrison, if there is only half a regiment in the castle. But here is the Kagamlik and plenty of reeds. We will cross to the other side, and instead of going with the current toward the road, we will go upstream to elude pursuit. It is true that we shall go toward Rozlogi, but not far."

" We shall approach Brovarki," said Helena, " from which there is a road to Zólotonosha."

" That is better. Stop your horse ! "

They watered the horses. Zagloba, leaving Helena carefully hidden in the reeds, went to look for a ford. He found one easily, for it was only a few yards from the place to which they had come, — just where the herdsmen used to drive their horses through the river, which was shallow enough, but the bank was inconvenient because overgrown with reeds and soft.

When they had crossed the river they hurried upstream and rode without resting till night. The road was bad; for the Kagamlik had many tributary streams, which spreading out toward the mouth formed swamps and soft places. Every little while it was necessary to look for fords, or to push through reeds difficult of passage for mounted travelers. The horses were tired and barely able to drag their legs along; at times they stumbled so badly that it seemed to Zagloba they could hold out no longer. At last they came out on a lofty dry bank covered with oaks. But it was night already, and very dark. Further movement was impossible, for in the darkness it was easy to stumble into deep swamps and perish. Zagloba therefore decided to wait till morning.

He unsaddled the horses, fettered and let them out to graze; then he gathered leaves for a bed, spread the saddlecloths over them, and covering both with a burka, said to Helena:—

“Lie down and sleep, for you have nothing better to do. The dew will wash your eyes, and that is good. I will put my head on the saddle too, for I don’t feel a bone in my body. We will not make a fire, for the light would attract herdsmen. The night is short, and we will move on at daybreak. We doubled on our tracks like hares, not advancing much, it is true; but we have so hidden the trail that the devil who finds us will puff. Good night!”

“Good night!”

The slender young Cossack knelt down and prayed long with eyes raised to the stars. Zagloba took the saddle on his shoulders and carried it to some distance, where he sought out a place to sleep. The bank was well chosen for a halting place; it was high and dry, also free from mosquitoes. The thick leaves of the oak trees might furnish a passable protection from rain.

Helena could not sleep for a long time. The events of the past night rose at once in her memory as vividly as life. In the darkness appeared the faces of her murdered aunt and cousins. It seemed to her that she was shut up in the chamber with their bodies, and that Bogun would come in a moment. She saw his pale face and his dark sable brows contracted with pain, and his eyes fixed upon her. Unspeakable terror seized her. But will she really see on a sudden through the darkness around her two gleaming eyes?

The moon, looking for a moment from behind the clouds,

whitened with a few rays the oaks, and lent fantastic forms to the stumps and branches. Land rails called in the meadows, and quails in the steppes; at times certain strange and distant cries of birds or beasts of the night came to them. Nearer was heard the snorting of their horses, who eating the grass and jumping in their fetters went farther and farther from the sleepers. But all those sounds quieted Helena, for they dissipated the fantastic visions and brought her to reality; told her that that chamber which was continually present before her eyes, and those corpses of her friends, and that pale Bogun, with vengeance in his looks, were an illusion of the senses, a whim of fear, nothing more. A few days before, the thought of such a night under the open sky in the desert would have frightened her to death; now, to gain rest, she was obliged to remember that she was really on the bank of the Kagamlik, and far from home.

The voices of the quails and land rails lulled her to sleep. The stars twinkled whenever the breeze moved the branches, the beetles sounded in the oak leaves; she fell asleep at last. But nights in the desert have their surprises too. Day was already breaking, when from a distance terrible noises came to Helena's ears,—howling, snorting, later a squeal so full of pain and terror that the blood stopped in her veins. She sprang to her feet, covered with cold sweat, terror-stricken, and not knowing what to do. Suddenly Zagloba shot past her. He rushed without a cap, in the direction of the cry, pistol in hand. After a while his voice was heard: "U-ha! u-ha!" a pistol shot, then all was silent. It seemed to Helena as if she had waited an age. At last she heard Zagloba below the bank.

"May the dogs devour you, may your skins be torn off, may the Jews wear you in their collars!"

Genuine despair was in the voice of Zagloba.

"What has happened?" inquired Helena.

"The wolves have eaten our horses."

"Jesus, Mary! both of them?"

"One is eaten, the other is maimed so that he cannot stand. They didn't go more than three hundred yards, and are lost."

"What shall we do now?"

"What shall we do? Whittle out sticks for ourselves and sit on them. Do I know what we shall do? Here is pure despair. I tell you, the devil has surely got after us, — which

is not to be wondered at, for he must be a friend of Bogun, or his blood relation. What are we to do? May I turn into a horse if I know, — you would then at least have something to ride on. I am a scoundrel if ever I have been in such a fix."

"Let us go on foot."

"It is well for your ladyship to travel in peasant fashion, with your twenty years, but not for me with my circumference. I speak incorrectly, though, for here any clown can have a nag, only dogs travel on foot. Pure despair, as God is kind to me! Of course we shall not sit here, we shall walk on directly; but when we are to reach Zólotonosha is unknown to me. If it is not pleasant to flee on horseback, it is sorest of all on foot. Now the worst thing possible has happened to us. We must leave the saddles and carry on our own shoulders whatever we put between our lips."

"I will not allow you to carry the burden alone; I too will carry whatever is necessary."

Zagloba was pleased to see such resolution in Helena.

"I should be either a Turk or a Pagan to permit you. Those white hands and slender shoulders are not for burdens. With God's help I will manage; only I must rest frequently, for, always too abstemious in eating and drinking, I have short breath now. Let us take the saddlecloths to sleep on and some provisions; but there will not be much of them, since we shall have to strengthen ourselves directly."

Straightway they began the strengthening, during which Pan Zagloba, abandoning his boasted abstemiousness, busied himself about long breath. Near midday they reached a ford through which men and wagons passed from time to time, for on both banks there were marks of wheels and horses' tracks.

"Maybe that is the road to Zólotonosha."

"There is no one to ask."

Zagloba had barely stopped speaking, when voices reached their ears from a distance.

"Wait!" whispered Zagloba, "we must hide."

The voices continued to approach them.

"Do you see anything?" inquired Helena.

"I do."

"Who are coming?"

"A blind old man with a lyre. A youth is leading him. Now they are taking off their boots. They will come to us through the river."

After a time the plashing water indicated that they were really crossing. Zagloba and Helena came out of the hiding place.

"Glory be to God!" said the noble, aloud.

"For the ages of ages!" answered the old man. "But who are you?"

"Christians. Don't be afraid, grandfather!"

"May Saint Nicholas give you health and happiness!"

"And where are you coming from, grandfather?"

"From Brovarki."

"And where does this road lead to?"

"Oh, to farmhouses and villages."

"It doesn't go to Zólotonosha?"

"Maybe it does."

"Is it long since you left Brovarki?"

"Yesterday morning."

"And were you in Rozlogi?"

"Yes. But they say that the knights came there, that there was a battle."

"Who said that?"

"Oh, they said so in Brovarki. One of the servants of the princess came, and what he told was terrible!"

"And you didn't see him?"

"I? I see no man, I am blind."

"And this youth?"

"He sees, but he is dumb. I am the only one who understands him."

"Is it far from here to Rozlogi, for we are going there?"

"Oh, it is far!"

"You say, then, that you were in Rozlogi?"

"Yes, we were."

"So!" said Zagloba; and suddenly he seized the youth by the shoulder. "Ha! scoundrels, criminals, thieves! you are going around as spies, rousing the serfs to rebellion. Here, Fedor, Oleksa, Maksim, take them, strip them naked, and hang or drown them; beat them,—they are rebels, spies,—beat, kill them!"

He began to pull the youth about and to shake him roughly, shouting louder and louder every moment. The old man threw himself on his knees, begging for mercy; the youth uttered sounds of terror peculiar to the dumb, and Helena looked with astonishment at the attack.

"What are you doing?" inquired she, not believing her own eyes.

But Zagloba shouted, cursed, moved hell, summoned all the miseries, misfortunes, and diseases, threatened with every manner of torment and death.

The princess thought that his mind had failed.

"Go away!" cried he to her; "it is not proper for you to see what is going to take place here. Go away, I tell you!"

He turned to the old man. "Take off your clothes, you clown! If you don't, I'll cut you to pieces."

When he had thrown the youth to the ground Zagloba began to strip him with his own hands. The old man, frightened, dropped his lyre, his bag, and his coat as quickly as he could.

"Throw off everything or you will be killed!" shouted Zagloba.

The old man began to take off his shirt.

Helena, seeing whither matters were tending, hurried away, and as she fled she heard the curses of Zagloba.

After she had gone some distance she stopped, not knowing what to do. Near by was the trunk of a tree thrown down by the wind; she sat on this and waited. The noises of the dumb youth, the groans of the old man, and the uproar of Zagloba came to her ears.

At last all was silent save the twittering of birds and the rustle of leaves. After a time the heavy steps of a man panting were heard. It was Zagloba. On his shoulders he carried the clothing stripped from the old man and the youth, in his hands two pairs of boots and a lyre. When he came near he began to wink with his sound eye, to smile, and to puff. He was evidently in perfect humor.

"No herald in a court would have shouted as I have," said he, "until I am hoarse; but I have got what I wanted. I let them go naked as their mother bore them. If the Sultan doesn't make me a pasha, or hospodar of Wallachia, he is a thankless fellow, for I have made two Turkish saints. Oh, the scoundrels! they begged me to leave them at least their shirts. I told them they ought to be grateful that I left them their lives. And see here, young lady! Everything is new,—the coats and the boots and the shirts. There must be nice order in that Commonwealth, in which trash dress so richly. But they were at a festival in Brovarki, where they collected no small amount of money and bought everything new at the fair. Not a single

noble will plow out so much in this country as a minstrel will beg. Therefore I abandon my career as a knight, and will strip grandfathers on the highway, for I see that in this manner I shall arrive at fortune more quickly."

"For what purpose did you do that?" asked Helena.

"Just wait a minute, and I will show you for what purpose."

Saying this, he took half the plundered clothing and went into the reeds which covered the bank. After a time the sounds of a lyre were heard in the rushes, and there appeared, not Pan Zagloba, but a real "grandfather" of the Ukraine, with a cataract on one eye and a gray beard. The "grandfather" approached Helena, singing with a hoarse voice:—

"Oh, bright falcon, my own brother,
High dost thou soar,
And far dost thou fly!"

The princess clapped her hands, and for the first time since her flight from Rozlogi a smile brightened her beautiful face.

"If I did not know that it was you, I should never have recognized you."

"Well," said Zagloba, "I know you have not seen a better mask at a festival. I looked into the Kagamlik myself; and if ever I have seen a better-looking grandfather, then hang me. As for songs, I have no lack of them. What do you prefer? Maybe you would like to hear of Marusia Boguslava, of Bondarivna, or the death of Sierpahova; I can give you that. I am a rogue if I can't get a crust of bread among the worst knaves that exist."

"Now I understand your action, why you stripped the clothing from those poor creatures,—because it is safer to go over the road in disguise."

"Of course," said Zagloba; "and what do you suppose? Here, east of the Dnieper, the people are worse than anywhere else; and now when they hear of the war with the Zaporojians, and the victories of Hmelnitski, no power will keep them from rebellion. You saw those herdsmen who wanted to get our skins. If the hetmans do not put down Hmelnitski at once, the whole country will be on fire in two or three days, and how should I take you through bands of peasants in rebellion? And if you had to fall into their hands, you would better have remained in Bogun's."

in a dark circle around her face, on which blushes of shame were beating,—for at that period the cutting of a maiden's hair was considered a great disgrace; therefore it was on her part a grievous sacrifice, which she could make only in case of extreme necessity. In fact, tears came to her eyes; and Zagloba, angry at himself, made no attempt to comfort her.

"It seems to me that I have ventured on something dishonorable, and I repeat to you that Pan Skshetuski, if he is a worthy cavalier, is bound to cut my ears off. But it could not be avoided, for your sex would have been discovered at once. Now at least we can go on with confidence. I inquired of the old man too about the road, holding a dagger to his throat. According to what he said, we shall see three oaks in the steppe; near them is the Wolf's Ravine, and along the ravine lies the road through Demiánovka to Zólotonosha. He said that wagoners go by the road, and it would be possible to sit with them in the wagons. You and I are passing through a grievous time, which I shall ever remember; for now we must part with the saber, since it befits neither the minstrel nor his boy to have marks of nobility about their persons. I will push it under this tree. God may permit me to find it here some other day. Many an expedition has this saber seen, and it has been the cause of great victories. Believe me, I should be commander of an army now were it not for the envy and malice of men who accused me of a love for strong drinks. So is it always in the world,—no justice in anything! When I was not rushing into destruction like a fool, and knew how to unite prudence with valor like a second Cunctator, Pan Zatsvilikhovski was the first to say that I was a coward. He is a good man, but he has an evil tongue. The other day he gnawed at me because I played brother with the Cossacks; but had it not been for that you would not have escaped the power of Bogun."

While talking, Zagloba thrust the saber under the tree, covered it with plants and grass, then threw the bag and lyre over his shoulder, took the staff pointed with flint stones, waved his hands a couple of times, and said:—

"Well, this is not bad. I can strike a light in the eyes of some dog or wolf with this staff and count his teeth. The worst of all is that we must walk; but there is no help. Come!"

They went on,—the dark-haired youth in front, the old man following. The latter grunted and cursed; for it was hot

for him to travel on foot, though a breeze passed over the steppe. The breeze burned and tanned the face of the handsome boy. Soon they came to the ravine, at the bottom of which was a spring which distilled its pure waters into the Kagamluk. Around that ravine not far from the river three strong oaks were growing on a mound; to these our wayfarers turned at once. They came also upon traces of the road, which looked yellow along the steppe from flowers which were growing on droppings of cattle. The road was deserted; there were neither teamsters, nor tar spots on the ground, nor gray oxen slowly moving. But here and there lay the bones of cattle torn to pieces by wolves and whitening in the sun. The wayfarers went on steadily, resting only under the shade of oak groves. The dark-haired boy lay down to slumber on the green turf, and the old man watched. They passed through streams also; and when there was no ford they searched for one, walking for a distance along the shore. Sometimes, too, the old man carried the boy over in his arms, with a power that was wonderful in a man who begged his bread. But he was a sturdy minstrel! Thus they dragged on till evening, when the boy sat down by the wayside at an oak forest and said:—

“My breath is gone, I have spent my strength; I can walk no farther, I will lie down here and die.”

The old man was terribly distressed. “Oh, these cursed wastes,—not a house nor a cottage by the roadside, nor a living soul! But we cannot spend the night here. Evening is already falling, it will be dark in an hour,—and just listen!”

The old man stopped speaking, and for a while there was deep silence. But it was soon broken by a distant dismal sound which seemed to come from the bowels of the earth; it did really come from the ravine, which lay not far from the road.

“Those are wolves,” said Zagloba. “Last night we had horses,—they ate them; this time they will get at our own persons. I have, it is true, a pistol under my svitka; but I don’t know whether my powder would hold out for two charges, and I should not like to be the supper at a wolf’s wedding. Listen! Another howl!”

The howling was heard again, and appeared to be nearer.

“Rise, my child!” said the old man; “and if you are unable to walk, I will carry you. What’s to be done? I see that I have a great affection for you, which is surely because living in a wifeless condition I am unable to leave legitimate

descendants of my own ; and if I have illegitimate they are heathen, for I lived a long time in Turkey. With me ends the family of Zagloba, with its escutcheon 'In the Forehead.' You will take care of my old age, but now you must get up and sit on my shoulders."

"My feet have grown so heavy that I cannot move."

"You were boasting of your strength. But stop! stop! As God is dear to me, I hear the barking of dogs. That's it. Those are dogs, not wolves. Then Demiánovka, of which the old minstrel told me, must be near. Praise be to God in the highest! I had thought not to make a fire on account of the wolves ; for we should have surely gone to sleep, we are so tired. Yes, they are dogs. Do you hear?"

"Let us go on," said Helena, whose strength returned suddenly.

They had barely come out of the wood when smoke from a number of cottages appeared at no great distance. They saw also three domes of a church, covered with fresh shingles, which shone yet in the dusk from the last gleams of the evening twilight. The barking of dogs seemed nearer, more distinct each moment.

"Yes, that is Demiánovka ; it cannot be another place," said Zagloba. "They receive minstrels hospitably everywhere; maybe we shall find supper and lodging, and perhaps good people will take us farther. Wait a moment! this is one of the prince's villages; there must be an agent living in it. We will rest and get news. The prince must be already on the way. Rescue may come sooner than you expect. Remember that you are a mute. I began at the wrong end when I told you to call me Ounfri, for since you are a mute you cannot call me anything. I shall speak for you and for myself, and, praise be to God! I can use peasants' speech as well as Latin. Move on, move on! Now the first cottage is near. My God! when will our wanderings come to an end? If we could get some warmed beer, I should praise the Lord God for even that."

Zagloba ceased, and for a time they went on in silence together ; then he began to talk again.

"Remember that you are dumb. When they ask you about anything, point to me and say, 'Hum, hum, hum! niyá, niyá!' I have seen that you have much wit, and besides, it is a question of our lives. If we should chance on a regiment belonging to the hetmans or the prince, then we would tell who we

are at once, especially if the officer is courteous and an acquaintance of Pan Skshetuski. It is true that you are under the guardianship of the prince, and you have nothing to fear from soldiers. Oh! what fires are those bursting out in the glen? Ah, there are blacksmiths—there is a forge! But I see there is no small number of people at it. Let us go there.”

In the cleft which formed the entrance to the ravine there was a forge, from the chimney of which bundles and bunches of golden sparks were thrown out; and through the open doors and numerous chinks in the walls sparkling light burst forth, intercepted from moment to moment by dark forms moving around inside. In front of the forge were to be seen in the evening twilight a number of dark forms standing together in knots. The hammers in the forge beat in time, till the echo was heard all about; and the sound was mingled with songs in front of the forge, with the buzz of conversation and the barking of dogs. Seeing all this, Zagloba turned immediately into the ravine, touched his lyre, and began to sing:—

“Hei! on the mountain
Reapers are seen,
Under the mountain,
The mountain green,
Cossacks are marching on.”

Singing thus, he approached the crowd of people standing in front of the forge. He looked around. They were peasants, for the most part drunk. Nearly all of them had sticks in their hands; on some of these sticks were scythes, double-edged and pointed. The blacksmiths in the forge were occupied specially in the making of these points and the bending of the scythes.

“Ah, grandfather! grandfather!” they began to call out in the crowd.

“Glory be to God!” said Zagloba.

“For the ages of ages!”

“Tell me, children, is this Demiánovka?”

“Yes, it is Demiánovka. But why do you ask?”

“I ask because men told me on the way,” continued the grandfather, “that good people dwell here, that they will take in the old man, give him food and drink, let him spend the night, and give him some money. I am old; I have traveled a long road, and this boy here cannot go a step farther. He,

poor fellow, is dumb; he leads me because I am sightless. I am a blind unfortunate. God will bless you, kind people. Saint Nicholas, the wonder-worker, will bless you. Saint Onufri will bless you. In one eye there is a little of God's light left me; in the other it is dark forever. So I travel with my lyre. I sing songs, and I live like the birds on what falls from the hands of kind people."

"And where are you from, grandfather?"

"Oh, from afar, afar! But let me rest, for I see here by the forge a bench. And sit down, poor creature!" said he, showing the bench to Helena. "We are from Ladava, good people, and left home long, long ago; but to-day we come from the festival in Brovarki."

"And have you heard anything good there?" asked an old peasant with a scythe in his hand.

"We heard, we heard, but whether it is anything good we don't know. Many people have collected there. They spoke of Hmelnitski, — that he had conquered the hetman's son and his knights. We heard, too, that the peasants are rising against the nobles on the Russian bank."

Immediately the crowd surrounded Zagloba, who, sitting by Helena, struck the strings of the lyre from time to time.

"Then you heard, father, that the people are rising?"

"I did; for wretched is our peasant lot."

"But they say there will be an end to it?"

"In Kieff they found on the altar a letter from Christ, saying there would be fearful and awful war and much blood-spilling in the whole Ukraine."

The half-circle in front of the bench on which Zagloba sat contracted still more.

"You say there was a letter?"

"There was, as I am alive. About war and the spilling of blood. But I cannot speak further, for the throat is dried up within me, poor old man!"

"Here is a measure of gorailka for you, father; and tell us what you have heard in the world. We know that minstrels go everywhere and know everything. There have been some among us already. They said that the black hour would come from Hmelnitski on the lords. We had these scythes and pikes made for us, so as not to be the last; but we don't know whether we should begin now or should wait for a letter from Hmelnitski."

Zagloba emptied the measure, smacked his lips, thought awhile, and then said: "Who tells you it is time to begin?"

"We want to begin ourselves."

"Begin! begin!" said numerous voices. "If the Zaporozhians have beaten the lords, then begin!"

The scythes and pikes quivered in strong hands, and gave out an ominous clatter. Then followed a moment of silence, but the hammers in the forge continued to beat. The future killers waited for what the old man would say. He thought and thought; at last he asked:—

"Whose people are you?"

"Prince Yermi's."

"And whom will you kill?"

The peasants looked at one another.

"Him?" asked the old man.

"We couldn't manage him."

"Oh, you can't manage him, children, you can't manage him! I was in Lubni, and I saw that prince with my own eyes. He is awful! When he shouts the trees tremble in the woods, and when he stamps his foot a ravine is made. The king is afraid of him, the hetmans obey him, and all are terrified at him. He has more soldiers than the Khan or the Sultan. Oh, you can't manage him, children, you can't manage him! He is after you, not you after him. And I know what you don't know yet, that all the Poles will come to help him; and where there is a Pole, there is a saber."

Gloomy silence seized the crowd; the old man struck his lyre again, and raising his face toward the moon, continued:—

"The prince is coming, he is coming, and with him as many beautiful plumes and banners as there are stars in heaven or thistles on the steppe. The wind flies before him and groans; and do you know, my children, why the wind groans? It groans over your fate. Mother Death flies before him with a scythe, and strikes; and do you know what she strikes at? She strikes at your necks."

"O Lord, have mercy on us!" said low, terrified voices.

Again nothing was heard but the beating of hammers.

"Who is the prince's agent here?" asked the old man.

"Pan Gdeshinski."

"And where is he?"

"He ran away."

"Why did he run away?"

"He ran away, for he heard that they were making scythes and pikes for us. He got frightened and ran away."

"So much the worse, for he will tell the prince about you."

"Why do you croak, grandfather, like a raven?" asked an old peasant. "We believe that the black hour is coming on the lords; and there will be neither on the Russian nor Tartar bank lords or princes, — only Cossacks, free people; there will be neither land rent, nor barrel tax, nor mill tax, nor transport tax, nor any more Jews, for thus does it stand in the letter from Christ which you yourself spoke of. And Hmelnitski is as strong as the prince. Let them go at it!"

"God grant!" said the old man. "Oh, bitter is our peasant lot! It was different in old times."

"Who owns the land? The prince. Who owns the steppe? The prince. Who owns the woods? The prince. Who has the cattle? The prince. And in old times it was God's woods and God's steppe; whoever came first, took it, and was bound to no man. Now everything belongs to the lords and princes."

"All belongs to you, my children; but I tell you one thing you yourselves know, that you can't manage the prince here. I tell you this, — whoever wants to slay lords, let him not stay here till Hmelnitski has tried his hand on the prince, but let him be off to Hmelnitski, and right away, to-morrow, for the prince is on the road already. If Pan Gdeshinski brings him to Demianovka, the prince won't leave one of you alive; he will kill the last man of you. Make your way to Hmelnitski. The more of you there, the easier for Hmelnitski to succeed. Oh, but he has heavy work before him! The hetmans in front of him, the armies of the king without number, and then the prince more powerful than the hetmans. Hurry on, children, to help Hmelnitski and the Zaporojians; for they, poor men, won't hold out unless you help, and they are fighting against the lords for your freedom and property. Hurry! You will save yourselves from the prince and you will help Hmelnitski."

"He speaks the truth!" cried voices in the crowd.

"He speaks well!"

"A wise grandfather!"

"Did you see the prince on the road?"

"See him I didn't, but I heard in Brovarki that he had left Lubni, that he is burning and slaying; and where he finds even one pike before him, he leaves only the sky and the earth behind."

"Lord, have mercy on us!"

"And where are we to look for Hmelnitski?"

"I came here, children, to tell you where to look for Hmelnitski. Go, my children, to Zólotonosha, then to Trakhtimiroff, and there Hmelnitski will be waiting for you. There people are collecting from all the villages, houses, and cottages; the Tartars will come there too. Go! Unless you do, the prince will not leave you to walk over the earth."

"And you will go with us, father?"

"Walk I will not, for the ground pulls down my old legs. But get ready a telega, and I will ride with you. Before we come to Zólotonosha I will go on ahead to see if there are Polish soldiers. If there are, we will pass by and go straight to Trakhtimiroff. That is a Cossack country. But now give me something to eat and drink, for I am hungry, and this lad here is hungry, too. We will start off in the morning, and along the road I will sing to you of Pan Pototski and Prince Yoremi. Oh, they are terrible lions! There will be great bloodshed in the Ukraine. The sky is awfully red, and the moon just as if swimming in blood. Beg, children, for the mercy of God, for no one will walk long in God's world. I have heard also that vampires rise out of their graves and howl."

A vague terror seized the crowd of peasants; they began to look around involuntarily, make the sign of the cross and whisper among themselves. At last one cried out:—

"To Zólotonosha!"

"To Zólotonosha!" repeated all, as if there in particular were refuge and safety.

"To Trakhtimiroff!"

"Death to the Poles and lords!"

All at once a young Cossack stepped forward, shook his pike, and cried: "Fathers, if we go to Zólotonosha to-morrow, we will go to the manager's house to-night."

"To the manager's house!" cried a number of voices at once.

"Burn it up! take the goods!"

But the minstrel, who held his head drooping on his breast, raised it and said:—

"Oh, children, do not go to the manager's house, and do not burn it, or you will suffer. The prince may be close by, he is going along with his army; he will see the fire, he will

come, and there will be trouble. Better give me something to eat and show me a place to rest. And do you keep your peace!"

"He tells the truth!" said a number of voices.

"He tells the truth, and, Maksim, you are a fool!"

"Come, father, to my house for bread and salt and a cup of mead, and rest on the hay till daylight," said an old peasant, turning to the minstrel.

Zagloba rose, and pulled the sleeve of Helena's svitka. She was asleep.

"The boy is tired to death; he fell asleep under the very sound of the hammers," said Zagloba. But in his soul he thought: "Oh, sweet innocence, thou art able to sleep amidst pikes and knives! It is clear that angels of heaven are guarding thee, and me in thy company."

He roused her, and they went on toward the village, which lay at some distance. The night was calm and quiet; the echo of the striking hammers followed them. The old peasant went ahead to show the way in the darkness; and Zagloba, pretending to say his prayers, muttered in a monotone:—

"O God, have mercy on us, sinners—Do you see, Princess—O Holy Most Pure—what would have happened to us without this peasant disguise?—As it is on earth, so in heaven—We shall get something to eat, and to-morrow ride to Zóloto-nosha instead of going on foot—Amen, amen, amen!—Bogun may come upon our tracks, for our tracks will not deceive him; but it will be late, for we shall cross the Dnieper at Próhorovk—Amen!—May black death choke them, may the hangman light their way! Do you hear, Princess, how they are howling at the forge?—Amen!—Terrible times have come on us, but I am a fool if I don't rescue you even if we have to flee to Warsaw itself."

"What are you muttering there, brother?" asked the peasant.

"Oh, nothing! I am praying for your health. Amen, amen!"

"Here is my cottage."

"Glory be to God!"

"For the ages of ages!"

"I beg you to eat my bread and salt."

"God will reward you."

A little later the minstrel had strengthened himself power

fully with mutton and a good portion of mead. Next morning early, he moved on with his attendant lad, in a comfortable telega, toward Zólotonosha, escorted by a number of mounted peasants armed with pikes and scythes.

They went through Kovraiets, Chernobái, and Krapivna. The wayfarers saw that everything was seething; the peasants were arming at all points, the forges were working from morning till night, and only the terrible name and power of Prince Yeremi still restrained the bloody outburst. West of the Dnieper the tempest was let loose in all its fury. News of the defeat at Korsún had spread over all Russia with the speed of lightning, and every living soul was rushing forth.



LIBERTY OF PRINTING.

By JOHN MILTON.

(From the "Areopagitica.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 3226.]

UNLESS wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and, if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. . . .

Seeing therefore that those books, and those in great abun-

dance, which are likeliest to taint both life and doctrine, cannot be suppressed without the fall of learning and of all ability in disputation; and that these books of either sort are most and soonest catching to the learned, from whom to the common people whatever is heretical or dissolute may quickly be conveyed; and that evil manners are as perfectly learned without books a thousand other ways which cannot be stopped, and evil doctrine not with books can propagate, except a teacher guide, which he might also do without writing and so beyond prohibiting, I am not able to unfold how this cautelous enterprise of licensing can be exempted from the number of vain and impossible attempts. And he who were pleasantly disposed could not well avoid to liken it to the exploit of that gallant man who thought to pound up the crows by shutting his park gate. Besides another inconvenience, if learned men be the first receivers out of books and dispreaders both of vice and error, how shall the licensers themselves be confided in, unless we can confer upon them, or they assume to themselves, above all others in the land, the grace of infallibility and uncorruptedness? And again, if it be true that a wise man like a good refiner can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or without book, there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which being restrained will be no hindrance to his folly. For if there should be so much exactness always used to keep that from him which is unfit for his reading, we should, in the judgment of Aristotle not onlyⁿ but of Solomon and of our Savior, not vouchsafe him good precepts, and by consequence not willingly admit him to good^s books, as being certain that a wise man will make better use of an idle pamphlet than a fool will do of sacred Scripture.

'Tis next alleged we must not expose ourselves to temptations without necessity, and next to that, not employ our time in vain things. To both these objections one answer will serve out of the grounds already laid, that to all men such books are not temptations nor vanities, but useful drugs and materials wherewith to temper and compose effective and strong medicines, which man's life cannot want. The rest, as children and childish men, who have not the art to qualify and prepare these working minerals, well may be exhorted to forbear, but hindered forcibly they cannot be by all the licensing that



JOHN MILTON

From a painting by Thomas Faed. Engraving published by Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., Ltd., 6, Pall Mall, S.W.

sainted Inquisition could ever yet contrive, which is what I promised to deliver next: that this order of licensing conduces nothing to the end for which it was framed, and hath almost prevented me by being clear already while thus much hath been explaining. See the ingenuity of Truth, who, when she gets a free and willing hand, opens herself faster than the pace of method and discourse can overtake her. It was the task which I began with, to show that no nation, or well-instituted state, if they valued books at all, did ever use this way of licensing; and it might be answered that this is a piece of prudence lately discovered; to which I return that, as it was a thing slight and obvious to think on, so if it had been difficult to find out there wanted not among them long since who suggested such a course, which they not following, leave us a pattern of their judgment, that it was not the not knowing, but the not approving, which was the cause of their not using it.

Plato, a man of high authority indeed, but least of all for his Commonwealth, in the book of his laws, which no city ever yet received, fed his fancy with making many edicts to his airy burgomasters, which they who otherwise admire him wish had been rather buried and excused in the genial cups of an academic night-sitting; by which laws he seems to tolerate no kind of learning but by unalterable decree, consisting most of practical traditions, to the attainment whereof a library of smaller bulk than his own Dialogues would be abundant. And there also enacts that no poet should so much as read to any private man what he had written, until the judges and law keepers had seen it and allowed it. But that Plato meant this law peculiarly to that commonwealth which he had imagined, and to no other, is evident. Why was he not else a lawgiver to himself, but a transgressor, and to be expelled by his own magistrates, both for the wanton epigrams and dialogues which he made, and his perpetual reading of *Sóphron* *Mimus* and *Aristophanes*, books of grossest infamy, and also for commending the latter of them, though he were the malicious libeler of his chief friends, to be read by the tyrant *Dionysius*, who had little need of such trash to spend his time on? But that he knew this licensing of poems had reference and dependence to many other provisos there set down in his fancied republic, which in this world could have no place; and so neither he himself nor any magistrate or city ever imitated that course, which, taken apart from those

other collateral injunctions, must needs be vain and fruitless. For if they fell upon one kind of strictness, unless their care were equal to regulate all other things of like aptness to corrupt the mind, that single endeavor they knew would be but a fond labor : to shut and fortify one gate against corruption, and be necessitated to leave others round about wide open.

If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth but what by their allowance shall be thought honest; for such Plato was provided of. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals, that whisper softness in chambers? The windows also, and the balconies, must be thought on: there are shrewd books with dangerous frontispieces set to sale; who shall prohibit them? Shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebec reads, even to the bal-ladry and the gamut of every municipal fiddler, for these are the countryman's Arcadias and his Montemayors. Next, what more national corruption, for which England hears ill abroad, than household gluttony? Who shall be the rectors of our daily rioting? and what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harbored? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some more sober workmasters to see them cut into a less wanton garb. Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth, male and female together, as is the fashion of this country? who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed, what presumed, and no further? Lastly, who shall forbid and separate all idle resort, all evil company?

These things will be, and must be; but how they shall be less hurtful, how less enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a State. To sequester out of the world into Atlantic and Utopian polities, which never can be drawn into use, will not mend our condition; but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably. Nor is it Plato's licensing of books will do this,

which necessarily pulls along with it so many other kinds of licensing, as will make us all both ridiculous and weary, and yet frustrate ; but those unwritten, or at least unconstraining laws of virtuous education, religious and civil nurture, which Plato there mentions as the bonds and ligaments of the Commonwealth, the pillars and the sustainers of every written statute ; these they be which will bear chief sway in such matters as these, when all licensing will be easily eluded. Impunity and remissness, for certain, are the bane of a Commonwealth ; but here the great art lies to discern in what the law is to bid restraint and punishment, and in what things persuasion only is to work. If every action which is good or evil in man at ripe years were to be under pittance and prescription and compulsion, what were virtue but a name, what praise could be then due to welldoing, what grammerey to be sober, just, or continent ?

Many there be that complain of Divine Providence for suffering Adam to transgress. Foolish tongues ! When God gave him reason, He gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing ; he had been else a mere artificial Adam, such an Adam as he is in the motions. We ourselves esteem not of that obedience or love or gift which is of force : God therefore left him free, set before him a provoking object, ever almost in his eyes ; herein consisted his merit, herein the right of his reward, the praise of his abstinence. Wherefore did He create passions within us, pleasures round about us, but that these rightly tempered are the very ingredients of virtue ? They are not skillful considerers of human things who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin ; for, besides that it is a huge heap increasing under the very act of diminishing, though some part of it may for a time be withdrawn from some persons, it cannot from all in such a universal thing as books are ; and when this is done, yet the sin remains entire. Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left : ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness. Banish all objects of lust, shut up all youth into the severest discipline that can be exercised in any hermitage, ye cannot make them chaste that came not thither so ; such great care and wisdom is required to the right managing of this point.

Suppose we could expel sin by this means ; look how much we thus expel of sin, so much we expel of virtue ; for the matter of them both is the same ; remove that, and ye remove them

both alike. This justifies the high providence of God, who though He command us temperance, justice, continence, yet pours out before us even to a profuseness all desirable things, and gives us minds that can wander beyond all limit and satiety. Why should we then affect a rigor contrary to the manner of God and of Nature, by abridging or scanting those means which books freely permitted are, both to the trial of virtue and the exercise of truth. It would be better done to learn that the law must needs be frivolous which goes to restrain things uncertainly and yet equally working to good and to evil. And were I the chooser, a dram of welldoing should be preferred before many times as much the forcible hindrance of evil doing. For God sure esteems the growth and completing of one virtuous person more than the restraint of ten vicious.

And albeit whatever thing we hear or see, sitting, walking, traveling, or conversing, may be fitly called our book, and is of the same effect that writings are, yet grant the thing to be prohibited were only books, it appears that this order hitherto is far insufficient to the end which it intends. Do we not see, not once or oftener, but weekly, that continued Court libel against the Parliament and City, printed, as the wet sheets can witness, and dispersed among us for all that licensing can do? Yet this is the prime service a man would think, wherein this order should give proof of itself. If it were executed, you'll say. But certain, if execution be remiss or blindfold now and in this particular, what will it be hereafter and in other books? If then the order shall not be vain and frustrate, behold a new labor, Lords and Commons! Ye must repeal and proscribe all scandalous and unlicensed books already printed and divulged, after ye have drawn them up into a list, that all may know which are condemned and which not, and ordain that no foreign books be delivered out of custody till they have been read over. This office will require the whole time of not a few overseers, and those no vulgar men. There be also books which are partly useful and excellent, partly culpable and pernicious; this work will ask as many more officials to make expurgations and expunctions, that the commonwealth of learning be not damnified. In fine, when the multitude of books increase upon their hands, ye must be fain to catalogue all those printers who are found frequently offending, and forbid the importation of their whole suspected typography. In a word, that this your

order may be exact, and not deficient, ye must reform it perfectly according to the model of Trent and Seville, which I know ye abhor to do. Yet though ye should condescend to this, which God forbid, the order still would be but fruitless and defective to that end whereto ye meant it. If to prevent sects and schisms, who is so unread or so uncatechised in story, that hath not heard of many sects refusing books as a hindrance, and preserving their doctrine unmixed for many ages only by unwritten traditions? The Christian faith, for that was once a schism, is not unknown to have spread all over Asia ere any Gospel or Epistle was seen in writing. If the amendment of manners be aimed at, look into Italy and Spain, whether those places be one scruple the better, the honester, the wiser, the chaster, since all the inquisitional rigor that hath been executed upon books.

Another reason, whereby to make it plain that this order will miss the end it seeks, consider by the quality which ought to be in every licenser. It cannot be denied but that he who is made judge to sit upon the birth or death of books, whether they may be wafted into this world or not, had need to be a man above the common measure, both studious, learned, and judicious; there may be else no mean mistakes in the censure of what is passable or not, which is also no mean injury. If he be of such worth as behooves him, there cannot be a more tedious and displeasing journey work, a greater loss of time levied upon his head, than to be made the perpetual reader of unchosen books and pamphlets, oftentimes huge volumes. There is no book that is acceptable unless at certain seasons; but to be enjoined the reading of that at all times, and in a hand scarce legible, whereof three pages would not down at any time in the fairest print, is an imposition which I cannot believe how he that values time and his own studies, or is but of a sensible nostril, should be able to endure. In this one thing I crave leave of the present licensers to be pardoned for so thinking, who doubtless took this office up looking on it through their obedience to the Parliament, whose command perhaps made all things seem easy and unlaborious to them; but that this short trial hath wearied them out already, their own expressions and excuses to them who make so many journeys to solicit their license are testimony enough. Seeing therefore those who now possess the employment by all evident signs wish themselves well rid of it, and that no man of worth, none that is not a

plain unthrift of his own hours, is ever likely to succeed them, except he mean to put himself to the salary of a press corrector, we may easily foresee what kind of licensers we are to expect hereafter, either ignorant, imperious, and remiss, or basely pecuniary. This is what I had to show wherein this order cannot conduce to that end whereof it bears the intention.

I lastly proceed from the no good it can do to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. It was the complaint and lamentation of prelates upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities and distribute more equally Church revenues, that then all learning would be forever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy, nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If, therefore, ye be loath to dishearten utterly and discontent, not the mercenary crew of false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study and love learning for itself, not for lucre or any other end but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labors advance the good of mankind, then know that so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him.

What advantage is it to be a man over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferule to come under the fescue of an imprimatur? if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporizing and extemporizing licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the Commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industri-

ous, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends ; after all which done he takes himself to be informed in what he writes as well as any that wrote before him ; if in this the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labor of book writing, and if he be not repulsed or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer, it cannot be but a dishonor and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning.

And what if the author shall be one so copious of fancy as to have many things well worth the adding come into his mind after licensing, while the book is yet under the press, which not seldom happens to the best and diligentest writers ; and that perhaps a dozen times in one book ? The printer dares not go beyond his licensed copy ; so often then must the author trudge to his leave giver, that those his new insertions may be viewed, and many a jaunt will be made ere that licenser, for it must be the same man, can either be found, or found at leisure ; meanwhile either the press must stand still, which is no small damage, or the author lose his accuratest thoughts and send the book forth worse than he had made it, which to a diligent writer is the greatest melancholy and vexation that can befall.

And how can a man teach with authority, which is the life of teaching, how can he be a doctor in his book as he ought to be, or else had better be silent, whenas all he teaches, all he delivers, is but under the tuition, under the correction, of his patriarchal licenser to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hidebound humor which he calls his judgment ? when every acute reader upon the first sight of a pedantic license, will be ready with these like words to ding the book a quoit's distance from him : " I hate a pupil teacher, I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the wardship of an overseeing fist ; I know nothing of the licenser, but that I have his own hand here for his arrogance ; who shall warrant me his judgment ? " " The State, sir," replies the stationer ; but has a quick return, " The State shall be my governors, but not my

critics ; they may be mistaken in the choice of a licenser as easily as this licenser may be mistaken in an author : this is some common stuff ;" and he might add from Sir Francis Bacon, that such authorized books are but the language of the times. For though a licenser should happen to be judicious more than ordinary, which will be a great jeopardy of the next succession, yet his very office and his commission enjoin him to let pass nothing but what is vulgarly received already.

Nay, which is more lamentable, if the work of any deceased author, though never so famous in his lifetime and even to this day, come to their hands for license to be printed or reprinted, if there be found in his book one sentence of a venturous edge, uttered in the height of zeal, and who knows whether it might not be the dictate of a divine spirit, yet not suiting with every low decrepit humor of their own, though it were Knox himself, the reformer of a kingdom, that spake it, they will not pardon him their dash ; the sense of that great man shall to all posterity be lost for the fearfulness or the presumptuous rashness of a perfunctory licenser. And to what an author this violence hath been lately done, and in what book of greatest consequence to be faithfully published, I could now instance, but shall forbear till a more convenient season. Yet if these things be not resented seriously and timely by them who have the remedy in their power, but that such iron molds as these shall have authority to gnaw out the choicest periods of exquisitest books, and to commit such a treacherous fraud against the orphan remainders of worthiest men after death, the more sorrow will belong to that hapless race of men whose misfortune it is to have understanding. Henceforth let no man care to learn, or care to be more than worldly wise ; for certainly in higher matters to be ignorant and slothful, to be a common steadfast dunce, will be the only pleasant life and only in request.

And as it is a particular disesteem of every knowing person alive, and most injurious to the written labors and monuments of the dead, so to me it seems an undervaluing and vilifying of the whole nation. I cannot set so light by all the invention, the art, the wit, the grave and solid judgment, which is in England, as that it can be comprehended in any twenty capacities how good soever ; much less that it should not pass except their superintendenec be over it, except it be sifted and strained with their strainers, that it should be uncurrent without their manual stamp. Truth and understanding are not such wares

as to be monopolized and traded in by tickets and statutes and standards. We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the land, to mark and license it like our broadcloth and our woolpacks. What is it but a servitude like that imposed by the Philistines, not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes and colters, but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensing forges.

Had any one written and divulged erroneous things and scandalous to honest life, misusing and forfeiting the esteem had of his reason among men, if after conviction this only censure were adjudged him, that he should never henceforth write but what were first examined by an appointed officer, whose hand should be annexed to pass his credit for him that now he might be safely read, it could not be apprehended less than a disgraceful punishment. Whence to include the whole nation, and those that never yet thus offended, under such a diffident and suspectful prohibition, may plainly be understood what a disparagement it is; so much the more, whenas debtors and delinquents may walk abroad without a keeper, but inoffensive books must not stir forth without a visible jailer in their title. Nor is it to the common people less than a reproach; for if we be so jealous over them as that we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, vicious, and ungrounded people, in such a sick and weak estate of faith and discretion as to be able to take nothing down but through the pipe of a licenser? That this is care or love of them we cannot pretend, whenas in those Popish places where the laity are most hated and despised, the same strictness is used over them. Wisdom we cannot call it, because it stops but one breach of license, nor that neither, whenas those corruptions which it seeks to prevent break in faster at other doors which cannot be shut.

THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD HEATH.¹

BY A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

(From "The Splendid Spur.")

[ARTHUR THOMAS QUILLER-COUCH, an English novelist and writer of short stories, was born in Cornwall, November 21, 1883. He is the eldest son of Thomas Quiller-Couch, and grandson of Jonathan Couch (1789-1870), a Cornish naturalist of some repute. From Clifton he went to Trinity College, Oxford, where he received a scholarship and distinguished himself by contributions to the *Oxford Magazine*. "Dead Man's Rock," a collection of short stories, appeared before its author had taken his degree. He removed to London and engaged in literary work and journalism until 1891, when he returned to Cornwall and established his residence at Fowey. Among his novels and short stories, dealing principally with Cornish life, may be mentioned: "The Astonishing History of Troy Town," "The Splendid Spur," "Naughts and Crosses," "The Blue Pavilions," "I Saw Three Ships," "The Delectable Duchy," and "The Wandering Heath."]

NIGHT came, and found us but midway between Temple and Launceston: for tho' my comrade stepp'd briskly beside me, 'twas useless to put Molly beyond a walk; and besides, the mare was new from her day's journey. This troubled me the less by reason of the moon (now almost at the full), and the extreme whiteness of the road underfoot, so that there was no fear of going astray. And Billy engaged that by sunrise we should be in sight of the King's troops.

"Nay, Jack," he said, when by signs I offered him to ride and tie: "never rode o' horseback but once, and then 'pon Parson Spinks his red mare at Bideford. Parson i' those days was courtin' the Widow Hambly, over to Torrington: an' I, that wanted to fare to Barnstaple, spent that mornin' an' better part o' th' afternoon, clawin' off Torrington. And th' end was the larboard halyards broke, an' the mare gybed, an' to Torrington I went before the wind, wi' an unseemly bloody nose. 'Lud!' cries the widow, 'tis the wrong man 'pon the right horse!' 'Pardon, mistress,' says I, 'the man is well enow, but 'pon the wrong horse, for sure.'"

Now and then, as we went, I would dismount and lead Molly by the bridle for a mile or so: and all the way to Launceston Billy was recounting his adventures since our parting. It appear'd that, after leaving me, they had come to Plymouth with a fair passage: but before they could unlade, had adver-

¹ From "The Splendid Spur," by A. T. Quiller Couch. By permission of Cassell & Co., Ltd. Price 6s.



JACK AND BILLY

(By permission of R. F. Fenno & Co.)

tisement of the Governor's design to seize all vessels then riding in the Sound, for purposes of war ; and so made a quick escape by night into Looe Haven, where they had the fortune to part with the best part of their cargo at a high profit. 'Twas while unlading here that Billy had a mind to pay a debt he ow'd to a cousin of his at Altarnun, and, leaving Matt. Soames in charge, had tramped northward through Liskeard to Launceston, where he found the Cornish forces, and was met by the news of the Earl of Stamford's advance in the northeast. Further, meeting, in Sir Bevill's troop, with some north coast men of his acquaintance, he fell to talking, and so learn'd about me and my ride toward Braddock, which (it seem'd) was now become common knowledge. This led him to seek Sir Bevill, with the result that you know: "for," as he wound up, "'tis a desirable an' rare delight to pay a debt an' see some fun, together."

We had some trouble at Launceston gate, where were a few burghers posted for sentries, and, as I could see, ready to take fright at their own shadows. But Billy gave the watchword ("One and All"), and presently they let us through. As we pass'd along the street we marked a light in every window almost, tho' 'twas near midnight ; and the people moving about behind their curtains. There were groups too in the dark doorways, gather'd there discussing, that eyed us as we went by, and answered Billy's *Good night, honest men!* very hoarse and doubtfully.

But when we were beyond the town, and between hedges again, I think I must have dozed off in my saddle. For, though this was a road full of sharp memories, being the last I had traveled with Delia, I have no remembrance to have felt them ; or, indeed, of noting aught but the fresh night air, and the constellation of the Bear blazing ahead, and Billy's voice resonant beside me.

And after this I can recall passing the tower of Marham Church, with the paling sky behind it, and some birds chattering in the carved courses : and soon (it seem'd) felt Billy's grip on my knee, and open'd my eyes to see his finger pointing.

We stood on a ridge above a hollow vale into which the sun, though now bright, did not yet pierce, but passing over to a high, conical hill beyond, smote level on line after line of white tents—the prettiest sight ! 'Twas the enemy there en-

camped on the top and some way down the sides, the smoke of their trampled watch fires still curling among the gorse bushes. I heard their trumpets calling and drums beating to arms ; for though, glancing back at the sun, I judged it to be hardly past four in the morning, yet already the slopes were moving like an ant-hill—the regiments gathering, arms flashing, horsemen galloping to and fro, and the captains shouting their commands. In the distance this had a sweet and cheerful sound, no more disquieting than a plowboy calling to his team.

Looking down into the valley at our feet, at first I saw no sign of our own troops—only the roofs of a little town, with overmuch smoke spread above it, like a morning mist. But here also I heard the church bells clashing and a drum beating, and presently spied a gleam of arms down among the trees, and then a regiment of foot moving westward along the base of the hill. 'Twas evident the battle was at hand, and we quicken'd our pace down into the street.

It lay on the slope, and midway down we pass'd some watch fires burn'd out ; and then a soldier or two running and fastening their straps ; and last a little child, that seem'd wild with the joy of living amid great events, but led us pretty straight to the sign of "The Tree," which indeed was the only tavern.

It stood some way back from the street, with a great elm before the porch : where by a table sat two men, with tankards beside them, and a small company of grooms and soldiers standing round. Both men were more than ordinary tall and soldier-like : only the bigger wore a scarlet cloak very richly lac'd, and was shouting orders to his men ; while the other, dress'd in plain buff suit and jack boots, had a map spread before him, which he studied very attentively, writing therein with a quill pen.

"What a plague have we here?" cries the big man, as we drew up.

"Recruits, if it please you, sir," said I, dismounting and pulling off my hat, tho' his insolent tone offended me.

"S'lid! The boy speaks as if he were a regiment," growls he, half aloud : "Canst fight?"

"That, with your leave, sir, is what I am come to try."

"And this rascal?" He turned on Billy.

Billy heard not a word, of course, yet answered readily:—

"Why, since your honor is so pleasantly minded—let it be cider."

Now the first effect of this, deliver'd with all force of lung, was to make the big man sit bolt upright and staring: recovering speech, however, he broke into a volley of blasphemous curses.

All this while the man in buff had scarce lifted his eyes off the map. But now he looks up — and I saw at the first glance that the two men hated each other.

"I think," said he, quietly, "my Lord Mohun has forgot to ask the *gentleman's* name."

"My name is Marvel, sir — John Marvel," I answer'd him with a bow.

"Hey!" — and dropping his pen he starts up and grasps my hand — "Then 'tis you I have never thanked for His Gracious Majesty's letter."

"The General Hopton?" cried I.

"Even so, sir. My lord," he went on, still holding my hand and turning to his companion, "let me present to you the gentleman that in January sav'd your house of Bocconnoc from burning at the hands of the rebels — whom God confound this day!" He lifted his hat.

"Amen," said I, as his lordship bowed, exceedingly sulky. But I did not value his rage, being hot with joy to be so be-prais'd by the first captain (as I yet hold) on the royal side. Who now, not without a sly triumph, flung the price of Billy's cider on the table and, folding up his map, address'd me again: —

"Master Marvel, the fight to-day will lie but little with the horse — or so I hope. You will do well, if your wish be to serve us best, to leave your mare behind. The troop which my Lord Mohun and I command together is below. But Sir Bevill Grenville, who has seen and is interested in you, has the first claim: and I would not deny you the delight to fight your first battle under so good a master. His men are, with Sir John Berkeley's troop, a little to the westward: and if you are ready I will go some distance with you, and put you in the way to find him. My lord, may we look for you presently?"

The Lord Mohun nodded, surly enough: so, Billy's cider being now drunk and Molly given over to an hostler, we set out down the hill together, Billy shouldering a pipe and walking after with the groom that led Sir Ralph's horse. Be sure the General's courtly manner of speech set my blood tingling. I seem'd to grow a full two inches taller; and when, in the vale,

we parted, he directing me to the left, where through a gap I could see Sir Bevill's troop forming at some five hundred paces' distance, I felt a very desperate warrior indeed; and set off at a run, with Billy behind me.

'Twas an open space we had to cross, dotted with gorse bushes; and the enemy's regiments, plain to see, drawn up in battalia on the slope above, which here was gentler than to the south and west. But hardly had we gone ten yards than I saw a puff of white smoke above, then another, and then the summit ring'd with flame; and heard the noise of it roaring in the hills around. At the first sound I pull'd up, and then began running again at full speed: for I saw our division already in motion, and advancing up the hill at a quick pace.

The curve of the slope hid all but the nearest: but above them I saw a steep earthwork, and thereon three or four brass pieces of ordnance glittering whenever the smoke lifted. For here the artillery was plying the briskest, pouring down volley on volley; and four regiments at least stood mass'd behind, ready to fall on the Cornishmen; who, answering with a small discharge of musketry, now ran forward more nimbly.

To catch up with them, I must now turn my course obliquely up the hill, where running was pretty toilsome. We were panting along, when suddenly a shower of sand and earth was dash'd in my face, spattering me all over. Half blinded, I look'd and saw a great round shot had plow'd a trench in the ground at my feet, and lay there buried.

At the same moment, Billy, who was running at my shoulder, plumps down on his knees and begins to whine and moan most pitiably.

"Art hurt, dear fellow?" asked I, turning.

"Oh, Jack, Jack—I have no stomach for this! A cool, wet death at sea I do not fear; only to have the great hot shot burning in a man's belly—'tis terrifying. I *hate* a swift death! Jack, I be a sinner—I will confess: I lied to thee yesterday—never kiss'd the three maids I spoke of—never kiss'd but one i' my life, an' her a tap wench, that slapp'd my face for't, an' so don't properly count. I be a very boastful man!"

Now I myself had felt somewhat cold inside when the guns began roaring: but this set me right in a trice. I whipp'd a pistol out of my sash and put the cold ring to his ear: and he scrambled up, and was a very lion all the rest of the day.

But now we had again to change our course, for to my dis-

may I saw a line of sharpshooters moving down among the gorse bushes, to take the Cornishmen in flank. And 'twas lucky we had but a little way further to go ; for these skirmishers, thinking perhaps from my dress and our running thus that we bore some message, open'd fire on us : and tho' they were bad marksmen, 'twas ugly to see their bullets pattering into the turf, to right and left.

We caught up the very last line of the ascending troop — lean, hungry-looking men, with wan faces, but shouting lustily. I think they were about three hundred in all. "Come on, lad," called out a bearded fellow with a bandage over one eye, making room for me at his side ; "there's work for plenty more !" — and a minute after a shot took him in the ribs, and he scream'd out "Oh, my God !" and flinging up his arms, leap'd a foot in air and fell on his face.

Pressing up, I noted that the first line was now at the foot of the earthwork ; and, in a minute, saw their steel caps and crimson sashes swarming up the face of it, and their pikes shiniug. But now came a shock, and the fellow in front was thrust back into my arms. I reeled down a pace or two, and then, finding foothold, stood pushing. And next, the whole body came tumbling back on me, and down the hill we went flying, with oaths and cries. Three of the rebel regiments had been fluug on us and by sheer weight bore us before them. At the same time the sharpshooters pour'd in a volley : and I began to see how a man may go through a battle, and be beat, without striking a blow.

But in the midst of this scurry I heard the sound of cheering. 'Twas Sir John Berkeley's troop (till now posted under cover of the hedges below) that had come to our support ; and the rebels, fearing to advance too far, must have withdrawn again behind their earthwork, for after a while the pressure eas'd a bit, and, to my amaze, the troop which but a minute since was a mere huddled crowd, formed in some order afresh, and once more began to climb. This time, I had a thick-set pikeman in front of me, with a big wen at the back of his neck that seem'd to fix all my attention. And up we went, I counting the beat of my heart that was already going hard and short with the work ; and then, amid the rattle and thunder of their guns, we stopp'd again.

I had taken no notice of it, but in the confusion of the first repulse the greater part of our men had been thrust past me, so

that now I found myself no further back than the fourth rank, and at the very foot of the earthwork, up the which our leaders were flung like a wave; and soon I was scrambling after them, ankle-deep in the sandy earth, the man with the wen just ahead, grinding my instep with his heel and poking his pike staff between my knees as he slipp'd.

And just at the moment when the top of our wave was cleaving a small breach above us, he fell on the flat of his pike, with his nose buried in the gravel and his hands clutching. Looking up I saw a tall rebel straddling above him with musket clubb'd to beat his brains out: whom with an effort I caught by the boot; and, the bank slipping at that instant, down we all slid in a heap, a jumble of arms and legs, to the very bottom.

Before I had the sand well out of my eyes, my comrade was up and had his pike loose; and in a twinkling, the rebel was spitted through the middle and writhing. 'Twas sickening: but before I could pull out my pistol and end his pain (as I was minded), back came our front rank atop of us again, and down they were driven like sheep, my companion catching up the dead man's musket and ammunition bag, and I followed down the slope with three stout rebels at my heels. "What will be the end of *this*?" thought I.

The end was that after forty yards or so, finding the foremost close upon me, I turn'd about and let fly with my pistol at him. He spun round twice and dropp'd: which I was wondering at (the pistol being but a poor weapon for aim) when I was caught by the arm and pull'd behind a clump of bushes handy by. 'Twas the man with the wen, and by his smoking musket I knew that 'twas he had fired the shot that killed my pursuer.

"Good turn for good turn," says he; "quick with thy other pistol!"

The other two had stopped doubtfully, but at the next discharge of my pistol they turn'd tail and went up the hill again, and we were left alone. And suddenly I grew aware that my head was aching fit to split, and lay down on the turf, very sick and ill.

My comrade took no notice of this, but, going for the dead man's musket, kept loading and firing, pausing now and then for his artillery to cool, and whistling a tune that runs in my head to this day. And all the time I heard shouts and cries

and the noise of musketry all around, which made me judge that the attack was going on in many places at once. When I came to myself 'twas to hear a bugle below calling again to the charge, and once more came the two troops ascending. At their head was a slight-built man, bareheaded, with the sun (that was by this high over the hill) smiting on his brown curls, and the wind blowing them. He carried a naked sword in his hand, and waved his men forward as cheerfully as though 'twere a dance and he leading out his partner.

"Who is that yonder?" asked I, sitting up and pointing.

"Bless thy innocent heart!" said my comrade, "dostn't thee know? 'Tis Sir Bevill."

* * * * *

'Twould be tedious to tell the whole of this long fight, which, beginning soon after sunrise, ended not till four in the afternoon, or thereabouts: and indeed of the whole my recollection is but of continual advance and repulse on that same slope. And herein may be seen the wisdom of our generals, in attacking while the main body of the enemy's horse was away: for had the Earl of Stamford possessed a sufficient force of dragoons to let slip on us at the first discomfiture, there is little doubt he might have ended the battle there and then. As it was, the horse stood out of the fray, theirs upon the summit of the hill, ours (under Colonel John Digby) on the other slope, to protect the town and act as reserve.

The foot, in four parties, was disposed about the hill on all sides; to the west—as we know—under Sir John Berkeley and Sir Bevill Grenville; to the south under General Hopton and Lord Mohun; to the east under the Colonels Tom Basset and William Godolphin; while the steep side to the north was stormed by Sir Nicholas Slanning and Colonel Godolphin, with their companies. And as we had but eight small pieces of cannon and were in numbers less than one to two, all we had to do was to march up the hill in face of their fire, catch a knock on the head, maybe, grin, and come on again.

But at three o'clock, we, having been for the sixth time beaten back, were panting under cover of a hedge, and Sir John Berkeley, near by, was writing on a drumhead some message to the camp, when there comes a young man on horseback, his face smear'd with dirt and dust, and rides up to him and Sir Bevill. 'Twas (I have since learn'd) to say that the powder

was all spent but a barrel or two; but this only the captains knew at the time.

"Very well, then," cries Sir Bevill, leaping up gayly. "Come along, boys—we must do it this time." And, the troop forming, once more the trumpets sounded the charge, and up we went. Away along the slope we heard the other trumpeters sounding in answer, and I believe 'twas a *sursum corda!* to all of us.

Billy Pottery was ranged on my right, in the first rank, and next to me, on the other side, a giant, near seven foot high, who said his name was Anthony Payne and his business to act as body servant to Sir Bevill. And he it was that struck up a mighty curious song in the Cornish tongue, which the rest took up with a will. 'Twas incredible how it put fire into them all: and Sir Bevill toss'd his hat into the air, and after him like schoolboys we pelted, straight for the masses ahead.

For now over the rampart came a company of red musketeers, and two of russet-clad pikemen, charging down on us. A moment, and we were crushed back: another, and the chant rose again. We were grappling, hand to hand, in the midst of their files.

But, good lack! what use is swordsmanship in a charge like this? The first redcoat that encounter'd me I had spitted through the lung, and, carried on by the rush, he twirled me round like a windmill. In an instant I was pass'd; the giant stepping before me and clearing a space about him, using his pike as if 'twere a flail. With a wrench I tugg'd my sword out and followed. I saw Sir Bevill, a little to the left, beaten to his knee, and carried toward me. Stretching out a hand I pull'd him on his feet again, catching, as I did so, a crack on the skull that would have ended me, had not Billy Pottery put up his pike and broke the force of it. Next, I remember gripping another redcoat by the beard and thrusting at him with shorten'd blade. Then the giant ahead lifted his pike high, and we fought to rally round it; and with that I seem'd caught off my feet and swept forward;—and we were on the crest.

Taking breath, I saw the enemy melting off the summit like a man's breath off a pane. And Sir Bevill caught my hand and pointed across to where, on the north side, a white standard embroider'd with gold griffins was mounting.

"'Tis dear Nick Slanning!" he cried; "God be prais'd—the day is ours for certain!"

SWEET DAY, SO COOL.

By GEORGE HERBERT.

[GEORGE HERBERT, English poet, brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was born at Montgomery Castle, Wales, April 3, 1593. He was elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, became public orator of the university, and, after spending several years at court in the hope of preferment, studied divinity and entered the church. About 1630 he was presented by Charles I. to the vicarage of Bemerton, and here he wrote "The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations" (1633), of which, in 1670, more than twenty thousand copies had been sold. "A Priest to the Temple, or the Country Parson" (1652) is his chief prose work. Herbert was a great favorite with James I., Bacon, and Bishop Andrewes, and numbered among his intimate friends Dr. Donne and Nicholas Ferrar. He died at Bemerton, 1633.]

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.



NOTABLE MEN AND SAYINGS OF ENGLAND.

By THOMAS FULLER.

(From "The Worthies of England.")

[THOMAS FULLER, English divine and historian, was born at Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire, in 1608, and was educated at Cambridge. He became widely known as a preacher in the Savoy Church, London, and on the outbreak of the

Civil War joined the king at Oxford and acted as chaplain to Sir Ralph Hopton's men. After the Restoration he was reinstated in the preferments of which he had been deprived by the parliamentarians, and received the appointment of chaplain extraordinary to Charles II. His "Worthies of England" has both a literary and a historical value. Other writings are: "The History of the Holy War," "The Holy State and the Profane State," "A Pisgah-sight of Palestine," and "Church History of Britain." He died at London in 1661.]

FIRST we will dispatch that sole proverb of this county, Berkshire, viz. : —

"The Vicar of Bray will be Vicar of Bray still."

Bray, a village well known in this county, so called from the Bibroces, a kind of ancient Britons inhabiting thereabouts. The vivacious vicar hereof living under King Henry the Eighth, King Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, then a Protestant again. He had seen some martyrs burnt (two miles off) at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. This vicar being taxed by one for being a turncoat and an inconstant changeling, — "Not so," said he, "for I always kept my principle, which is this, to live and die the vicar of Bray." Such many nowadays, who though they cannot turn the wind will turn their mills, and set them so, that wheresoever it bloweth their grist shall certainly be grinded.

Proceed we now to the proverbs general of England : —

England were but a fling,
Save for the crooked stick and the gray-goose wing.

"But a fling," that is, a slight, light thing, not to be valued, but rather to be cast away, as being but half an island. It is of no great extent. Philip the Second, king of Spain, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth called our English ambassadors unto him (whilst as yet there was peace betwixt the two crowns); and, taking a small map of the world, laid his little finger upon England (wonder not if he desired to finger so good a country); and then demanded of our English ambassador, "where England was?" Indeed, it is in greatness inconsiderable to the Spanish dominions.

"But for the crooked stick," etc. That is, use of archery. Never were the arrows of the Parthians more formidable to the Romans than ours to the French horsemen. Yea, remarkable is Divine Providence to England, that since arrows are

grown out of use, though the weapons of war be altered, the Englishman's hand is still in use as much as ever before ; for no country affords better materials of iron, saltpeter, and lead ; or better workmen to make them into guns, powder, and bullets ; or better marksmen to make use of them being so made : so that England is now as good with a straight iron, as ever it was with a crooked stick.

"England is the paradise of women, hell of horses, purgatory of servants."

For the first, *billa vera* ; women, whether maids, wives, or widows, finding here the fairest respect and kindest usage. Our common law is a more courteous carver for them than the civil law beyond the seas, allowing widows the thirds of their husbands' estates, with other privileges. The highest seats are granted them at all feasts ; and the wall (in crowding, most danger to the weakest ; in walking, most dignity to the worthiest), resigned to them. The indentures of maid-servants are canceled by their marriage, though the term be not expired ; which to young men in the same condition is denied. In a word, betwixt law and (law's corival) custom, they freely enjoy many favors ; and we men, so far from envying them, wish them all happiness therewith.

For the next, "England's being a hell for horses" ; Ignoramus ; as not sufficiently satisfied in the evidence alleged. Indeed, the Spaniard, who keeps his jennets rather for show than use, makes wantons of them. However, if England be faulty herein in their overviolent riding, racing, hunting, it is high time the fault were amended ; the rather, because "the good man regardeth the life of his beast."

For the last, "Purgatory for servants" ; we are so far from finding the bill, we cast it forth as full of falsehood. We have but two sorts, apprentices and covenant servants. The parents of the former give large sums of money to have their children bound for seven years, to learn some art or mystery ; which argueth their good usage as to the generality in our nation : otherwise it were madness for men to give so much money to buy their children's misery. As for our covenant servants, they make their own covenants ; and if they be bad, they may thank themselves. Sure I am, their masters, if breaking them, and abusing their servants with too little meat or sleep, too much work of correction (which is true also of apprentices) are liable by law to make them reparation.

Indeed, I have heard how, in the age of our fathers, servants were in far greater subjection than nowadays, especially since our civil wars have lately dislocated all relations; so that now servants will do whatsoever their masters enjoin them, so be it they think fitting themselves. For my own part, I am neither for the tyranny of the one, nor rebellion of the other, but the mutual duty of both.

As for Vernæ, slaves or vassals, so frequent in Spain and foreign parts, our land and laws (whatever former tenures have been) acknowledge not any for the present.

“A famine in England begins first at the horse manger.”

Indeed it seldom begins at the horse rack; for, though hay may be excessive dear, caused by a dry summer, yet winter grain (never impaired with a drought) is then to be had at reasonable rates. Whereas, if peas or oats, our horse grain (and the latter man’s grain, also generally in the north for poor people) be scarce, it will not be long ere wheat, rye, etc., mount in our markets. Indeed, if any grain be very dear, no grain will be very cheap soon after.

“The king of England is the king of devils.”

The German emperor is termed the “king of kings,” having so many free princes under him. The king of Spain, “king of men,” because they willingly yield their sovereign rational obedience. The king of France, “king of asses,” patiently bearing unconscionable burdens. But why the king of England “king of devils,” I either cannot, or do not, or will not understand. Sure I am, St. Gregory gave us better language when he said, “Angli velut Angeli,” for our fair complexions; and it is sad we should be devils by our black conditions.

“The English are the Frenchmen’s apes.”

This anciently hath been, and still is, charged on the English, and that with too much truth, for aught I can find to the contrary.

——dolebat,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

——It is to us a pain
This should be said, and not gainsaid again.

We ape the French chiefly in two particulars:—

First, in their language (“which if Jack could speak, he would be a gentleman”), which some get by travel, others gain at home with Dame Eglinton in Chaucer:—

Entwined in her voice full seemly,
 And French she spake full feteously
 After the scole of Stratford at Bowe,
 For French of Paris was to her unknow.

Secondly, in their habits, accounting all our fineness in conformity to the French fashion, though following it at greater distance than the field pease in the country the rathripe pease in the garden. Disgraceful in my opinion, that, seeing the English victorious arms had twice charged through the bowels of France, we should learn our fashions from them to whom we taught obedience.

“The English glutton.”

Gluttony is a sin anciently charged on this nation, which we are more willing to excuse than confess, more willing to confess than amend. Some pretend the coldness of climate in excuse of our sharp appetites; and plead the plenty of the land (England being in effect all a great cook’s shop, and no reason any should starve therein) for our prodigious feasts. They allege also that foreigners, even the Spaniards themselves, coming over hither, acquit themselves as good trencher-men as any; so that it seems want, not temperance, makes them so abstemious at home.

All amounts not to any just defense, excess being an ill expression of our thankfulness to God for his goodness. Nor need we with the Egyptians to serve up at the last course “a dead man’s head” to mind us of our mortality, seeing a feast well considered is but a charnel house of fowl, fish, and flesh; and those few shellfish that are not killed to our hands are killed by our teeth. It is vain, therefore, to expect that dead food should always preserve life in the feeders thereupon.

Long beards heartless, painted hoods witless;
 Gay coats graceless, make England thriftless.

Though this hath more of libel than proverb therein, and is stark false in itself, yet it will truly acquaint us with the habits of the English in that age.

“Long beards heartless.” Our English did use nutrire co-man, both on their head and beards, conceiving it made them more amiable to their friends, and terrible to their foes.

“Painted hoods witless.” Their hoods were stained with a kind of color, in a middle way betwixt dying and painting (whence Painters-stainers have their name), a mystery vehe-

mently suspected to be lost in our age. Hoods served that age for caps.

“Gay coats graceless.” Gallantry began then to be fashionable in England; and perchance those who here taxed them therewith would have been as gay themselves, had their land been as rich and able to maintain them.

This singsong was made on the English by the Scots, after they were flushed with victory over us in the reign of King Edward the Second. Never was the battle at Cannæ so fatal to the Romans as that at Sterling to the nobility of England; and the Scots, puffed up with their victory, fixed those opprobrious epithets of heartless, witless, graceless, upon us. For the first, we appeal to themselves, whether Englishmen have not good hearts, and, with their long beards, long swords. For the second, we appeal to the world, whether the wit of our nation hath not appeared as considerable as theirs in their writings and doings. For the third, we appeal to God, the only searcher of hearts, and trier of true grace. As for the fourth, thriftless, I omit it, because it sinks of itself, as a superstructure on a foundered and failing foundation.

All that I will add is this, that the grave, sage, and reduced Scottish men in this age are not bound to take notice of such expressions made by their ancestors; seeing, when nations are at hostile defiance, they will mutually endeavor each other's disgrace.

He that England will win,
Must with Ireland first begin.

This proverb importeth that great designs must be managed gradatim, not only by degrees, but due method. England, it seems, is too great a morsel for a foreign foe to be ehopped up at once; and therefore it must orderly be attempted, and Ireland be first assaulted. Some have conceived, but it is but a conceit (all things being in the bosom of Divine Providence), that, had the Spanish Armada in eighty-eight fallen upon Ireland, when the well-affected therein were few and ill provided, they would have given a better account of their service to him who sent them. To rectify which error, the king of Spain sent afterward John de Aquila into Ireland, but with what success is sufficiently known. And if any foreign enemy hath a desire to try the truth of this proverb at his own peril, both England and Ireland lie for elimate in the same posture they were

"In England a bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom."

Not so in southern sandy counties, where a dry March is as destructive as here it is beneficial. How much a king's ransom amounteth unto, England knows by dear experience, when paying one hundred thousand pounds to redeem Richard the First, which was shared between the German emperor and Leopoldus, duke of Austria. Indeed, a general good redounds to our land by a dry March; for if our clay grounds be over-drowned in that month, they recover not their distemper that year.

However, this proverb presumeth seasonable showers in April following; or otherwise March dust will be turned into May ashes, to the burning up of grass and grain; so easily can God blast the most probable fruitfulness.

"England a good land, and a bad people."

This is a French proverb; and we are glad that they, being so much admirers and magnifiers of their own, will allow any goodness to another country.

This maketh the wonder the less, that they have so much endeavored to get a share in this good country, by their former frequent invasions thereof; though they could never, since the Conquest, peaceably possess a hundred yards thereof for twenty hours, whilst we for a long time have enjoyed large territories in France.

But this proverb hath a design to raise up the land, to throw down the people; gracing it to disgrace them. We Englishmen are, or should be, ready humbly to confess our faults before God, and no less truly than sadly to say of ourselves, "Ah, sinful nation!" However, before men, we will not acknowledge a visible badness above other nations. And the plain truth is, both France and England have need to mend, seeing God hath formerly justly made them by sharp wars alternately to whip one another.

"The High-Dutch pilgrims, when they beg, do sing; the Frenchmen whine and cry; the Spaniards curse, swear, and blaspheme; the Irish and English steal."

This is a Spanish proverb; and I suspect too much truth is suggested therein; the rather because the Spaniards therein spare not themselves, but impartially report their own black character. If any ask why the Italians are not here mentioned, seeing surely their pilgrims have also their peculiar humors,

know that Rome and Loretta, the staples of pilgrimages, being both in Italy, the Italians very seldom (being frugal in their superstition) go out of their own country.

Whereas stealing is charged on our English, it is confessed that our poor people are observed light-fingered; and therefore our laws are so heavy, making low felony highly penal, to restrain that vice most, to which our peasantry is most addicted.

I wish my country more true piety than to take such tedious and useless journeys; but, if they will go, I wish them more honesty than to steal; and the people by whom they pass, more charity than to tempt them to stealth, by denying them necessities in their journey.

THOMAS STUCKLEY. — Were he alive, he would be highly offended to be ranked under any other topic than that of princes; whose memory must now be content, and thankful too, that he will afford it a place amongst our soldiers.

He was a younger brother, of an ancient, wealthy, and worshipful family, nigh Ilfracombe in this county, being one of good parts; but valued the less by others, because overprized by himself. Having prodigally misspent his patrimony, he entered on several projects (the issue general of all decayed estates); and first pitched on the peopling of Florida, then newly found out in the West Indies. So confident his ambition, that he blushed not to tell Queen Elizabeth "that he preferred rather to be sovereign of a molehill, than the highest subject to the greatest king in Christendom;" adding, moreover, "that he was assured he should be a prince before his death." "I hope," said Queen Elizabeth, "I shall hear from you, when you are stated in your principality." "I will write unto you," quoth Stuekley. "In what language?" said the queen. He returned, "In the style of princes; To our dear Sister."

His fair project of Florida being blasted for lack of money to pursue it, he went over into Ireland, where he was frustrated of the preferment he expected, and met such physie that turned his fever into frenzy; for hereafter resolving treacherously to attempt what he could not loyally achieve, he went over into Italy.

It is incredible how quickly he wrought himself through the notice into the favor, through the court into the chamber, yea closet, yea bosom of Pope Pius Quintus; so that some wise

men thought his holiness did forfeit a parcel of his infallibility, in giving credit to such a glorioso, vaunting that with three thousand soldiers he would beat all the English out of Ireland.

The Pope, finding it cheaper to fill Stuckley's swelling sails with airy titles than real gifts, created him baron of Ross, viscount Murrough, earl of Wexford, marquis of Leinster; and then furnished this title-top-heavy general with eight hundred soldiers, paid by the king of Spain, for the Irish expedition.

In passage thereunto, Stuckley lands at Portugal, just when Sebastian the king thereof, with two Moorish kings, were undertaking a voyage into Africa: Stuckley, scorning to attend, is persuaded to accompany them. Some thought he wholly quitted his Irish design, partly because loath to be pent up in an island (the continent of Africa affording more elbowroom for his achievements); partly because so mutable his mind, he ever loved the last project (as mothers the youngest child) best. Others conceive he took this African in order to his Irish design; such his confidence of conquest, that his breakfast on the Turks would the better enable him to dine on the English in Ireland.

Landing in Africa, Stuckley gave counsel, which was safe, seasonable, and necessary; namely, that for two or three days they should refresh their land soldiers; whereof some were sick, and some were weak, by reason of their tempestuous passage. This would not be heard, so furious was Don Sebastian to engage; as if he would pluck up the bays of victory out of the ground, before they were grown up; and so, in the battle of Alcazar, their army was wholly defeated: where Stuckley lost his life.

A fatal fight, where in one day was slain,
Three kings that were, and one that would be fain.

This battle was fought anno 1578, where Stuckley, with his eight hundred men, behaved himself most valiantly, till overpowered with multitude.

I hope it will be no offense, next to this bubble of emptiness, and meteor of ostentation, to place a precious pearl, and magazine of secret merit, whom we come to describe.

GEORGE MONCK. — Some will say he being (and long may he be) alive, belongs not to your pen, according to your premised rules. But know, he is too high to come under the roof of

my regulations, whose merit may make laws for me to observe. Besides, it is better that I should be censured, than he not commended. Pass we by his high birth (whereof hereafter) and hard breeding in the Low Countries, not commencing a captain per saltum (as many in our civil wars), but proceeding by degrees from a private soldier, in that martial university. Pass we also by his employment in Ireland, and imprisonment in England, for the king; his sea service against the Dutche; posting to speak of his last performance; which, should I be silent, would speak of itself.

Being made governor of Scotland, no power or policy of Oliver Cromwell could fright or flatter him thence. Scotland was his castle, from the top whereof he took the true prospect of our English affairs. He perceived that, since the martyrdom of King Charles, several sorts of government (like the sons of Jesse before Samuel) passed before the English people; but "neither God nor our nation had chosen them." He resolved, therefore, to send for despised David out of a foreign field; as well assured that the English loyalty would never be at rest till fixed in the center thereof. He secured Scotland in faithful hands, to have all his foes before his face, and leave none behind his back.

He entered England with excellent foot, but his horse so lean, that they seemed tired at their first setting forth. The chiefest strength of his army consisted in the reputation of the strength thereof, and wise conduct of their general. The loyal English did rather gaze on, than pray for him, as ignorant of his intentions; and the apostle observeth "that the private man knoweth not how to say Amen to what is spoken in an unknown language."

Now the seales began to fall down from the eyes of the English nation (as from Saul, when his sight was received), sensible that they were deluded, with the pretenses of religion and liberty, into atheism and vassalage. They had learnt also from the soldiers (whom they so long had quartered) to cry out "one and all," each shire setting forth a remonstrance of their grievances, and refusing further payment of taxes.

Lambert cometh forth of London, abounding with more outward advantages than General Monk wanted; dragonlike, he breathed out naught but fire and fury, chiefly against the church and clergy. But he met with a Saint George who struck him neither with sword nor spear, but gave his army a

mortal wound, without wounding it. His soldiers dwindled away; and indeed a private person (Lambert at last was little more) must have a strong and long hand on his own account, to hold a whole army together.

The hinder part of the Parliament sitting still at Westminster plied him with many messengers and addresses. He returned an answer, neither granting nor denying their desires; giving them hope, too little to trust, yet too much to distrust him. He was an absolute riddle, and no plowing with his heifer to expound him. Indeed, had he appeared what he was, he had never been what he is, a deliverer of his country. But such must be as dark as midnight, who mean to achieve actions as bright as noonday.

Then he was put on the unwelcome office to pluck down the gates of London, though it pleased God that the odium did not light on him that acted, but those who employed him. Henceforward he sided effectually with the City; I say the City, which, if well or ill affected, was then able to make us a happy or unhappy nation.

Immediately followed that turn of our times, which all the world with wonder doth behold. But let us not look so long on second causes, as to lose sight of the principle, Divine Providence. Christ, on the cross, said to his beloved disciple, "Behold thy mother;" and said to her, "Behold thy son." Thus was he pleased effectually to speak to the hearts of the English, "Behold your sovereign;" which inspirited them with loyalty, and a longing desire of his presence; saying likewise to our gracious sovereign, "Behold thy subjects;" which increased his ardent affection to return; and now, blessed be God, both are met together, to their mutual comfort.

Since the honors which he first deserved have been conferred upon him, completed with the title of "the Duke of Albemarle, and Master of his Majesty's horse," etc. Nor must it be forgotten that he carried the scepter with the dove thereupon (the emblem of peace) at the king's coronation. But abler pens will improve these short memoirs into a large history.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. — "The sons of Heth said unto Abraham, Thou art a great prince amongst us; in the choice of our sepulchers bury thy dead; none shall withhold them from thee." So may we say to the memory of this worthy knight, "Repose yourself in this our catalogue, under what topic you

please, of statesman, seaman, soldier, learned writer, and what not?" His worth unlocks our closest cabinets, and provides both room and welcome to entertain him.

He was born at Budley in this county, of an ancient family, but decayed in estate, and he the youngest brother thereof. He was bred in Oriel College in Oxford; and thence coming to court, found some hopes of the queen's favors reflecting upon him. This made him write in a glass window, obvious to the queen's eye:—

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.

Her Majesty, either espying or being shown it, did underwrite:—

If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all.

However, he at last climbed up by the stairs of his own desert. But his introduction into the court bare an elder date than this occasion: this Captain Raleigh, coming out of Ireland to the English court in good habit (his clothes being then a considerable part of his estate), found the queen walking, till, meeting with a plashy place, she seemed to scruple going thereon. Presently Raleigh cast and spread his new plush cloak on the ground; whereon the queen trod gently, rewarding him afterwards with many suits, for his so free and seasonable tender of so fair a footcloth. Thus an advantageous admission into the first notice of a prince is more than half a degree to preferment.

It is reported of the women in the Balearic Islands, that, to make their sons expert archers, they will not, when children, man to them their breakfast before they have hit the mark. Such unknown dealing of the queen with this knight, making him to earn honor, and, by pain and peril, to purchase what places of English it or profit were bestowed upon him. Indeed it was true to him, what was said of Cato Uticensis, "that he seemed to be and lie in to that only which he went about;" so dexterous was he from his undertakings, in court, in camp, by sea, by land, with "one and all, with pen; witness in the last his "History of the World," grievant in the only default (or defect rather) that it wanted one Lamb hereof. Yet had he many enemies (which worth never outwardly) at court, his cowardly detractors, of whom Sir Walter he breathe to say, "If any man accuseth me to my face, I will church and man with my mouth; but my tail is good enough to struck him not answer to such who traduceth me behind my back."



EIGH

— CHILD (whose Christian name is unknown) was a gentleman, the last of his family, being of ancient extraction at Plimstock in this county, and great possessions. It happened that he, hunting in Dartmoor, lost both his company and way in a bitter snow. Having killed his horse, he crept into his hot bowels for warmth ; and wrote with his blood : —

He that finds and brings me to my tomb,
The land of Plimstock shall be his doom.

That night he was frozen to death ; and being first found by the monks of Tavistock, they with all possible speed hastened to inter him in their own abbey. His own parishioners of Plimstock, hearing thereof, stood at the ford of the river to take his body from them. But they must rise early, yea not sleep at all, who overreach monks in matter of profit. For they cast a slight bridge over the river, whereby they carried over the corpse, and interred it. In avowance whereof, the bridge (a more premeditated structure, I believe, in the place of the former extempore passage) is called Guils Bridge to this day. And know, reader, all in the vicinage will be highly offended with such who either deny or doubt the credit of this common tradition. And sure it is, that the abbot of Tavistock got that rich manor into his possession. The exact date of this Child's death I cannot attain.

THOMAS GODWIN was born at Oakingham in this county, and first bred in the free school therein. Hence he was sent to Magdalen College in Oxford, maintained there for a time by the bounty of Doctor Layton, Dean of York, till at last he was chosen fellow of the college. This he exchanged on some terms for the schoolmaster's place of Berkley in Gloucestershire, where he also studied physic, which afterwards proved beneficial unto him, when forbidden to teach school, in the reign of Queen Mary. Yea, Bonner threatened him with fire and fagot, which caused him often to obscure himself and remove his habitation. He was an eloquent preacher, tall and comely in person, qualities which much endeared him to Queen Elizabeth, who loved good parts well, but better when in a goodly person. For eighteen years together he never failed to be one of the select chaplains which preached in the Lent before her Majesty. He was first dean of Christ Church in Oxford, then dean of Canterbury, and at last bishop of Bath and Wells.

Being infirm with age, and diseased with the gout, he was necessitated, for a nurse, to marry a second wife, a matron of years proportionable to himself. But this was by his court enemies (which no bishop wanted in that age) represented to the queen, to his great disgrace. Yea, they traduced him to have married a girl of twenty years of age, until the good earl of Bedford, casually present at such discourse: "Madam," said he to her Majesty, "I know not how much the woman is above twenty; but I know a son of hers is but little under forty."

SIR JOHN NORRIS must be resumed, that we may pay a greater tribute of respect to his memory. He was a most accomplished general, both for a charge which is the sword, and a retreat which is the shield of war. By the latter he purchased to himself immortal praise, when in France he brought off a small handful of English from a great armful of enemies; fighting as he retreated, and retreating as he fought; so that always his rear affronted the enemy; a retreat worth ten victories got by surprise, which speak rather the fortune than either the valor or discretion of a general.

He was afterwards sent over with a great command into Ireland, where his success neither answered to his own care, nor others' expectation. Indeed, hitherto Sir John had fought with right-handed enemies in France and the Netherlands; who was now to fight with left-handed foes, for so may the wild Irish well be termed (so that this great master of defense was now to seek a new guard), who could lie on the coldest earth, swim through the deepest water, run over what was neither earth nor water, I mean bogs and marshes. He found it far harder to find out than fight his enemies, they so secured themselves in fastnesses. Supplies, sown thick in promises, came up thin in performances, so slowly were succors sent unto him.

At last a great lord was made lieutenant of Ireland, of an opposite party to Sir John; there being animosities in the court of Queen Elizabeth (as well as of later princes), though her general good success rendered them the less to the public notice of posterity. It grieved Sir John to the heart, to see one of an opposite faction should be brought over his head, insomuch that some conceive his working soul broke the cask of his body, as wanting a vent for his grief and anger; for, going up into his chamber, at the first hearing of the news, he suddenly died, anno Domini 1597.

Queen Elizabeth used to call the Lady Margaret, his mother, her own crow, being (as it seemeth) black in complexion (a color which no whit unbecame the faces of her martial issue); and, upon the news of his death, sent this letter unto her, which I have transcribed from an authentic copy.

TO THE LADY NORRIS.

22d Sept. 1597.

MY OWN CROW, — Harm not yourself for bootless help, but show a good example to comfort your dolorous yokefellow. Although we have deferred long to represent to you our grieved thoughts, because we liked full ill to yield you the first reflection of misfortune, whom we have always rather sought to cherish and comfort; yet knowing now that necessity must bring it to your ear, and nature consequently must move both grief and passion in your heart, we resolved no longer to smother, neither our care for your sorrow, or the sympathy of our grief for your loss. Wherein, if it be true that society in sorrow works diminution, we do assure you by this true messenger of our mind that nature can have stirred no more dolorous affection in you as a mother for a dear son, than gratefulness and memory of his service past hath wrought in us his sovereign apprehension of our miss for so worthy a servant. But now that nature's common work is done, and he that was born to die hath paid his tribute, let that Christian discretion stay the flux of your immoderate grieving, which hath instructed you, both by example and knowledge, that nothing in this kind hath happened but by God's divine providence. And let these lines from your loving and gracious sovereign serve to assure you that there shall ever appear the lively character of our estimation of him that was, in our gracious care of you and yours that are left, in valuing rightly all their faithful and honest endeavors. More at this time we will not write of this unpleasant subject; but have dispatched this gent to visit both your lord and you, and to condole with you in the true sense of your love; and to pray that the world may see, what time cureth in a weak mind, that discretion and moderation helpeth in you in this accident, where there is so just cause to demonstrate true patience and moderation.

Your gracious and loving sovereign, E. R.

Now, though nothing more consolatory and pathetic could be written from a prince, yet his death went so near to the heart of the lord, his ancient father, that he died soon after.

JOHN COURCY, baron of Stoke-Courcy, was the first Englishman who invaded and subdued Ulster in Ireland; therefore

deservedly created earl thereof. He was afterward surprised by Hugh Lacy (corival for his title), sent over into England, and imprisoned by King John in the Tower of London.

A French castle, being in controversy, was to have the title thereof tried by combat, the kings of England and France beholding it. Courcy being a lean lank body, with staring eyes (prisoners, with the wildness of their looks, revenge the closeness of their bodies), is sent for out of the Tower, to undertake the Frenchman; and, because enfeebled with long durance, a large bill of fare was allowed him, to recruit his strength. The Monsieur, hearing how much he had eat and drunk, and guessing his courage by his stomach, or rather stomach by his appetite, took him for a cannibal, who would devour him at the last course; and so he declined the combat.

Afterwards the two kings, desirous to see some proof of Courcy's strength, caused a steel helmet to be laid on a block before him. Courcy, looking about him with a grim countenance (as if he intended to cut with his eyes as well as with his arms), sundered the helmet at one blow into two pieces, striking the sword so deep into the wood that none but himself could pull it out again.

Being demanded the cause why he looked so sternly, "Had I," said he, "failed of my design, I would have killed the kings and all in the place;" words well spoken because well taken, all persons present being then highly in good humor. Hence it is that the lord Courcy, baron of Kingrone, second baron in Ireland, claimed a privilege (whether by patent or prescription, charter or custom, I know not), after their first obeisance, to be covered in the king's presence, if process of time hath not antiquated the practice.

His devotion was equal to his valor, being a great founder and endower of religious houses. In one thing he foully failed, turning the church of the Holy Trinity, in Down, into the church of St. Patrick, for which (as the story saith) he was condemned never to return into Ireland, though attempting it fifteen several times, but repelled with foul weather. He afterwards went over, and died in France about the year 1210.

GLASS. — Plenty hereof is made in this county [Sussex], though not so fine as what Tyre affordeth, fetched from the river Belus and the Cendevian lake; nor so pure as is wrought

at Chiosa nigh Venice, whereof the most refined falls but one degree short of crystal ; but the coarse glasses here serve well enough for the common sort, for vessels to drink in. The workmen in this mystery are much increased since 1557, as may appear by what I read in an author writing that very year :—

As for glass makers they be scant in this land,
Yet one there is as I do understand,
And in Sussex is now his habitation,
At Chiddingsfold he works of his occupation.

These brittle commodities are subject to breaking upon any casualty ; and hereupon I must transmit a passage to posterity, which I received from an author beyond exceptions.

A nobleman, who shall be nameless, living not many miles from Cambridge (and highly in favor with the earl of Leicester) begged of Queen Elizabeth all the plate of that university, as useless for scholars, and more for state than service, for superfluity than necessity. The queen granted his suit, upon condition to find glasses for the scholars. The lord, considering this might amount to more than his barony would maintain (except he could compass the Venetian artist, who, as they say, could make "*vitra sine vitio fragilitatis pellucida* ;" yea, could consolidate glass to make it malleable), let his petition, which was as charitable as discreet, sink in silence.

By the way, be it observed that though coarse glass making was, in this county, of great antiquity, yet "the first making of Venice glasses in England began at the Crotchet Friars in London, about the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by one Jacob Venaline, an Italian."

SIR EDWARD KELLEY (alias Talbot) was born at Worcester (as I have it from the scheme of his nativity, graved from the original calculation of Doctor Dee) anno Domini 1555, August the first, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the Pole being there elevated, gr. 52 10. Thus, reader, I hope that my exactness herein will make some reparation for my uncertainties and looser intelligence in the births of other persons.

He was well studied in the mysteries of nature, being intimate with Doctor Dee, who was beneath him in chemistry, but above him in mathematics. These two are said to have found a very large quantity of elixir in the ruins of Glastonbury abbey. Indeed I have read how William Bird, the prior of

the Bath, left and lost the elixir in the walls of his priory; and it may seem strange that what was lost at Bath was found at Glastonbury, in the same county indeed, but sixteen miles asunder. But, so long as Kelley had this treasure, none need trouble themselves how or where he came by it.

Afterwards (being here in some trouble) he went over beyond the seas, with Albertus Alasco, a Polonian baron, who gave for his arms the hull of a ship, having only a mainmast and a top, without any tackling, and gave for his motto, "Deus dabit vela" (God will send sails). But, it seems, this lord had formerly carried too high a sail, of whom a good author reporteth that, "*Ære alieno oppressus, elam recessit;*" and now, it seems, sought to repair his fortunes by associating himself with these two archchemists of England.

How long they continued together is to me unknown. Sir Edward (though I know not how he came by his knighthood), with the doctor, fixed at Trebona in Bohemia, where he is said to have transmuted a brass warming pan (without touching or melting, only warming it by the fire, and putting the elixir thereon) into pure silver, a piece whereof was sent to Queen Elizabeth. He had great converse with Rodolphus, the second emperor.

Doctor Dee left Kelley and returned into England. Kelley, continuing still in Germany, ranted it in his expenses (say the brethren of his own art) above the sobriety befitting so mysterious a philosopher. He gave away, in gold-wire rings, at the marriage of one of his maidservants, to the value of four thousand pounds. As for the high conceit he had of his own skill in chemistry, it appeareth sufficiently in the beginning of his own works, though I confess myself not to understand the Gibberish of his language: —

All you that fain philosophers would be
 And night and day in Geber's kitchen broil,
 Wasting the chips of ancient Hermes' tree;
 Weening to turn them to a precious oil;
 The more you work, the more you lose and spoil:
 To you I say, how learned so e'er you be,
 Go burn your books, and come and learn of me.

Come we now to his sad catastrophe. Indeed, the curious had observed that, in the scheme of his nativity, not only the dragon's tail was ready to promote abusive aspersions against

him (to which living and dead he hath been subject); but also something malignant appears posited in Aquarius, which hath influence on the legs, which accordingly came to pass. For, being twice imprisoned (for what misdemeanor I know not) by Rodolphus, the emperor, he endeavored his escape out of a high window; and, tying his sheets together to let him down, fell (being a weighty man) and brake his leg, whereof he died (1595).

I believe him neither so bad as some, nor so good as others, do character him. All know how separation is of great use amongst men of his profession; and indeed, if his pride and prodigality were severed from him, he would remain a person, on other accounts, for his industry and experience in practical philosophy, worthy recommendation to posterity.



THE CLOCK CASE.¹

A CONFESSION FOUND IN A PRISON IN THE TIME OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

[CHARLES DICKENS, one of the greatest novelists and humorists of the world, was born February 7, 1812, at Portsea, Eng. His father being unprosperous, he had no regular education and much hardship; at fourteen became an attorney's clerk, and at seventeen a reporter. His first short story appeared in December, 1833; the collected "Sketches by Boz" in 1836, which also saw the first number of "The Pickwick Papers," finished in November, 1837. There followed "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Master Humphrey's Clock" (finally dissolved into the "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge"), the "American Notes," "Martin Chuzzlewit," the "Christmas Carol" (other Christmas stories followed later), "Notes from Italy," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit," "Great Expectations," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Our Mutual Friend," and the unfinished "Edwin Drood." Several of these, and his "Uncommercial Traveller" papers, appeared in *All the Year Round*, which he edited. He died June 9, 1870.]

I HELD a lieutenant's commission in his Majesty's army and served abroad in the campaigns of 1677 and 1678. The Treaty of Nimeguen being concluded, I returned home, and retiring from the service withdrew to a small estate lying a few miles east of London, which I had recently acquired in right of my wife.

This is the last night I have to live, and I will set down the

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naked truth without disguise. I was never a brave man, and had always been from my childhood of a secret, sullen, distrustful nature. I speak of myself as if I had passed from the world; for while I write this, my grave is digging, and my name is written in the black book of death.

Soon after my return to England, my only brother was seized with mortal illness. This circumstance gave me slight or no pain, for since we had been men we had associated but very little together. He was open-hearted and generous, handsomer than I, more accomplished, and generally beloved. Those who sought my acquaintance abroad or at home because they were friends of his, seldom attached themselves to me long, and would usually say in our first conversation that they were surprised to find two brothers so unlike in their manners and appearance. It was my habit to lead them on to this avowal; for I knew what comparisons they must draw between us; and having a rankling envy in my heart, I sought to justify it to myself.

We had married two sisters. This additional tie between us, as it may appear to some, only estranged us the more. His wife knew me well. I never struggled with any secret jealousy or gall when she was present, but that woman knew it as well as I did. I never raised my eyes at such times but I found hers fixed upon me; I never bent them on the ground or looked another way but I felt that she overlooked me always. It was an inexpressible relief to me when we quarreled, and a greater relief still when I heard abroad that she was dead. It seems to me now as if some strange and terrible foreshadowing of what has happened since must have hung over us then. I was afraid of her; she haunted me; her fixed and steady look comes back upon me now like the memory of a dark dream, and makes my blood run cold.

She died shortly after giving birth to a child—a boy. When my brother knew that all hope of his own recovery was past, he called my wife to his bedside and confided this orphan, a child of four years old, to her protection. He bequeathed to him all the property he had, and willed that in case of his child's death it should pass to my wife, as the only acknowledgment he could make her for her care and love. He exchanged a few brotherly words with me, deploring our long separation; and being exhausted, fell into a slumber from which he never awoke.

We had no children ; and as there had been a strong affection between the sisters, and my wife had almost supplied the place of a mother to this boy, she loved him as if he had been her own. The child was ardently attached to her ; but he was his mother's image in face and spirit and always mistrusted me.

I can scarcely fix the date when the feeling first came upon me, but I soon began to be uneasy when this child was by. I never roused myself from some moody train of thought but I marked him looking at me : not with mere childish wonder, but with something of the purpose and meaning that I had so often noted in his mother. It was no effort of my fancy, founded on close resemblance of feature and expression. I never could look the boy down. He feared me, but seemed by some instinct to despise me while he did so ; and even when he drew back beneath my gaze—as he would when we were alone, to get nearer to the door—he would keep his bright eyes upon me still.

Perhaps I hide the truth from myself, but I do not think that when this began, I meditated to do him any wrong. I may have thought how serviceable his inheritance would be to us, and may have wished him dead ; but I believe I had no thought of compassing his death. Neither did the idea come upon me at once, but by very slow degrees, presenting itself at first in dim shapes at a very great distance, as men may think of an earthquake or the Last Day ; then drawing nearer and nearer, and losing something of its horror and improbability ; then coming to be part and parcel—nay, nearly the whole sum and substance—of my daily thoughts, and resolving itself into a question of means and safety ; not of doing or abstaining from the deed.

While this was going on within me, I never could bear that the child should see me looking at him, and yet I was under a fascination which made it a kind of business with me to contemplate his slight and fragile figure and think how easily it might be done. Sometimes I would steal upstairs and watch him as he slept ; but usually I hovered in the garden near the window of the room in which he learnt his little tasks ; and there, as he sat upon a low seat beside my wife, I would peer at him for hours together from behind a tree, starting like the guilty wretch I was at every rustling of a leaf, and still gliding back to look and start again.

Hard by our cottage, but quite out of sight, and (if there were any wind astir) of hearing too, was a deep sheet of water. I spent days in shaping with my pocket knife a rough model of a boat, which I finished at last and dropped in the child's way. Then I withdrew to a secret place which he must pass if he stole away alone to swim this bauble, and lurked there for his coming. He came neither that day nor the next, though I waited from noon till nightfall. I was sure that I had him in my net, for I had heard him prattling of the toy, and knew that in his infant pleasure he kept it by his side in bed. I felt no weariness or fatigue, but waited patiently, and on the third day he passed me, running joyously along, with his silken hair streaming in the wind, and he singing—God have mercy upon me!—singing a merry ballad—who could hardly lisp the words.

I stole down after him, creeping under certain shrubs which grow in that place, and none but devils know with what terror I, a strong full-grown man, tracked the footsteps of that baby as he approached the water's brink. I was close upon him, had sunk upon my knee and raised my hand to thrust him in, when he saw my shadow in the stream and turned him round.

His mother's ghost was looking from his eyes. The sun burst forth from behind a cloud; it shone in the bright sky, the glistening earth, the clear water, the sparkling drops of rain upon the leaves. There were eyes in everything. The whole great universe of light was there to see the murder done. I know not what he said; he came of bold and manly blood, and child as he was, he did not crouch or fawn upon me. I heard him cry that he would try to love me—not that he did—and then I saw him running back towards the house. The next I saw was my own sword naked in my hand, and he lying at my feet stark dead—dabbled here and there with blood, but otherwise no different from what I had seen him in his sleep—in the same attitude too, with his check resting upon his little hand.

I took him in my arms and laid him—very gently now that he was dead—in a thicket. My wife was from home that day, and would not return until the next. Our bedroom window, the only sleeping room on that side of the house, was but a few feet from the ground, and I resolved to descend from it at night and bury him in the garden. I had no thought that I had failed in my design, no thought that the water would be dragged and nothing found, that the money must now lie waste

since I must encourage the idea that the child was lost or stolen. All my thoughts were bound up and knotted together in the one absorbing necessity of hiding what I had done.

How I felt when they came to tell me that the child was missing, when I ordered scouts in all directions, when I gasped and trembled at every one's approach, no tongue can tell or mind of man conceive. I buried him that night. When I parted the boughs and looked into the dark thicket, there was a glowworm shining like the visible spirit of God upon the murdered child. I glanced down into his grave when I had placed him there, and still it gleamed upon his breast: an eye of fire looking up to Heaven in supplication to the stars that watched me at my work.

I had to meet my wife, and break the news, and give her hope that the child would soon be found. All this I did—with some appearance, I suppose, of being sincere, for I was the object of no suspicion. This done, I sat at the bedroom window all day long and watched the spot where the dreadful secret lay.

It was in a piece of ground which had been dug up to be newly turfed, and which I had chosen on that account as the trace of my spade was less likely to attract attention. The men who laid down the grass must have thought me mad. I called to them continually to expedite their work, ran out and worked beside them, trod down the turf with my feet, and hurried them with frantic eagerness. They had finished their task before night, and then I thought myself comparatively safe.

I slept—not as men do who wake refreshed and cheerful, but I did sleep, passing from vague and shadowy dreams of being hunted down, to visions of the plot of grass, through which now a hand, and now a foot, and now the head itself was starting out. At this point I always woke and stole to the window to make sure that it was not really so. That done, I crept to bed again; and thus I spent the night in fits and starts, getting up and lying down full twenty times, and dreaming the same dream over and over again—which was far worse than lying awake, for every dream had a whole night's suffering of its own. Once I thought the child was alive and that I had never tried to kill him. To wake from that dream was the most dreadful agony of all.

The next day I sat at the window again, never once taking my eyes from the place, which, although it was covered by the

grass, was as plain to me—its shape, its size, its depth, its jagged sides, and all—as if it had been open to the light of day. When a servant walked across it, I felt as if he must sink in; when he had passed, I looked to see that his feet had not worn the edges. If a bird lighted there, I was in terror lest by some tremendous interposition it should be instrumental in the discovery; if a breath of air sighed across it, to me it whispered murder. There was not a sight or a sound—how ordinary, mean, or unimportant soever—but was fraught with fear. And in this state of ceaseless watching I spent three days.

On the fourth there came to the gate one who had served with me abroad, accompanied by a brother officer of his whom I had never seen. I felt that I could not bear to be out of sight of the place. It was a summer evening, and I bade my people take a table and a flask of wine into the garden. Then I sat down *with my chair upon the grave*, and being assured that nobody could disturb it now without my knowledge, tried to drink and talk.

"They are of the genuine breed," said the man whom I had known abroad, "and being out for exercise have no doubt escaped from their keeper."

Both he and his friend turned to look at the dogs, who with their noses to the ground moved restlessly about, running to and fro, and up and down and across, and round in circles, careering about like wild things, and all this time taking no notice of us, but ever and again lifting their heads and repeating the yell we had heard already, then dropping their noses to the ground again and tracking earnestly here and there. They now began to snuff the earth more eagerly than they had done yet, and although they were still very restless, no longer beat about in such wide circuits, but kept near to one spot, and constantly diminished the distance between themselves and me.

At last they came up close to the great chair on which I sat, and raising their frightful howl once more, tried to tear away the wooden rails that kept them from the ground beneath. I saw how I looked, in the faces of the two who were with me.

"They scent some prey," said they, both together.

"They scent no prey!" cried I.

"In Heaven's name, move!" said the one I knew, very earnestly, "or you will be torn to pieces."

"Let them tear me limb from limb, I'll never leave this place!" cried I. "Are dogs to hurry men to shameful deaths? Hew them down, cut them in pieces."

"There is some foul mystery here!" said the officer whom I did not know, drawing his sword. "In King Charles' name, assist me to secure this man."

They both set upon me and forced me away, though I fought and bit and caught at them like a madman. After a struggle, they got me quietly between them; and then, my God! I saw the angry dogs tearing at the earth and throwing it up into the air like water.

What more have I to tell? That I fell upon my knees, and with chattering teeth confessed the truth, and prayed to be forgiven. That I have since denied, and now confess to it again. That I have been tried for the crime, found guilty, and sentenced. That I have not the courage to anticipate my doom or to bear up manfully against it. That I have no consolation, no hope, no friend. That my wife has been

lost for the time those faculties which would enable her to know my misery or hers. That I am alone in this stone dungeon with my evil spirit, and that I die to-morrow!



HERVÉ RIEL.¹

By ROBERT BROWNING.

[ROBERT BROWNING, English poet, was born in London, May 7, 1812; married Elizabeth Barrett in 1846, and lived in Italy the greater part of his life afterward. His first considerable poem was "Pauline" (1882, anonymous). There followed, among others, "Paracelsus," "Strafford," "Sordello," "Bells and Pomegranates" (a collection including "Pippa Passes," "King Victor and King Charles," "Colombe's Birthday," "The Return of the Druses," "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," "Luria," and "A Soul's Tragedy"), "Men and Women," "Dramatis Personæ," "The Ring and the Book," "Balaustion's Adventure," "Fifine at the Fair," "Red Cotton Nightcap Country." He died in Venice, December 12, 1889.]

I.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French, — woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

II.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"



BATTLE OF LA HOGUE

Shall the 'Formidable' here with her twelve and eighty guns
 Think to make the river mouth by the single narrow way,
 Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
 And with flow at full beside?
 Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
 Reach the mooring? Rather say,
 While rock stands or water runs,
 Not a ship will leave the bay!"

IV.

Then was called a council straight.
 Brief and bitter the debate:
 "Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
 For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
 Better run the ships aground!"
 (Ended Damfreville his speech).
 Not a minute more to wait!
 "Let the Captains all and each
 Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
 France must undergo her fate.

V.

"Give the word!" But no such word
 Was ever spoke or heard;
 For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
 —A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?
 No such man of mark, and meet
 With his betters to compete!
 But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
 A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

VI.

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
 "Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
 Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
 On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
 'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?
 Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
 Morn and eve, night and day,
 Have I piloted your bay,
 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
 Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty
 Hogues!
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a
 way!

Only let me lead the line,
 Have the biggest ship to steer,
 Get this 'Formidable' clear,
 Make the others follow mine,
 And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
 Right to Solidor past Grève,
 And there lay them safe and sound;
 And if one ship misbehave,
 —Keel so much as grate the ground,
 Why, I've nothing but my life, — here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel

VII.

Not a minute more to wait.
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
 Captains, give the sailor place!
 He is Admiral, in brief.
 Still the north wind, by God's grace!
 See the noble fellow's face
 As the big ship, with a bound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
 See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
 How they follow in a flock,
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
 Not a spar that comes to grief!
 The peril, see, is past,
 All are harbored to the last,
 And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as fate
 Up the English come, too late!

VIII.

So, the storm subsides to calm:
 They see the green trees wave
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
 Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
 "Just our rapture to enhance,
 Let the English rake the bay,
 Gnash their teeth and glare askance
 As they cannonade away!
 'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
 How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
 Out burst all with one accord,
 "This is Paradise for Hell!
 Let France, let France's King
 Thank the man that did the thing!"

What a shout, and all one word,
 "Hervé Riel!"
 As he stepped in front once more,
 Not a symptom of surprise
 In the frank blue Breton eyes,
 Just the same man as before.

IX.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,
 Though I find the speaking hard.
 Praise is deeper than the lips:
 You have saved the King his ships,
 You must name your own reward.
 'Faith our sun was near eclipse!
 Demand whate'er you will,
 France remains your debtor still.
 Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

X.

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
 "Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may —
 Since the others go ashore —
 Come! A good whole holiday!
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
 That he asked and that he got, — nothing more.

XI.

Name and deed alike are lost:
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
 Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing smack,
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell
 Go to Paris: rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pellmell
 On the Louvre, face and flank!
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.

So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!



LEAVES FROM PEPYS' DIARY.

[SAMUEL PEPYS, famous English diarist, was born in 1633, the son of a London tailor, and entered Magdalen College, Cambridge. Through the influence of Sir Edward Montagu (afterward Earl of Sandwich), he secured the office of Clerk of the Acts of the Navy, and twelve years later was raised to the secretaryship of the Admiralty. He discharged his duties with intelligence and zeal, and earned a great reputation as an authority on matters connected with the navy. During the excitement of the Popish plot he was committed to the Tower, but after some time was discharged without a trial, and reinstated in his office at the Admiralty, which he retained until the abdication of James II. He was also a member of Parliament for a brief term, master of the Trinity House, and president of the Royal Society. He died May 26, 1703. The celebrated "Diary" (extending from 1660 to 1669) is interesting both for its graphic picture of the court of Charles II., and for the insight it gives into Pepys' own character. It was written in cipher, and remained in manuscript until its discovery (1825) among the books, prints, etc., bequeathed by Pepys to Magdalen College.]

April 1st. I went to the Temple to my Cozen Roger Pepys, to see and talk with him a little; who tells me that, with much ado, the Parliament do agree to throw down Popery; but he says it is with so much spite and passion, and an endeavour of bringing al Non-conformists into the same condition, that he is afear'd matters will not yet go so well as he could wish. Calling at my brother's they tell me that my father is not yet up. At which I wondered, not thinking that he was come. So I up to his bedside and staid an houre or two talking with him. Among other things he tells me how unquie'tt my mother is grown, that he is not able to live almost with her, if it were not for Pall. Home, calling on the virginall maker, buying a rest for myself to tune my tryangle, and taking one of his people along with me to put it in tune once more, by which I learned how to go about it myself for the time to come. To my office all the afternoon; Lord! how Sir J. Minnes, like a mad coxcomb, did swear and stamp, swearing that Commissioner Pett hath still the old heart against the King that ever he had, and that this was his envy against his brother that was to build



SAMUEL PEPYS

the ship, and all the damnable reproaches in the world, at which I was ashamed, but said little ; but, upon the whole, I find him still a foole, led by the nose with stories told by Sir W. Batten, whether with or without reason. So, vexed in my mind to see things ordered so unlike gentlemen, or men of reason, I went home and to bed.

2d. By coach to Westminster Hall with Sir W. Pen. By and by the House rises and I home again with him, all the way talking about the business of Holmes ; I did on purpose tell him my mind freely, and let him see that it must be a wiser man than Holmes (in these very words) that shall do me any hurt while I do my duty. I do remember him of Holmes' words against Sir J. Minnes, that he was a knave, rogue, coward, and that he will kick him and pull him by the eares, which he remembered all of them and may have occasion to do it hereafter to his owne shame to suffer them to be spoke in his presence without any reply but what I did give him, which has caused all this feud. But I am glad of it, for I would now and then take occasion to let the world know that I will not be made a novice. Sir W. Pen took occasion to speak about my wife's strangenesse to him and his daughter, and that believing at last that it was from his taking of Sarah to be his mayde, he hath now put her away, at which I am glad. He told me that this day the King hath sent to the House his concurrence wholly with them against the Popish priests, Jesuits, etc., which gives great content, and I am glad of it.

3d. To White Hall and to Chappell, which being most monstrous full, I could not go into my pew, but sat among the quire. Dr. Creeton, the Scotchman, preached a most admirable, good, learned, honest, and most severe sermon, yet comicall, upon the words of the woman concerning the Virgin, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee and the paps that gave thee suck ; and he answered, Nay ; rather is he blessed that heareth the word of God, and keepeth it." He railed bitterly ever and anon against John Calvin, and his brood, the Presbyterians, and against the present terme, now in use, of "tender consciences." He ripped up Hugh Peters (calling him the execrable skellum), his preaching and stirring up the mayds of the city to bring in their bodkins and thimbles. Thence going out of White Hall, I met Captain Grove, who did give me a letter directed to myself from himself. I discerned money to be in it, and took it, knowing, as I found it to be, the proceed of the

place I have got him to be, the taking up of vessels for Tangier. But I did not open it till I came home to my office, and there I broke it open, not looking into it till all the money was out, that I might say I saw no money in the paper, if ever I should be questioned about it. There was a piece in gold and 4*l.* in silver. So home to dinner with my father and wife, and after dinner up to my tryangle, where I found that above my expectation Ashwell has very good principles of musique and can take out a lesson herself with very little pains. Thence to the Tangier Committee, where we find ourselves at a great stand; the establishment being but 70,000*l.* per annum, and the forces to be kept in the towne at the least estimate that my Lord Rutherford can be got to bring it is 53,000*l.* The charge of this year's work of the Mole will be 13,000*l.*; besides 1,000*l.* a-year to my Lord Peterborough as a pension, and the fortifications and contingencies, which puts us to a great stand. I find at Court that there is some bad newes from Ireland of an insurrection of the Catholiques there, which puts them into an alarme. I hear also in the City that for certain there is an embargo upon all our ships in Spayne, upon this action of my Lord Windsor's at Cuba, which signifies little or nothing, but only he hath a mind to say that he hath done something before he comes back again.

4th. To my office. Home to dinner, whither by and by comes Roger Pepys, Mrs. Turner and her daughter, Joyce Norton, and a young lady, a daughter of Coll. Cockes, my uncle Wight, his wife and Mrs. Anne Wight. This being my feast, in lieu of what I should have had a few days ago for my cutting of the stone, for which the Lord make me truly thankful. Very merry at, before, and after dinner, and the more for that my dinner was great, and most neatly dressed by our owne only mayde. We had a fricasee of rabbits and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish of a side of lambe, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey pie (a most rare pie), a dish of anchovies, good wine of several sorts, and all things mighty noble and to my great content. After dinner to Hide Parke; my aunt, Mrs. Wight, and I in one coach, and all the rest of the women in Mr. Turner's; Roger being gone in haste to the Parliament about the carrying this business of the Papists, in which it seems there is great contest on both sides, and my uncle and father staying together behind. At the Parke was the King, and in another

coach my Lady Castlemaine, they greeting one another at every tour. Here about an houre and home, and I found the house as clear as if nothing had been done there to-day from top to bottom, which made us give the cooke 12*d.* a piece, each of us.

5*th* (*Lord's day*). Up and spent the morning, till the Barber came, in reading in my chamber part of Osborne's advice to his Son, which I shall not never enough admire for sense and language, and being by and by trimmed, to Church, myself, wife, Ashwell, etc. Home and while dinner was prepared to my office to read over my vows with great affection and to very good purpose. Then to church again, where a simple bawling young Scot preached.

6*th*. To my office and there made an end of reading my book that I have of Mr. Barlow's of the Journall of the Commissioners of the Navy, who begun to act in the year 1628 and continued six years, wherein is fine observations and precedents out of which I do purpose to make a good collection. To the Committee of Tangier, where I found, to my great joy, my Lord Sandwich, the first time I have seen him abroad these some months, and by and by he rose and took leave, being, it seems, this night to go to Kensington or Chelsey, where he hath taken a lodging for a while to take the ayre.

7*th*. To my office. At noon to the Exchange, and after dinner to the office, where Sir J. Minnes did make a great complaint to me alone, how my clerke Mr. Hater had entered in one of the Sea books a ticket to have been signed by him before it had been examined, which makes the old foole mad almost, though there was upon enquiry the greatest reason in the world for it. Which though it vexes me, yet it is most to see from day to day what a coxcomb he is, and that so great a trust should lie in the hands of such a foole.

8*th*. By water to White Hall, to chappell; where preached Dr. Pierce, the famous man that preached the sermon so much cried up, before the King against the Papists. His matter was the Devil tempting our Saviour, being carried into the Wilderness by the spirit. And he hath as much of natural eloquence as most men that ever I heard in my life, mixed with so much learning. After sermon I went up and saw the ceremony of the Bishop of Peterborough's paying homage upon the knee to the King, while Sir H. Bennet, Secretary, read the King's grant of the Bishopric of Lincolne, to which he is translated. His name is Dr. Lany. Here I also saw the Duke of Monmouth, with his

Order of the Garter, the first time I ever saw it. I hear that the University of Cambridge did treat him a little while since with all the honour possible, with a comedy at Trinity College, and banquet; and made him Master of Arts there. All which, they say, the King took very well. Dr. Raynbow, Master of Magdalen, being now Vice-Chancellor.

9th. To my office, and anon we met upon finishing the Treasurer's accounts. At noon dined at home and am vexed to hear my wife tell me how our mayde Mary do endeavour to corrupt our cook mayde, which did please me very well, but I am resolved to rid the house of her as soou as I can.

10th. After great expectation from Ireland, and long stop of letters, there is good newes come, that all is quiett after our great noise of troubles there, though some stir hath been as was reported. To the Royall Oake Taverne, in Lumbarde Streete, where Alexander Broome the poet was, a merry and witty man, I believe, if he be not a little conceited, and here drank a sort of French wine, called Ho Bryan, that hath a good and most particular taste that I never met with. Then to my Lord's lodgings, met my wife, and walked to the New Exchange. There laid out 10s. upon pendants and painted leather gloves, very pretty and all the mode.

12th (*Lord's day*). To church, where I found our pew altered by taking some of the hind pew to make ours bigger. After dinner got a coach and to Graye's Inn walks, where some handsome faces. Coming home to-night, a drunken boy was carrying by our constable to our new pair of stocks to handsel them, being a new pair and very handsome.

13th. Up by five o'clock and to my office, where hard at work till towards noon, and home and eat a bit, and so with Sir W. Batten to the Stillyard, and there eat a lobster together, and anon to the Tangier Committee, where we had very fine discourse from Dr. Walker and Wiseman, civilians, against our erecting a court-merchant at Tangier, and well answered by my Lord Sandwich (whose speaking I never till now observed so much to be very good) and Sir R. Ford. By and by the discourse being ended, we fell to my Lord Rutherford's dispatch, which do not please him, he being a Scott, and one resolved to scrape every penny that he can get by any way, which the Committee will not agree to. He took offence at something and rose away, without taking leave of the board, which all took ill, though nothing said but only by the Duke

of Albemarle, who said that we ought to settle things as they ought to be, and if he will not go upon these terms another man will, no doubt.

14th. By barge to Woolwich, to see "The Royal James" launched, where she has been under repair a great while. Then to Mr. Falconer's to a dinner of fish of our own sending, and when it was just ready to come upon the table, word is brought that the King and Duke are come, so they all went away to shew themselves, while I staid and had a little dish or two by myself, resolving to go home, and by the time I had dined they came again, having gone to little purpose, the King, I believe, taking little notice of them. So they to dinner, and I staid a little with them, and so good bye. I walked to Greenwich, studying the slide rule for measuring of timber, which is very fine, and so home pretty weary. Anon they all came home, the ship well launched. Sir G. Carteret tells me to-night that he perceives the Parliament is likely to make a great bustle before they will give the King any money; will call all things into question; and, above all, the expences of the Navy; and do enquire into the King's expences everywhere, and into the truth of the report of people being forced to sell their bills at 15 per cent. losse in the Navy; and, lastly, that they are in a very angry pettish mood at present, and not likely to be better.

15th. After talking with my father awhile, I to my office, and there hard at it till almost noon, and then went down the river with Maynes, the purveyor, to show a ship's lading of Norway goods. So home, and after dinner up with my wife and Ashwell a little to the Tryangle, and so I down to Deptford by land about looking out a couple of catches fitted to be speedily set forth in answer to a letter of Mr. Coventry's to me. Which done, I walked back again, all the way reading of my book of Timber measure, comparing it with my new Sliding Rule brought home this morning with great pleasure. Taking boat again I went to Shishe's yard, and with him pitched upon a couple, and so home a little weary.

16th. Met to pass Mr. Pitts' (Sir J. Lawson's Secretary and Deputy Treasurer) accounts for the voyage last to the Streights, wherein the demands are strangely irregular, and I dare not oppose it alone for making an enemy and do no good, but only bring a review upon my Lord Sandwich, but God knows it troubles my heart to see it, and to see

the Comptroller, whose duty it is, to make no more matter of it.

17th. It being Good Friday, our dinner was only sugar-sopps and fish; the only time that we have had a Lenten dinner all this Lent. This morning Mr. Hunt, the instrument maker, brought me home a Basse Viall to see whether I like it, which I do not very well, besides I am under a doubt whether I had best buy one, because of spoiling my present mind and love to business. To Paul's Church Yarde, to cause the title of my English "Mare Clausum" to be changed, and the new title, dedicated to the King, to be put to it, because I am ashamed to have the other seen dedicated to the Commonwealth.

18th. At dinner was Mr. Creed, all dinner, and walking in the garden the afternoon, he and I talking of the ill management of our office, which God knows is very ill for the King's advantage. I would I could make it better.

19th (*Easter day*). Up and this day put on my close-kneed coloured suit, which, with new stockings of the colour, with belt and new gilt-handled sword, is very handsome. To church alone, and after dinner to church again, where the young Scotchman preaching I slept all the while. After supper, fell in discourse of dancing, and I find that Ashwell hath a very fine carriage, which makes my wife almost ashamed of herself to see herself so outdone, but to-morrow she begins to learn to dance for a month or two. So to prayers and to bed. Will being gone, with my leave, to his father's this day for a day or two, to take physiqne these holydays.

20th. Begun to look over my father's accounts, which he brought out of the country with him by my desire, whereby I may see what he has received and spent, and I find that he is not anything extravagant, and yet it do so far outdo his estate that he must either think of lessening his charge, or I must be forced to spare money out of my purse to helpe him through, which I would willing do as far as 20l. goes. To Mr. Grant's. There saw his prints, which he shewed me, and indeed are the best collection of any things almost that ever I saw, there being the prints of most of the greatest houses, churches, and antiquitys in Italy and France and brave cutts. I had not time to look them over as I ought. With Sir G. Carteret and Sir John Minnes to my Lord Treasurer's, thinking to have spoken about getting money for paying the Yards; but we found him with

some ladies at cards: and so, it being a bad time to speak, we parted. This day the little Duke of Monmouth was married at White Hall, in the King's chamber; and to-night is a great supper and dancing at his lodgings, near Charing-Cross. I observed his coate at the tail of his coach: he gives the arms of England, Scotland, and France, quartered upon some other fields, but what it is that speaks his being a bastard I know not.

21st. I ruled with red ink my English "Mare Clausum," which, with the new orthodox title, makes it now very handsome. So to business and home to supper to play a game at cards with my wife; Ashwell plays well at cards, and will teach us to play; I wish it do not lose too much of my time, and put my wife too much upon it.

22d. To the Change, and so to my uncle Wight's, by invitation, whither my father, wife, and Ashwell came, where we had but a poor dinner, and not well dressed; besides, the very sight of my aunt's hands and greasy manner of carving did almost turn my stomach. After dinner by coach to the King's Playhouse, where we saw but part of "Witt without mony," which I do not like much, but coming late put me out of tune, and it costing me four half-crownes for myself and company.

23d. St. George's day and Coronacion, the King and Court being at Windsor, at the installing of the King of Denmarke by proxy and the Duke of Monmouth. I, with my father, sat all the morning looking over his country accounts. I find his spending hitherto has been (without extraordinary charges) at full 100*l.* per annum, which troubles me, and I did let him apprehend it, so as that the poor man wept, though he did make it well appear to me that he could not have saved a farthing of it. I did tell him how things stand with us, and did shew my distrust of Pall, both for her good nature and housewifery, which he was sorry for, telling me that indeed she carries herself very well and carefully, which I am glad to hear, though I doubt it was but his doting and not being able to find her mis-carriages so well nowadays as he could heretofore have done. Spend the evening with my father. At cards till late, and being at supper, my boy being sent for some mustard, staid half an houre in the streets, it seems at a bonfire, at which I was very angry, and resolve to beat him to-morrow.

24th. Up betimes, and with my salt eele went down into

the parler and there got my boy and did beat him till I was fain to take breath two or three times, yet for all I am afeard it will make the boy never the better, he is grown so hardened in his tricks, which I am sorry for, he being capable of making a brave man, and is a boy that I and my wife love very well. So made me ready, and to my office, where all the morning, and at noon home, whither came Captain Holland, who is lately come home from sea, and has been much harassed in law about the ship which he has bought, so that it seems in a despair he endeavoured to cut his own throat, but is recovered it; and it seems—whether by that or any other persuasion (his wife's mother being a great zealot) he is turned almost a Quaker, his discourse being nothing but holy, and that impertinent, that I was weary of him.

25th. Up betimes and to my vyall and song book a pretty while, and so to my office, and there we sat all the morning. Among other things Sir W. Batten had a mind to cause Butler (our chief witnesse in the business of Field, whom we did force back from an employment going to sea to come back to attend our law sute) to be borne as a mate on the Rainbow in the Downes in compensation for his loss for our sakes. This he orders an order to be drawn by Mr. Turner for, and after Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and Sir W. Pen had signed it, it came to me and I was going to put it up into my book, thinking to consider of it and give them my opinion upon it before I parted with it, but Sir W. Pen told me I must sign or give it him again, for it should not go without my hand. I told him what I meant to do, whereupon Sir W. Batten was very angry, and in a great heat told me that I should not think as I have heretofore done, make them sign orders and not sign them myself. Which what ignorance or worse it implies is easy to judge, when he shall sign to things (and the rest of the board too as appears in this business) for company and not out of their judgment. After some discourse I did convince them that it was not fit to have it go, and Sir W. Batten first, and then the rest, did willingly cancel all their hands and tear the order, for I told them, Butler being such a rogue as I know him, and we have all signed him to be to the Duke, it will be in his power to publish this to our great reproach, that we should take such a course as this to serve ourselves in wronging the King by putting him into a place he is no wise capable of, and that in an Admiral ship. In the evening merrily practising to dance,

which my wife hath begun to learn this day of Mr. Pembleton, but I fear will hardly do any great good at it, because she is conceited that she do well already, though I think no such thing. At Westminster Hall, this day, I buy a book lately printed and licensed by Dr. Stradling, the Bishop of London's chaplin, being a book discovering the practices and designs of the papists, and the fears of some of our own fathers of the Protestant church heretofore of the return to Popery as it were prefacing it. The book is a very good book; but forasmuch as it touches one of the Queene-mother's father confessors, the Bishop, which troubles many good men and members of Parliament, hath called it in, which I am sorry for. Another book I bought, being a collection of many expressions of the great Presbyterian Preachers upon publique occasions, in the late times, against the King and his party, as some of Mr. Marshall, Case, Calamy, Baxter, etc., which is good reading now, to see what they then did teach, and the people believe, and what they would seem to believe now. Lastly, I did hear that the Queene is much grieved of late at the King's neglecting her, he having not supped once with her this quarter of a yeare, and almost every night with my Lady Castlemaine; who hath been with him this St. George's feast at Windsor, and came home with him last night; and, which is more, they say is removed as to her bed from her owne home to a chamber in White Hall, next to the King's owne; which I am sorry to hear, though I love her much.

26th (*Lord's day*). Tom coming, with whom I was angry for botching my camlott coat, to tell me that my father and he would dine with me, and that my father was at our church, I got me ready and had a very good sermon of a country minister upon "How blessed a thing it is for brethren to live together in unity!" All the afternoon upon my accounts, and find myself worth full 700*l.*, for which I bless God, it being the most I was ever worth in money. In the evening my wife, Ashwell, and the boy and I, and the dogg, over the water and walked to Half-way house, and beyond into the fields, gathering of cowslipps, and so to Half-way house, with some cold lamb we carried with us, and there supped, and had a most pleasant walke back again, Ashwell all along telling us some parts of their maske at Chelsey Schoole, which was very pretty, and I find she hath a most prodigious memory, remembering so much of things acted six or seven years ago. So home, and after

reading my vows, being sleepy, without prayers to bed, for which God forgive me!

27th. Will Griffin tells me this morning that Captain Browne, Sir W. Batten's brother-in-law, is dead of a blow given him two days ago by a seaman, a servant of his, being drunk, with a stone striking him on the forehead, for which I am sorry, he having a good woman and several small children. By water to White Hall; but found the Duke of York gone to St. James's for the summer; and thence with Mr. Coventry and Sir W. Pen up to the Duke's closett. And a good while with him about our Navy business; and so I to White Hall, and there alone a while with my Lord Sandwich discoursing about his debt to the Navy, wherein he hath given me some things to resolve him in. Thence to my Lord's lodgings, and thither came Creed to me, and he and I walked a great while in the garden, and thence to an alehouse in the market place to drink fine Lambeth ale, and so home, where I found Mary gone from my wife, she being too high for her, though a very good servant, and my boy too will be going in a few days, for he is not for my family, he is grown so out of order and not to be ruled, and do himself desire to be gone, which I am sorry for, because I love the boy and would be glad to bring him to good. The Queene (which I did not know) it seems was at Windsor, at the late St. George's feast there; and the Duke of Monmouth dancing with her with his hat in his hand, the King came in and kissed him, and made him put on his hat, which everybody took notice of.

28th. Up betimes and to my office, only stepped up to see my wife and her dancing master at it, and I think after all she will do pretty well. So to dinner and then I to my office casting up my Lord's sea accounts over again, and putting them in order for payment.

29th. To Chelsey, where we found my Lord all alone at a little table with one joynt of meat at dinner; we sat down and very merry talking, and mightily extolling the manner of his retirement, and the goodness of his diet: the mistress of the house, Mrs. Becke, having been a woman of good condition heretofore, a merchant's wife, and hath all things most excellently dressed; among others, her cakes admirable, and so good that my Lord's words were, they were fit to present to my Lady Castlemaine. From ordinary discourse my Lord fell to talk of other matters to me, of which chiefly the second part of the

fray, which he told me a little while since of, between Mr. Edward Montagu and himself; that he hath forborn coming to him almost two months, and do speak not only slightly of my Lord every where, but hath complained to my Lord Chancellor of him, and arrogated all that ever my Lord hath done to be only by his direction and persuasion. Whether he hath done the like to the King or no, my Lord knows not; but my Lord hath been with the King since, and finds all things fair; and my Lord Chancellor hath told him of it, but with so much contempt of Mr. Montagu, as my Lord knows himself very secure against any thing the foole can do; and notwithstanding all this, so noble is his nature, that he professes himself ready to show kindness and pity to Mr. Montagu on any occasion. My Lord told me of his presenting Sir H. Bennet with a gold cupp of 100*l.*, which he refuses, with a compliment; but my Lord would have been glad he had taken it, that he might have had some obligations upon him which he thinks possible the other may refuse to prevent it; not that he hath any reason to doubt his kindnesse. But I perceive great differences there are at Court; and Sir H. Benuet and my Lord Bristol, and their faction, are likely to carry all things before them (which my Lord's judgment is, will not be for the best), and particularly against the Chancellor, who, he tells me, is irrecoverably lost: but, however, that he will not actually joyne in any thing against the Chancellor, whom he do owne to be his most sure friend, and to have been his greatest; and therefore will not openly act in either, but passively carry himself even. The Queene, my Lord tells me, he thinks he hath incurred some displeasure with, for his kindness to his neighbour, my Lady Castlemaine. My Lord tells me he hath no reason to fall for her sake, whose wit, management, nor interest is not likely to hold up any man, and therefore he thinks it not his obligation to stand for her against his owne interest. The Duke and Mr. Coventry my Lord says he is very well with, and fears not but they will show themselves his very good friends, specially at this time, he being able to serve them, and they needing him, which he did not tell me wherein. Talking of the business of Tangier, he tells me that my Lord Teviott is gone away without the least respect paid to him, nor indeed to any man, but without his commission; and (if it be true what he says) having laid out seven or eight thousand pounds in commodities for the place; and besides having not only disoblged all the Com-

missioners for Tangier, but also Sir Charles Barkeley the other day, who spoke in behalf of Colonel Fitz-Gerald, that having been deputy-governor there already, he ought to have expected and had the governorship upon the death or removal of the former governor. And whereas it is said that he and his men are Irish, which is indeed the main thing that hath moved the King and Council to put in Teviott to prevent the Irish having too great and the whole command there under Fitz-Gerald; he further said that there was never an Englishman fit to command Tangier; my Lord Teviott answered yes, that there were many more fit than himself or Fitz-Gerald either. So that Fitz-Gerald being so great with the Duke of York, and being already made deputy-governor, independent of my Lord Teviott, and he being also left here behind him for a while, my Lord Sandwich do think that, putting all these things together, the few friends he hath left, and the ill posture of his affairs, my Lord Teviott is not a man of the conduct and management that either people take him to be, or is fit for the command of the place. And here, speaking of the Duke of York and Sir Charles Barkeley, my Lord tells me that he do very much admire the good management, and discretion, and nobleness of the Duke, that whatever he may be led by him or Mr. Coventry singly in private, yet he did not observe that in publique matters, but he did give as ready hearing and as good acceptance to any reasons offered by any other man against the opinions of them, as he did to them, and would concur in the prosecution of it. Then we came to discourse upon his own sea accompts, and came to a resolution what and how to proceed in them; wherein, though I offered him a way of evading the greatest part of his debt honestly, by making himself debtor to the Parliament, before the King's time, which he might justly do, yet he resolved to go openly and nakedly in it, and put himself to the kindness of the King and Duke, which humour, I must confess, and so did tell him (with which he was not a little pleased) had thriven very well with him, being known to be a man of candid and open dealing, without any private tricks or hidden designs as other men commonly have in what they do. From that we had discourse of Sir G. Carteret, and of many others; and upon the whole I do find that it is a troublesome thing for a man of any condition at Court to carry himself even, and without contracting enemys or envyers; and that much discretion and dissimulation is necessary to do it. Anon I took

leave, and coming down found my father unexpectedly in great pain and desiring for God's sake to get him a bed to lie upon, which I did, and W. Howe and I staid by him, in so great pain as I never saw, poor wretch, and with that patience, crying only : terrible, terrible pain, God helpe me, God helpe me, with the mournful voice, that made my heart ake. He desired to rest a little alone to see whether it would abate, and W. Howe and I went down and walked in the gardens, which are very fine, and a pretty fountayne, with which I was finely wetted, and up to a banquetting house, with a very fine prospect, and so back to my father, who I found in such pain that I could not bear the sight of it without weeping. At last I got him to go to the coach, and driving hard, meeting in the way with Captain Ferrers going to my Lord, to tell him that my Lady Jemimah is come to towne, and that Will Stankes is come with my father's horses, we got home and all helping we got him to bed presently, and after half an hour's lying in his naked bed, he was at good ease and so fell to sleep, and we went down whither W. Stankes was come with his horses. But it is very pleasant to hear how he rails at the rumbling and ado that is in London over it is in the country, that he cannot endure it.

30th. Up, and after drinking my morning draft with my father, who is very well again, and W. Stankes, I went forth to Sir W. Batten, who is going (to no purpose as he uses to do) to Chatham upon a survey. So to my office and then to the Exchange, and back home to dinner, where Mrs. Hunt, my father, and W. Stankes ; but, Lord ! what a stir Stankes makes with his being crowded in the streets and wearied in walking in London, and would not be wooed by my wife and Ashwell to go to a play, nor to White Hall, or to see the lyons, though he was carried in a coach. I never could have thought there had been upon earth a man so little curious in the world as he is.

May 1st. Up betimes and my father with me, and he and I all the morning and Will Stankes settling our matters concerning our Brampton estate, etc., and I find that there will be, after all debts paid within 100*l.*, 50*l.* per annum clear coming towards my father's maintenance, besides 25*l.* per annum annuities to my Uncle Thomas and Aunt Perkins. After dinner I got my father, brother Tom, and myself together, and I advised my father to good husbandry and to living within the compass of 50*l.* a year, and all in such kind words, as not only made them but myself to weep, and I hope it will have a good

effect. That being done, we all took horse, and I, upon a horse hired of Mr. Game, saw him out of London, at the end of Bishopsgate Streete, and so I turned and rode, with some trouble, through the fields, and then Holborne, etc., towards Hide Parke, whither all the world, I think, are going; and in my going, almost thither, met W. Howe coming galloping upon a little crop black nag; it seems one that was taken in some ground of my Lord's, by some mischance being left by his master, a thiefe; this horse being found with black cloth eares on, and a false mayne, having none of his owne; and I back again with him to the Chequer, at Charing Crosse, and there put up my owne dull jade, and by his advice saddled a delicate stone horse of Captain Ferrers's, and with that rid in state to the Parke, where none better mounted than I almost, but being in a throng of horses, seeing the King's riders showing tricks with their managed horses, which were very strange, my stone-horse was very troublesome, and begun to fight with other horses, to the dangering him and myself, and with much ado I got out, and kept myself out of harm's way. Here I saw nothing good, neither the King, nor my Lady Castlemaine, nor any great ladies or beauties being there, there being more pleasure a great deal at an ordinary day; or else those few good faces that there were choked up with the many bad ones, there being people of all sorts to some thousands, I think. Going thither in the highway, just by the Parke gate, I met a boy in a sculler boat, carried by a dozen people at least, rowing as hard as he could drive, it seems upon some wager. By and by, about seven or eight o'clock, homeward; and changing my horse again, I rode home, coaches going in great crowds to the further end of the towne almost. In my way, in Leadenhall Streete, there was morris-dancing, which I have not seen a great while. So set my horse up at Game's, paying 5s. for him, and went to hear Mrs. Turner's daughter play on the harpsicon; but, Lord! it was enough to make any man sicke to hear her; yet I was forced to commend her highly. So home to supper. This day Captain Grove sent me a side of pork, which was the oddest present, sure, that was ever made any man; and the next, I remember I told my wife, I believe would be a pound of candles, or a shoulder of mutton; but the fellow do it in kindness, and is one I am beholden to. So to bed very weary, and a little galled for lack of riding, praying to God for a good journey to my father, of whom I am afeard, he being so lately ill.

22*d*. Being weary last night, I slept till almost seven o'clock, a thing I have not done many a day. So up and to my office, being come to some angry words with my wife about neglecting the keeping of the house clean, I calling her beggar, and she me pricklouse, which vexed me. So to the Exchange and then home to dinner, and very merry and well pleased with my wife, and so to the office again, where we met extraordinary upon drawing up the debts of the Navy to my Lord Treasurer.



HUDIBRAS.

By SAMUEL BUTLER.

[SAMUEL BUTLER, the well-known English author, was a native of Strensham, Worcestershire, where he was born in 1612. Educated at the Worcester grammar school and probably at Cambridge University, he became an attendant to Elizabeth, Countess of Kent, and later to the Presbyterian Sir Samuel Luke, who is supposed to be the prototype of Hudibras. After the Restoration he entered the service of the Earl of Carberry, Lord President of Wales, and was appointed steward of Ludlow Castle. His "Hudibras" (published in three parts, 1663-1678), a satirical poem directed against the Puritans, achieved immediate popularity, and a grant of three hundred pounds was bestowed on the author by Charles II. Butler died at Covent Garden, September 25, 1680, in great poverty, and was buried at the expense of his friend, William Longueville of the Temple.]

WHEN civil fury first grew high,
 And men fell out, they knew not why;
 When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
 Set folks together by the ears,
 And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
 For Dame Religion, as for punk;
 Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
 Though not a man of them knew wherefore:
 When Gospel Trumpeter, surrounded
 With long-eared rout, to battle sounded,
 And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
 Was beat with fist, instead of a stick;
 Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
 Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood;
 That never bent his stubborn knee
 To anything but Chivalry;

Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder blade:
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for cartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of war, as well as peace.
So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise, or stout:
Some hold the one, and some the other;
But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweighed his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, called a fool:
For't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras;
For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.
But they're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was not such;
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it;
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holydays, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty, as sufficed
To make some think him circumcised;
And truly so, perhaps, he was,
'Tis many a pious Christian's case.

He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skilled in analytic;
 He could distinguish, and divide
 A hair 'twixt south, and southwest side;
 On either which he would dispute.
 Confute, change hands, and still confute;
 He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl,
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
 And rooks Committee men and Trustees.
 He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination.
 And this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure, he would do.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
 And when he happened to break off
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
 H' had hard words ready to show why,
 And tell what rules he did it by;
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talked like other folk.
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools.
 But, when he pleased to show't, his speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich;
 A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learnèd pedants much affect.
 It was a party-colored dress
 Of patched and piebald languages;
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on satin;
 It had an old promiscuous tone
 As if h' had talked three parts in one;
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three laborers of Babel;
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent:
 And truly, to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large;
 For he could coin, or counterfeit
 New words, with little or no wit;

Words so debased and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on;
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em;
 That had the orator, who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebblestones
 When he harangued, but known his phrase,
 He would have used no other ways.

In mathematics he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater:
 For he, by geometric scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale;
 Resolve, by sines and tangents straight,
 If bread or butter wanted weight;
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
 The clock does strike, by Algebra.

Besides, he was a shrewd philosopher,
 And had read every text and gloss over;
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
 He understood b' implicit faith:
 Whatever skeptic could inquire for,
 For every why he had a wherefore;
 Knew more than forty of them do,
 As far as words and terms could go.
 All which he understood by rote,
 And, as occasion served, would quote;
 No matter whether right or wrong,
 They might be either said or sung.
 His notions fitted things so well,
 That which was which he could not tell;
 But oftentimes mistook the one
 For th' other, as great clerks have done.
 He could reduce all things to acts,
 And knew their natures by abstracts;
 Where entity and quiddity,
 The ghost of defunct bodies fly;
 Where truth in person does appear,
 Like words congealed in northern air.
 He knew what's what, and that's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly.
 In school divinity as able
 As he that hight Irrefragable;
 A second Thomas, or, at once
 To name them all, another Duns;
 Profound in all the Nominal
 And Real ways, beyond them all:

And, with as delicate a hand,
 Could twist as tough a rope of sand;
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
 That's empty when the moon is full;
 Such as take lodgings in a head
 That's to be let unfurnish'd.
 He could raise scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice;
 As if Divinity had catch'd
 The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound
 And stab herself with doubts profound,
 Only to show with how small pain
 The sores of Faith are cured again;
 Although by woeful proof we find,
 They always leave a scar behind.
 He knew the seat of Paradise,
 Could tell in what degree it lies;
 And, as he was disposed, could prove it,
 Below the moon, or else above it. . . .

For his Religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit;
 'Twas Presbyterian, true blue;
 For he was of that stubborn crew
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true Church Militant;
 Such as do build their faith upon
 The holy text of pike and gun;
 Decide all controversies by
 Infallible artillery;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox
 By apostolic blows, and knocks;
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
 A godly, thorough Reformation,
 Which always must be carried on,
 And still be doing, never done;
 As if Religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended.
 A sect, whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss;
 More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
 Than dog distract or monkey sick.
 That with more care keep holyday
 The wrong, than others the right way;

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
 By damning those they have no mind to:
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worshiped God for spite.
 The selfsame thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for.
 Free will they one way disavow
 Another, nothing else allow.
 All piety consists therein
 In them, in other men all sin.
 Rather than fail, they will defy
 That which they love most tenderly,
 Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend — plum porridge;
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard through the nose.
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
 Like Mahomet's; were ass and widgeon,
 To whom our knight, by fast instinct
 Of wit and temper, was so linked,
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense
 Had got the advowson of his conscience.

Thus was he gifted and accoutered,
 We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
 That next of all we shall discuss;
 Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus:
 His tawny beard was th' equal grace
 Both of his wisdom and his face. . . .

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
 And though not sword, yet cudgel proof,
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
 Who feared no blows but such as bruise.

His breeches were of rugged woolen,
 And had been at the siege of Bullen;
 To old King Harry so well known,
 Some writers held they were his own.
 Through they were lined with many a piece
 Of ammunition bread and cheese,
 And fat black puddings, proper food
 For warriors that delight in blood:
 For, as we said, he always chose
 To carry victual in his hose,
 That often tempted rats and mice
 The ammunition to surprise. . . .

His puissant sword unto his side,
 Near his undaunted heart, was tied,

With basket hilt, that would hold broth,
 And serve for fight and dinner both.
 In it he melted lead for bullets,
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets;
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
 He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
 The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
 For want of fighting was grown rusty,
 And ate into itself, for lack
 Of somebody to hew and hack.
 The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
 The rancor of its edge had felt;
 For of the lower end two handful
 It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
 And so much scorned to lurk in case,
 As if it durst not show its face.
 In many desperate attempts,
 Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
 It had appeared with courage bolder
 Than Sergeant Bum invading shoulder;
 Oft had it ta'en possession,
 And prisoners too, or made them run.

 This sword a dagger had, his page,
 That was but little for his age:
 And therefore waited on him so,
 As dwarfs upon knights-errant do.
 It was a serviceable dudgeon,
 Either for fighting or for drudging:
 When it had stabbed, or broke a head,
 It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread,
 Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
 To bait a mouse trap, 'twould not care:
 'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
 It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
 Where this, and more, it did endure;
 But left the trade, as many more
 Have lately done, on the same score.

 In th' holsters, at his saddlebow,
 Two agèd pistols he did stow,
 Among the surplus of such meat
 As in his hose he could not get.
 These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
 To forage when the cocks were bent;
 And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
 As cleverly as th' ablest trap.

They were upon hard duty still,
And every night stood sentinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose,
From two-legged and from four-legged foes.

Thus clad and fortified, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
But first, with nimble active force,
He got on th' outside of his horse :
For having but one stirrup tied
T' his saddle on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado
To reach it with his desperate toe.
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat,
With so much vigor, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he used instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behoove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant bumpkin.
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stayed, and in his gait,
Preserved a grave, majestic state;
At spur or switch no more he skipped,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipped;
And yet so fiery, he would bound
As if he grieved to touch the ground;
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender-hoofed,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft;
And as that beast would kneel and stoop,
Some write, to take his rider up,
So Hudibras his, 'tis well known,
Would often do, to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back;
For what was hidden under pad,
And breech of knight galled full as bad.

His strutting ribs on both sides showed
Like furrows he himself had plowed ;
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a channel.
His draggling tail hung in the dirt
Which on his rider he would flirt,
Still as his tender side he pricked,
With armed heel, or with unarmed, kicked ;
For Hudibras wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of 's horse,
The other would not stay his course.

A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half.
Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one ;
And when we can, with meter safe
We'll call him so, if not, plain Ralph ;
For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
An equal stock of wit and valor
He had laid in ; by birth a tailor ;
The mighty Tyrian queen that gained,
With subtle shreds, a tract of land,
Did leave it, with a castle fair,
To his great ancestor, her heir ;
From him descended cross-legged knights,
Famed for their faith and warlike fights
Against the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they destroyed both great and small.
This sturdy Squire had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold lace.
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't ;
Some call it Gifts, and some New Light ;
A liberal art that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wits were sent him for a token,
But in the carriage cracked and broken ;
Like commendation ninepence crooked
With — To and from my love — it looked.
He ne'er considered it, as loath
To look a gift horse in the mouth ;

And very wisely would lay forth
 No more upon it than 'twas worth:
 But as he got it freely, so
 He spent it frank and freely too:
 For saints themselves will sometimes be,
 Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
 By means of this, with hem and cough,
 Prolongers to enlighten snuff,
 He could deep mysteries unriddle,
 As easily as thread a needle:
 For as of vagabonds we say,
 That they are ne'er beside their way:
 Whate'er men speak by this new light,
 Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
 'Tis a dark lantern of the spirit,
 Which none can see but those that bear it;
 A light that falls down from on high,
 For spiritual trades to cozen by;
 An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
 And leads men into pools and ditches,
 To make them dip themselves, and sound
 For Christendom in dirty pond;
 To dive, like wild fowl, for salvation,
 And fish to catch regeneration.
 This light inspires, and plays upon
 The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,
 And speaks, through hollow empty soul,
 As through a trunk, or whispering hole,
 Such language as no mortal ear
 But spirit'al eavesdropper can hear.
 So Phœbus, or some friendly muse,
 Into small poets song infuse;
 Which they at second hand rehearse,
 Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.
 Thus Ralph became infallible,
 As three or four legged oracle,
 The ancient cup, or modern chair;
 Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware.
 For mystic learning wondrous able
 In magic, talisman, and cabal,
 Whose primitive tradition reaches
 As far as Adam's first green breeches;
 Deep-sighted in intelligences,
 Ideas, atoms, influences,
 And much of *Terra Incognita*,
 Th' intelligible world, could say;

A deep occult philosopher,
 As learned as the wild Irish are,
 Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
 And solid lying much renowned:
 He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
 And Jacob Behmen, understood;
 Knew many an amulet and charm,
 That would do neither good nor harm;
 In Rosicrucian lore as learned,
 As he that *Verè adeptus* earned:
 He understood the speech of birds
 As well as they themselves do words;
 Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
 That speak and think contrary clean;
 What member 'tis of whom they talk,
 When they cry, "Rope," and "Walk, knave, walk."
 He'd extract numbers out of matter,
 And keep them in a glass, like water,
 Of sovereign power to make men wise;
 For, dropped in blear thick-sighted eyes,
 They'd make them see in darkest night,
 Like owls, though purblind in the light.
 By help of these, as he professed,
 He had First Matter seen undressed:
 He took her naked, all alone,
 Before one rag of form was on.
 The Chaos, too, he had descried,
 And seen quite through, or else he lied;
 Not that of pasteboard, which men show
 For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew,
 But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,
 Whence that and Reformation came,
 Both cousin-germans, and right able
 T' inveigle and draw in the rabble:
 But Reformation was, some say,
 O' th' younger house to puppet play.
 He could foretell what's ever was,
 By consequence, to come to pass:
 As death of great men, alterations,
 Diseases, battles, inundations:
 All this without th' eclipse of th' sun,
 Or dreadful comet, he hath done
 By inward light, a way as good,
 And easy to be understood:
 But with more lucky hit than those
 That use to make the stars depose,

Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
 Upon themselves what others forge ;
 As if they were consenting to
 All mischiefs in the world men do :
 Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
 To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
 They'll search a planet's house, to know
 Who broke and robbed a house below ;
 Examine Venus and the Moon,
 Who stole a thimble or a spoon ;
 And though they nothing will confess,
 Yet by their very looks can guess,
 And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
 Who stole, and who received the goods :
 They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
 Detect who 'twas that nimmed a cloak ;
 Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
 Those thieves which he himself did teach.
 They'll find, i' th' physiognomies
 O' th' planets, all men's destinies ;
 Like him that took the doctor's bill,
 And swallowed it instead o' th' pill,
 Cast the nativity o' th' question,
 And from positions to be guessed on,
 As sure as if they knew the moment
 Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.
 They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
 To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs ;
 And tell what crisis does divine
 The rot in sheep, or mange in swine ;
 What gains, or loses, hangs, or saves,
 What makes men great, what fools, or knaves ;
 But not what wise, for only 'f those
 The stars, they say, cannot dispose,
 No more than can the astrologians :
 There they say right, and like true Trojans.
 This Ralphó knew, and therefore took
 The other course, of which we spoke.
 Thus was th' accomplished Squire endued
 With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd.
 Never did trusty squire with knight,
 Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
 Their arms and equipage did fit,
 As well as virtues, parts, and wit :
 Their valors, too, were of a rate,
 And out they sallied at the gate.

NOTES FROM EVELYN'S DIARY.

[JOHN EVELYN, English author, was the son of wealthy parents, residing in Wotton, Surrey, where he was born in 1620. During the Civil War he sided with the Royalists, and for a short time served in the king's army, but passed the years 1641-1647 principally in travel, with occasional returns to England. After the Restoration he became a favorite at court, and held various positions of trust. He was one of the first members of the Royal Society, and contributed much to its transactions. He wrote constantly on a great variety of subjects, his chief works being "Sylva, or the Discourse of Forest Trees" and "Sculptura, or the Art of Engraving on Copper." His diary, discovered in 1817, is of inestimable historical value. He died in 1703.]

THE GREAT FIRE.

I WENT this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, etc., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the mean time His Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At return I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly Church St. Paul's now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late king) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projections of massy Portland stone flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six acres by measure) was totally melted; the ruins of the vaulted roof falling broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books, belonging to the Stationers, and carried

thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable Church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near a hundred more. The lead, ironwork, bells, plate, etc., melted, the exquisitely wrought Mercer's Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones, but that were calcined white as snow. The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy: to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, while the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrower streets, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapor, continued so intense that my hair was almost singed, and my feet insufferably surbated. The by-lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some Church or Hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief by proclamation for the country to come in



BURNING OF OLD NEWGATE, DURING THE GREAT FIRE OF
LONDON, A.D. 1666

From an old print

and refresh them with provisions. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed but even entering the city. There was, in truth, some days before, great suspicion of these two nations joining; and now, that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations when they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamor and peril grew so excessive that it made the whole Court amazed, and they did with infinite pains and great difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repair into the suburbs about the city, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Majesty's proclamation also invited them.

Still, the plague continuing in our parish, I could not without danger adventure to our church.

ILL GOVERNMENT OF THE NAVY.

7th March 1689-90. — I dined with Mr. Pepys, late secretary to the Admiralty, where that excellent shipwright and seaman (for so he had been, and also a commissioner of the Navy), Sir Anthy. Deane. Amongst other discourse, and deploring the sad condition of our Navy, as now governed by unexperienced men since this Revolution, he mentioned what exceeding advantage we of this nation had by being the first who built frigates, the first of which ever built was that vessel which was afterwards called "The Constant Warwick," and was the work of Pett of Chatham, for a trial of making a vessel that would sail swiftly; it was built with low decks, the guns lying near the water, and was so light and swift of sailing, that in a short time he told us she had, ere the Dutch war was ended, taken as much money from privateers as would have laden her; and that more such being built did in a year or two scour the Channel from those of Dunkirk and others which had exceedingly in-

fested it. He added that it would be the best and only infallible expedient to be masters of the sea, and able to destroy the greatest navy of any enemy, if instead of building huge great ships and second and third rates, they would leave off building such high decks, which were for nothing but to gratify gentlemen commanders, who must have all their effeminate accommodations, and for pomp; that it would be the ruin of our fleets if such persons were continued in command, they neither having experience nor being capable of learning, because they would not submit to the fatigue and inconvenience which those who were bred seamen would undergo, in those so otherwise useful swift frigates. These, being to encounter the greatest ships, would be able to protect, set on, and bring off, those who should manage the fire ships; and the prince who should first store himself with numbers of such fire ships would, through the help and countenance of such frigates, be able to ruin the greatest force of such vast ships as could be sent to sea, by the dexterity of working those light swift ships to guard the fire ships. He concluded there would shortly be no other method of sea fight, and that great ships and men of war, however stored with guns and men, must submit to those who should encounter them with far less number. He represented to us the dreadful effect of these fire ships; that he continually observed in our late maritime war with the Dutch, that when an enemy's fire ship approached, the most valiant commander and common sailors were in such consternation, that though then, of all times, there was most need of the guns, bombs, etc., to keep the mischief off, they grew pale and astonished, as if of a quite other mean soul; that they slunk about, forsook their guns and work as if in despair, every one looking about to see which way they might get out of their ship, though sure to be drowned if they did so. This he said was likely to prove hereafter the method of sea fight likely to be the misfortune of England if they continued to put gentlemen commanders over experienced seamen, on account of their ignorance, effeminacy, and insolence.

MR. SAMUEL PEPYS.

26th May, 1703. — This day died Mr. Sam. Pepys, a very worthy, industrious, and curious person, none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the Navy, in which he had passed through all the most considerable offices (clerk of the Acts, and

secretary of the Admiralty), all which he performed with great integrity. When King James II. went out of England, he laid down his office, and would serve no more, but withdrawing himself from all public affairs, he lived at Clapham with his partner Mr. Hewer, formerly his clerk, in a very noble house and sweet place, where he enjoyed the fruit of his labors in great prosperity. He was universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation. His library and collection of other curiosities were of the most considerable, the models of ships especially. Besides what he published of an account of the Navy, as he found and left it, he had for divers years under his hand the "History of the Navy," or "Navalia" as he called it; but how far advanced, and what will follow of his, is left, I suppose, to his sister's son Mr. Jackson, a young gentleman whom Mr. Pepys had educated in all sorts of useful learning, sending him to travel abroad, from whence he returned with extraordinary accomplishments, and worthy to be heir. Mr. Pepys had been for near forty years so much my particular friend, that Mr. Jackson sent me complete mourning, desiring me to be one to hold up the pall at his magnificent obsequies, but my indisposition hindered me from doing him this last office.



POEMS OF ROBERT HERRICK.

[ROBERT HERRICK, one of the most charming of English lyric poets, was born in London, August, 1591; died in 1634. He was vicar of Dean Prior in Devonshire for about twenty years; suffered deprivation under the government of Cromwell; but recovered his benefice after the restoration of Charles II. in 1660. He published two volumes of verse: "Hesperides," consisting of amatory poems, odes, epigrams, etc., and "Noble Numbers."]

THE LILY IN A CRYSTAL.

You have beheld a smiling rose
 When virgins' hands have drawn
 O'er it a cobweb lawn:
 And here, you see, this lily shows,
 Tombed in a crystal stone,
 More fair in this transparent case
 Than when it grew alone,
 And had but single grace.

So though you're white as swan or snow,
And have the power to move
A world of men to love;
Yet, when your lawns and silks shall flow,
And that white cloud divide
Into a doubtful twilight, then,
Then will your hidden pride
Raise greater fires in men.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No; 'tis a fast, to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise Thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer:
But being spent the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

THE CROWD AND COMPANY.

In holy meetings, there a man may be
One of the crowd, not of the company.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:

DEMEANOR IN CHURCH.

By GEORGE HERBERT.

[1633-1633.]

Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet public hath more promises, more love.
And love is a weight to hearts; to eyes, a sign.
We all are but cold suitors, let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven;
Pray with the most; for, where most pray, is heaven.

When once thy feet enter the church, be bare.
God is more there than thou: for thou art there
Only by his permission. Then beware;
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings. Quit thy state:
All equal are within the church's gate.

Resort to sermons; but to prayers most:
Praying is the end of preaching. Oh, be drest!
Stay not for the other pin. Why, thou hast lost
A joy, for it, worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee;
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose, about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart; that, spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise.
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in church time others' symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part.
Bring not thy plow, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
Christ purged his Temple; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well;
For churches either are heaven or hell.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy judge.
If thou mislike him, thou conceivest him not.
God calleth preaching, folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good. If *all* want sense,
God takes a text and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessings which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.
He that, by being at church, escapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves God's abode, and to combine
With saints on earth, shall with them one day shine.

Jest not at preachers' language or expression.
How know'st thou but *thy* sins made him miscarry?
Then turn thy faults and his into confession.
God sent him whatsoe'er he be. Oh, tarry
And love him for his Master! His condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill physician.



THE LIFE OF MR. GEORGE HERBERT.

By IZAAK WALTON.

[IZAAK WALTON, the "Father of Angling," was born at Stafford, August 9, 1593, and for twenty years kept a linen draper's shop in Fleet Street, London. In 1644 he retired on a competency and passed a large part of the remainder of his life at Winchester, where he died in 1683, in the house of his son-in-law, a

prebendary of Winchester cathedral. His masterpiece is "The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation" (1653), a discourse on angling interspersed with reflections, dialogue, verses, etc. He also wrote lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Sanderson, and other friends and contemporaries.]

I HAVE now brought him to the parsonage of Bemerton, and to the thirty-sixth year of his age, and must stop here, and bespeak the reader to prepare for an almost incredible story, of the great sanctity of the short remainder of his holy life; a life so full of charity, humility, and all Christian virtues, that it deserves the eloquence of St. Chrysostom to commend and declare it: a life, that if it were related by a pen like his, there would then be no need for this age to look back into times past for the examples of primitive piety; for they might be all found in the life of George Herbert. But now, alas! who is fit to undertake it? I confess I am not; and am not pleased with myself that I must; and profess myself amazed, when I consider how few of the clergy lived like him then, and how many live so unlike him now. But it becomes not me to censure: my design is rather to assure the reader that I have used very great diligence to inform myself, that I might inform him of the truth of what follows; and though I cannot adorn it with eloquence, yet I will do it with sincerity.

When at his induction he was shut into Bemerton church, being left there alone to toll the bell (as the law requires him), he stayed so much longer than an ordinary time before he returned to those friends that stayed expecting him at the church door, that his friend Mr. Woodnot looked in at the church window, and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the altar; at which time and place (as he after told Mr. Woodnot) he set some rules to himself, for the future manage of his life; and then and there made a vow to labor to keep them.

And the same night that he had his induction, he said to Mr. Woodnot, "I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for. And I can now behold the court with an impartial eye, and see plainly that it is made up of fraud, and titles, and flattery, and many other such empty, imaginary painted pleasures, pleasures that are so empty as not to satisfy when they are enjoyed. But in God, and his service, is a fullness of all joy and pleasure, and no satiety. And I will now use all my endeavors to bring my relations and dependents to a love and reliance on him who never fails those

that trust him. But, above all, I will be sure to live well, because the virtuous life of a clergyman is the most powerful eloquence to persuade all that see it to reverence and love, and at least to desire to live like him. And this I will do, because I know we live in an age that hath more need of good examples than precepts. And I beseech that God, who hath honored me so much as to call me to serve him at his altar, that as by his special grace he hath put into my heart these good desires and resolutions, so he will, by his assisting grace, give me ghostly strength to bring the same to good effect. And I beseech him, that my humble and charitable life may so win upon others, as to bring glory to my Jesus, whom I have this day taken to be my master and governor; and I am so proud of his service, that I will always observe, and obey, and do his will; and always call him, Jesus, my master; and I will always condemn my birth, or any title or dignity that can be conferred upon me." . . .

And that he did so, may appear in many parts of his book of "Sacred Poems"; especially in that which he calls "The Odor." . . .

The third day after he was made rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical coat, he returned so habited with his friend Mr. Woodnot to Bainton; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her, "You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house, as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place, but that which she purchases by her obliging humility; and I am sure, places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you that I am so good a herald, as to assure you that this is truth." And she was so meek a wife, as to assure him it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness. And, indeed, her unforced humility, that humility that was in her so original as to be born with her, made her so happy as to do so; and her doing so begot her an unfeigned love, and a serviceable respect from all that conversed with her; and this love followed her in all places, as inseparably as shadows follow substances in sunshine.

It was not many days before he returned back to Bemerton, to view the church, and repair the chancel; and indeed to rebuild almost three parts of his house, which was fallen down, or

decayed, by reason of his predecessor's living at a better parsonage house; namely at Minal, sixteen or twenty miles from this place. At which time of Mr. Herbert's coming alone to Bemerton, there came to him a poor old woman, with an intent to acquaint him with her necessitous condition, as also with some troubles of her mind; but after she had spoke some few words to him, she was surprised with a fear, and that begot a shortness of breath, so that her spirits and speech failed her; which he perceiving, did so compassionate her, and was so humble, that he took her by the hand, and said, "Speak, good mother; be not afraid to speak to me; for I am a man that will hear you with patience, and will relieve your necessities, too, if I be able: and this I will do willingly; and therefore, mother, be not afraid to acquaint me with what you desire." After which comfortable speech, he again took her by the hand, made her sit down by him, and understanding she was of his parish, he told her, he would be acquainted with her, and take her into his care. And having with patience heard and understood her wants (and it is some relief for a poor body to be but heard with patience), he, like a Christian clergyman, comforted her by his meek behavior and counsel; but because that cost him nothing, he relieved her with money too, and so sent her home with a cheerful heart, praising God, and praying for him. Thus worthy, and (like David's blessed man) thus lowly was Mr. George Herbert in his own eyes, and thus lovely in the eyes of others.

At his return that night to his wife at Bainton, he gave her an account of the passages betwixt him and the poor woman: with which she was so affected that she went next day to Salisbury, and there bought a pair of blankets, and sent them as a token of her love to the poor woman: and with them a message that she would see and be acquainted with her, when her house was built at Bemerton.

There be many such passages both of him and his wife, of which some few will be related: but I shall first tell that he hasted to get the parish church repaired; then to beautify the chapel (which stands near his house), and that at his own great charge. He then proceeded to rebuild the greatest part of the parsonage house, which he did also very completely, and at his own charge; and having done this good work, he caused these verses to be writ upon, or engraven in, the mantel of the chimney in his hall.

TO MY SUCCESSOR.

If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost;
Be good to the poor,
As God gives thee store,
And then my labor's not lost.

We will now, by the reader's favor, suppose him fixed at Bemerton, and grant him to have seen the church repaired, and the chapel belonging to it very decently adorned at his own great charge (which is a real truth); and having now fixed him there, I shall proceed to give an account of the rest of his behavior, both to his parishioners, and those many others that knew and conversed with him.

Doubtless Mr. Herbert had considered and given rules to himself for his Christian carriage both to God and man before he entered into holy orders. . . . The text for his first sermon was taken out of Solomon's Proverbs, and the words were *Keep thy heart with all diligence*. In which first sermon he gave his parishioners many necessary, holy, safe rules for the discharge of a good conscience, both to God and man; and delivered his sermon after a most florid manner, both with great learning and eloquence; but, at the close of this sermon, told them, that should not be his constant way of preaching; for since Almighty God does not intend to lead men to heaven by hard questions, he would not therefore fill their heads with unnecessary notions; but that, for their sakes, his language and his expressions should be more plain and practical in his future sermons. And he then made it his humble request that they would be constant to the afternoon's service, and catechising: and showed them convincing reasons why he desired it; and his obliging example and persuasions brought them to willing conformity to his desires. . . .

If he were at any time too zealous in his sermons, it was in reproving the indecencies of the people's behavior in the time of divine service; and of those ministers that huddled up the church prayers, without a visible reverence and affection; namely, such as seemed to say the Lord's Prayer, or a collect, in a breath. But for himself, his custom was to stop betwixt every collect, and give the people time to consider what they

had prayed, and to force their desires affectionately to God, before he engaged them into new petitions.

And by this account of his diligence to make his parishioners understand what they prayed, and why they praised and adored their Creator, I hope I shall the more easily obtain the reader's belief to the following account of Mr. Herbert's own practice; which was to appear constantly with his wife and three nieces (the daughters of a deceased sister) and his whole family, twice every day at the church prayers, in the chapel, which does almost join to his parsonage house. And for the time of his appearing, it was strictly at the canonical hours of ten and four; and then and there he lifted up pure and charitable hands to God in the midst of the congregation. . . . He, like Joshua, brought not only his own household thus to serve the Lord, but brought most of his parishioners, and many gentlemen in the neighborhood, constantly to make a part of his congregation twice a day; and some of the meaner sort of his parish did so love and reverence Mr. Herbert that they would let their plow rest when Mr. Herbert's Saint's bell rung to prayers, that they might also offer their devotions to God with him; and would then return back to their plow. And his most holy life was such that it begot such reverence to God and to him that they thought themselves the happier when they carried Mr. Herbert's blessing back with them to their labor. Thus powerful was his reason and example to persuade others to a practical piety and devotion. . . .

His chiefest recreation was music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master, and did himself compose many divine hymns and anthems, which he set and sung to his lute or viol: and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love of music was such that he went usually twice every week, on certain appointed days, to the cathedral church in Salisbury . . . and his walks thither were the occasion of many happy accidents to others, of which I will mention some few. . . .

In one of his walks to Salisbury, he overtook a gentleman, that is still living in that city; and in their walk together Mr. Herbert took a fair occasion to talk with him, and humbly begged to be excused if he asked him some account of his faith; and said, "I do this the rather because though you are not of my parish, yet I receive tithe from you by the hand of your tenant; and, sir, I am the bolder to do it, because I know

there be some sermon hearers that be like those fishes that always live in salt water, and yet are always fresh."

After which expression, Mr. Herbert asked him some needful questions, and having received his answer, gave him such rules for the trial of his sincerity, and for a practical piety, and in so loving and meek a manner that the gentleman did so fall in love with him and his discourse, that he would often contrive to meet him in his walk to Salisbury, or to attend him back to Bemerton, and still mentions the name of Mr. George Herbert with veneration, and still praiseth God for the occasion of knowing him. . . .

In another walk to Salisbury, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load ; they were both in distress, and needed present help ; which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man ; and was so like the good Samaritan that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse ; and told him that if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast. Thus he left the poor man : and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed ; but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment, his answer was that the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight ; and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience whensoever he should pass by that place — "For if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practice what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy ; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let us tune our instruments." . . .

And he was most happy in his wife's unforced compliance with his acts of charity, whom he made his almoner, and paid constantly into her hand a tenth penny of what money he received for tithe, and gave her power to dispose that to the poor of his parish, and with it a power to dispose a tenth part of the corn that came yearly into his barn : which trust she did most

faithfully perform, and would often offer to him an account of her stewardship, and as often beg an enlargement of his bounty ; for she rejoiced in the employment : and this was usually laid out by her in blankets and shoes for some such poor people as she knew to stand in most need of them. This as to her charity. — And for his own, he set no limits to it ; nor did he ever turn his face from any that he saw in want, but would relieve them ; especially his poor neighbors ; to the meanest of whose houses he would go, and inform himself of their wants, and relieve them cheerfully, if they were in distress ; and would always praise God as much for being willing, as for being able to do it. . . .

This may be some account of the excellencies of the active part of his life ; and thus he continued, till a consumption so weakened him as to confine him to his house, or to the chapel, which does almost join to it ; in which he continued to read prayers constantly twice every day, though he were very weak : in one of which times of his reading, his wife observed him to read in pain, and told him so, and that it wasted his spirits and weakened him ; and he confessed it did. . . . And Mr. Bostock did the next day undertake and continue this happy employment till Mr. Herbert's death.



THE BIRD.

By HENRY VAUGHAN.

[1621-1695.]

HITHER thou com'st. The busy wind all night.
 Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm wing
 Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,
 For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
 Rained on thy bed
 And harmless head ;
 And now as fresh and cheerful as the light
 Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
 Unto that Providence whose unseen arm
 Curbed them, and clothed thee well and warm.
 All things that be praise Him ; and had
 Their lesson taught them when first made.

SHAFTESBURY AND HALIFAX.

By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

[THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY: An English historian and essayist; born October 25, 1800; son of a noted philanthropist and a Quaker lady; died at London, December 28, 1859. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the bar, but took to writing for the periodicals and to politics; became famous for historical essays, was a warm advocate of Parliamentary Reform, and was elected to Parliament in 1830. In 1834 he was made a member of the Supreme Legislative Council for India, residing there till 1838, and making the working draft of the present Indian Penal Code. He was Secretary at War in 1839. The first two volumes of his "History of England" were published in December, 1848. His fame rests even more on his historical essays, his unsurpassed speeches, and his "Lays of Ancient Rome."]

THERE were two men in particular about whom the King and Temple could not agree, two men deeply tainted with the vices common to the English statesmen of that age, but unrivaled in talents, address, and influence. These were the Earl of Shaftesbury, and George Savile Viscount Halifax.

It was a favorite exercise among the Greek sophists to write panegyrics on characters proverbial for depravity. One professor of rhetoric sent to Isocrates a panegyric on Busiris; and Isocrates himself wrote another which has come down to us. It is, we presume, from an ambition of the same kind that some writers have lately shown a disposition to eulogize Shaftesbury. But the attempt is vain. The charges against him rest on evidence not to be invalidated by any arguments which human wit can devise, or by any information which may be found in old trunks and escritaires.

It is certain that, just before the Restoration, he declared to the Regicides that he would be damned, body and soul, rather than suffer a hair of their heads to be hurt, and that, just after the Restoration, he was one of the judges who sentenced them to death. It is certain that he was a principal member of the most profligate Administration ever known, and that he was afterwards a principal member of the most profligate Opposition ever known. It is certain that, in power, he did not scruple to violate the great fundamental principle of the Constitution, in order to exalt the Catholics, and that, out of power, he did not scruple to violate every principle of justice, in order to destroy them. There were in that age some honest men, such as

William Penn, who valued toleration so highly that they would willingly have seen it established even by an illegal exertion of the prerogative. There were many honest men who dreaded arbitrary power so much that, on account of the alliance between Popery and arbitrary power, they were disposed to grant no toleration to Papists. On both those classes we look with indulgence, though we think both in the wrong. But Shaftesbury belonged to neither class. He united all that was worst in both. From the misguided friends of toleration he borrowed their contempt for the Constitution, and from the misguided friends of civil liberty their contempt for the rights of conscience. We never can admit that his conduct as a member of the Cabal was redeemed by his conduct as a leader of Opposition. On the contrary, his life was such that every part of it, as if by a skillful contrivance, reflects infamy on every other. We should never have known how abandoned a prostitute he was in place, if we had not known how desperate an incendiary he was out of it. To judge of him fairly, we must bear in mind that the Shaftesbury who, in office, was the chief author of the Declaration of Indulgence, was the same Shaftesbury who, out of office, excited and kept up the savage hatred of the rabble of London against the very class to whom that Declaration of Indulgence was intended to give illegal relief.

It is amusing to see the excuses that are made for him. We will give two specimens. It is acknowledged that he was one of the Ministry which made the alliance with France against Holland, and that this alliance was most pernicious. What, then, is the defense? Even this, that he betrayed his master's counsels to the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, and tried to rouse all the Protestant powers of Germany to defend the States. Again, it is acknowledged that he was deeply concerned in the Declaration of Indulgence, and that his conduct on this occasion was not only unconstitutional, but quite inconsistent with the course which he afterwards took respecting the professors of the Catholic faith. What, then, is the defense? Even this, that he meant only to allure concealed Papists to avow themselves, and thus to become open marks for the vengeance of the public. As often as he is charged with one treason, his advocates vindicate him by confessing two. They had better leave him where they find him. For him there is no escape upwards. Every outlet by which he can creep out of his present position is one which lets him down

into a still lower and fouler depth of infamy. To whitewash an Ethiopian is a proverbially hopeless attempt; but to whitewash an Ethiopian by giving him a new coat of blacking is an enterprise more extraordinary still. That in the course of Shaftesbury's dishonest and revengeful opposition to the Court he rendered one or two most useful services to his country, we admit. And he is, we think, fairly entitled, if that be any glory, to have his name eternally associated with the Habeas Corpus Act in the same way in which the name of Henry the Eighth is associated with the reformation of the Church, and that of Jack Wilkes with the most sacred rights of electors.

While Shaftesbury was still living, his character was elaborately drawn by two of the greatest writers of the age, by Butler, with characteristic brilliancy of wit, by Dryden, with even more than characteristic energy and loftiness, by both with all the inspiration of hatred. The sparkling illustrations of Butler have been thrown into the shade by the brighter glory of that gorgeous satiric Muse, who comes sweeping by in sceptered pall, borrowed from her most august sisters. But the descriptions well deserve to be compared. The reader will at once perceive a considerable difference between Butler's

politician,

With more heads than a beast in vision,

and the Achitophel of Dryden. Butler dwells on Shaftesbury's unprincipled versatility; on his wonderful and almost instinctive skill in discerning the approach of a change of fortune; and on the dexterity with which he extricated himself from the snares in which he left his associates to perish.

Our state artificer foresaw
Which way the world began to draw.
For as old sinners have all points
O'th' compass in their bones and joints,
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And better than by Napier's bones
Feel in their own the age of moons:
So guilty sinners in a state
Can by their crimes prognosticate,
And in their consciences feel pain
Some days before a shower of rain.

He, therefore, wisely cast about
All ways he could to insure his throat.

In Dryden's great portrait, on the contrary, violent passion, implacable revenge, boldness amounting to temerity, are the most striking features. Achitophel is one of the "great wits to madness near allied." And again—

A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.

The dates of the two poems will, we think, explain this discrepancy. The third part of "Hudibras" appeared in 1678, when the character of Shaftesbury had as yet but imperfectly developed itself. He had, indeed, been a traitor to every party in the State; but his treasons had hitherto prospered. Whether it were accident or sagacity, he had timed his desertions in such a manner that fortune seemed to go to and fro with him from side to side. The extent of his perfidy was known; but it was not till the Popish Plot furnished him with a machinery which seemed sufficiently powerful for all his purposes, that the audacity of his spirit, and the fierceness of his malevolent passions, became fully manifest. His subsequent conduct showed undoubtedly great ability, but not ability of the sort for which he had formerly been so eminent. He was now headstrong, sanguine, full of impetuous confidence in his own wisdom and his own good luck. He, whose fame as a political tactician had hitherto rested chiefly on his skillful retreats, now set himself to break down all the bridges behind him. His plans were castles in the air: his talk was rodomontade. He took no thought for the morrow: he treated the Court as if the King were already a prisoner in his hands: he built on the favor of the multitude, as if that favor were not proverbially inconstant. The signs of the coming reaction were discerned by men of far less sagacity than his, and scared from his side men more consistent than he had ever pretended to be. But on him they were lost. The counsel of Achitophel, that counsel which was as if a man had inquired of the oracle of God, was turned into foolishness. He who had become a byword, for the certainty with which he foresaw and the suppleness with which he evaded danger, now, when beset on every side with snares and death,

seemed to be smitten with a blindness as strange as his former clear-sightedness, and, turning neither to the right nor to the left, strode straight on with desperate hardihood to his doom. Therefore, after having early acquired and long preserved the reputation of infallible wisdom and invariable success, he lived to see a mighty ruin wrought by his own ungovernable passions, to see the great party which he had led vanquished, and scattered, and trampled down, to see all his own devilish enginery of lying witnesses, partial sheriffs, packed juries, unjust judges, bloodthirsty mobs, ready to be employed against himself and his most devoted followers, to fly from that proud city whose favor had almost raised him to be Mayor of the Palace, to hide himself in squalid retreats, to cover his gray head with ignominious disguises; and he died in hopeless exile, sheltered by the generosity of a State which he had cruelly injured and insulted, from the vengeance of a master whose favor he had purchased by one series of crimes, and forfeited by another.

Halifax had, in common with Shaftesbury, and with almost all the politicians of that age, a very loose morality where the public was concerned; but in Halifax the prevailing infection was modified by a very peculiar constitution both of heart and head, by a temper singularly free from gall, and by a refining and skeptical understanding. He changed his course as often as Shaftesbury; but he did not change it to the same extent, or in the same direction. Shaftesbury was the very reverse of a trimmer. His disposition led him generally to do his utmost to exalt the side which was up, and to depress the side which was down. His transitions were from extreme to extreme. While he stayed with a party he went all lengths for it: when he quitted it he went all lengths against it. Halifax was emphatically a trimmer,—a trimmer both by intellect and by constitution. The name was fixed on him by his contemporaries; and he was so far from being ashamed of it that he assumed it as a badge of honor. He passed from faction to faction. But instead of adopting and inflaming the passions of those whom he joined, he tried to diffuse among them something of the spirit of those whom he had just left. While he acted with the Opposition he was suspected of being a spy of the Court; and when he had joined the Court all the Tories were dismayed by his Republican doctrines.

He wanted neither arguments nor eloquence to exhibit what was commonly regarded as his wavering policy in the fairest

light. He trimmed, he said, as the temperate zone trims between intolerable heat and intolerable cold, as a good government trims between despotism and anarchy, as a pure church trims between the errors of the Papist and those of the Anabaptist. Nor was this defense by any means without weight; for though there is abundant proof that his integrity was not of strength to withstand the temptations by which his cupidity and vanity were sometimes assailed, yet his dislike of extremes, and a forgiving and compassionate temper which seems to have been natural to him, preserved him from all participation in the worst crimes of his time. If both parties accused him of deserting them, both were compelled to admit that they had great obligations to his humanity, and that, though an uncertain friend, he was a placable enemy. He voted in favor of Lord Stafford, the victim of the Whigs; he did his utmost to save Lord Russell, the victim of the Tories; and, on the whole, we are inclined to think that his public life, though far indeed from faultless, has as few great stains as that of any politician who took an active part in affairs during the troubled and disastrous period of ten years which elapsed between the fall of Lord Danby and the Revolution.

His mind was much less turned to particular observations, and much more to general speculations, than that of Shaftesbury. Shaftesbury knew the King, the Council, the Parliament, the city, better than Halifax; but Halifax would have written a far better treatise on political science than Shaftesbury. Shaftesbury shone more in consultation, and Halifax in controversy: Shaftesbury was more fertile in expedients, and Halifax in arguments. Nothing that remains from the pen of Shaftesbury will bear a comparison with the political tracts of Halifax. Indeed, very little of the prose of that age is so well worth reading as the "Character of a Trimmer" and the "Anatomy of an Equivalent." What particularly strikes us in those works is the writer's passion for generalization. He was treating of the most exciting subjects in the most agitated times: he was himself placed in the very thick of the civil conflict; yet there is no acrimony, nothing inflammatory, nothing personal. He preserves an air of cold superiority, a certain philosophical serenity, which is perfectly marvelous. He treats every question as an abstract question, begins with the widest propositions, argues those propositions on general grounds, and often, when he has brought out his theorem, leaves the reader to make

the application, without adding an allusion to particular men or to passing events. This speculative turn of mind rendered him a bad adviser in cases which required celerity. He brought forward, with wonderful readiness and copiousness, arguments, replies to those arguments, rejoinders to those replies, general maxims of policy, and analogous cases from history. But Shaftesbury was the man for a prompt decision. Of the parliamentary eloquence of these celebrated rivals, we can judge only by report; and, so judging, we should be inclined to think that, though Shaftesbury was a distinguished speaker, the superiority belonged to Halifax. Indeed, the readiness of Halifax in debate, the extent of his knowledge, the ingenuity of his reasoning, the liveliness of his expression, and the silver clearness and sweetness of his voice seem to have made the strongest impression on his contemporaries. By Dryden he is described as

Of piercing wit and pregnant thought,
Endued by nature and by learning taught
To move assemblies.

His oratory is utterly and irretrievably lost to us, like that of Somers, of Bolingbroke, of Charles Townshend, of many others who were accustomed to rise amidst the breathless expectation of senates, and to sit down amidst reiterated bursts of applause. But old men who lived to admire the eloquence of Pulteney in its meridian, and that of Pitt in its splendid dawn, still murmured that they had heard nothing like the great speeches of Lord Halifax on the Exclusion Bill. The power of Shaftesbury over large masses was unrivaled. Halifax was disqualified by his whole character, moral and intellectual, for the part of a demagogue. It was in small circles, and, above all, in the House of Lords, that his ascendancy was felt.

Shaftesbury seems to have troubled himself very little about theories of government. Halifax was, in speculation, a strong republican, and did not conceal it. He often made hereditary monarchy and aristocracy the subjects of his keen pleasantry, while he was fighting the battles of the Court, and obtaining for himself step after step in the peerage. In this way, he tried to gratify at once his intellectual vanity and his more vulgar ambition. He shaped his life according to the opinion of the multitude, and indemnified himself by talking according to his own. His colloquial powers were great; his perception

of the ridiculous exquisitely fine; and he seems to have had the rare art of preserving the reputation of good breeding and good nature, while habitually indulging a strong propensity to mockery.



THREE ENGLISH POLITICIANS.

By JOHN DRYDEN.

(From "Absalom and Achitophel.")

[JOHN DRYDEN: An English poet; born August 9, 1631; educated under Dr. Busby at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. The son of a Puritan, he wrote eulogistic stanzas on the death of Cromwell; but his versatile intellect could assume any phase of feeling, and he wrote equally glowing ones on the Restoration of 1660. His "Annus Mirabilis" appeared in 1667, and in 1668 he was made poet laureate. His "Essay on Dramatic Poesy" is excellent; but as a dramatist, though voluminous, he has left nothing which lives. His satire "Absalom and Achitophel" is famous; and his "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" is considered the finest in the language.]

SHAFTESBURY.

THIS plot, which failed for want of common sense,
 Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence;
 For as when raging fevers boil the blood,
 The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
 And every hostile humor, which before
 Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
 So several factions from this first ferment,
 Work up to foam, and threat the government.
 Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,
 Opposed the power to which they could not rise.
 Some had in courts been great, and thrown from thence,
 Like fiends were hardened in impenitence.
 Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
 From pardoned rebels kinsmen to the throne,
 Were raised in power and public office high;
 Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.

Of these the false Achitophel was first;
 A name to all succeeding ages cursed:
 For close designs, and crooked counsel fit;
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
 Restless, unfixed in principles and place;
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:



JOHN DRYDEN

By permission of F. Bruckmann, Munich

Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So overviolent, or overcivil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom, and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left no faction, but of that was left.

SLINGSBY BETHEL.

Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
Of zeal to God and hatred to his king,
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the sabbath, but for gain:
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the government.
Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray:
The city, to reward his pious hate
Against his master, chose him magistrate.

His hand a vane of justice did uphold;
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
During his office treason was no crime;
The sons of Belial had a glorious time:
For Shimei, though not prodigal of self,
Yet loved his wicked neighbor as himself.
When two or three were gathered to declaim
Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them:
And if they cursed the king when he was by,
Would rather curse than break good company.
If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He packed a jury of dissenting Jews;
Whoso fellow-feeling in the godly cause
Would free the suffering saint from human laws.
For laws are only made to punish those
Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leisure time he had from power,
(Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour,)
His business was by writing to persuade
That kings were useless and a clog to trade:
And, that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite more shunned the fumes of wine.
Chaste were his cellars, and his shrivel board
The grossness of a city feast abhorred:
His cooks with long disuse their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
Such frugal virtue malice may accuse;
But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
For towns, once burnt, such magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel;
And Moses' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of fasting in the mount.

THE PROPER QUALITIES FOR A TUTOR.

By JOHN LOCKE.

(From "Thoughts on Education.")

[JOHN LOCKE, one of the most celebrated of English philosophers, was a native of Wrington, Somerset, where he was born August 29, 1632. After several years of study at Oxford, he engaged in medical practice, and in this capacity made the acquaintance of Lord Ashley (later Earl of Shaftesbury), who appointed him confidential agent and secretary to the council of trade. In 1669 he drew up a constitution for the colonists of Carolina, of which Shaftesbury was one of the lords proprietors. After the fall of his patron Locke found it necessary to escape to Holland, and here he remained for several years, an object of suspicion to the government and a supposed accomplice in Monmouth's rebellion. After the Restoration he held various civil offices, and died at the residence of Sir Francis Masham in Essex, October 28, 1704. His "Essay concerning Human Understanding" (1690), met with rapid and extensive celebrity both in England and on the Continent. Also noteworthy are his letters "Concerning Toleration," "Thoughts on Education," and "The Reasonableness of Christianity."]

THE character of a sober man, and a scholar, is, as I have above observed, what every one expects in a tutor. This generally is thought enough, and is all that parents commonly look for. But when such an one has emptied out, into his pupil, all the Latin and logic he has brought from the university, will that furniture make him a fine gentleman? Or can it be expected that he should be better bred, better skilled in the world, better principled in the grounds and foundations of true virtue and generosity, than his young tutor is?

To form a young gentleman, as he should be, it is fit his governor himself should be well bred, understand the ways of carriage, and measures of civility, in all the variety of persons, times, and places; and keep his pupil, as much as his age requires, constantly to the observation of them. This is an art not to be learnt nor taught by books: nothing can give it but good company and observation joined together. The tailor may make his clothes modish, and the dancing master give fashion to his motions; yet neither of these, though they set off well, make a well-bred gentleman; no, though he have learning to boot; which, if not well managed, makes him more impertinent and intolerable in conversation. Breeding is that which sets a gloss upon all his other good qualities, and renders them useful to him, in procuring him the esteem and good will



JOHN LOCKE

of all that he comes near. Without good breeding, his other accomplishments make him pass but for proud, conceited, vain, or foolish.

Courage, in an ill-bred man, has the air, and escapes not the opinion, of brutality: learning becomes pedantry; wit, buffoonery; plainness, rusticity; good nature, fawning; and there cannot be a good quality in him, which want of breeding will not warp, and disfigure to his disadvantage. Nay, virtue and parts, though they are allowed their due commendation, yet are not enough to procure a man a good reception, and make him welcome wherever he comes. Nobody contents himself with rough diamonds, and wears them so, who would appear with advantage. When they are polished and set, then they give a luster. Good qualities are the substantial riches of the mind; but it is good breeding sets them off: and he that will be acceptable, must give beauty as well as strength to his actions. Solidity, or even usefulness, is not enough: a graceful way and fashion in everything is that which gives the ornament and liking. And, in most cases, the manner of doing is of more consequence than the thing done; and upon that depends the satisfaction, or disgust, wherewith it is received. This, therefore, which lies not in the putting off the hat, nor making of compliments, but in a due and free composure of language, looks, motion, posture, place, etc., suited to persons and occasions, and can be learned only by habit and use, though it be above the capacity of children, and little ones should not be perplexed about it, yet it ought to be begun, and in a good measure learned, by a young gentleman whilst he is under a tutor, before he comes into the world upon his own legs; for then usually it is too late to hope to reform several habitual indecencies, which lie in little things. For the carriage is not as it should be, till it is become natural in every part; falling, as skillful musicians' fingers do, into harmonious order, without care, and without thought. If in conversation a man's mind be taken up with a solicitous watchfulness about any part of his behavior, instead of being mended by it, it will be constrained, uneasy, and ungraceful.

Besides, this part is most necessary to be formed by the hands and care of a governor; because, though the errors committed in breeding are the first that are taken notice of by others, yet they are the last that any one is told of. Not but that the malice of the world is forward enough to tattle of

mischief. He should, by degrees, be informed of the vices in fashion, and warned of the applications and designs of those who will make it their business to corrupt him. He should be told the arts they use, and the trains they lay; and now and then have set before him the tragical or ridiculous examples of those who are ruining, or ruined, this way. The age is not like to want instances of this kind, which should be landmarks to him; that by the disgraces, diseases, beggary, and shame of hopeful young men, thus brought to ruin, he may be cautioned, and be made to see how those join in the contempt and neglect of them that are undone, who, by pretenses of friendship and respect, led them into it, and helped to prey upon them whilst they were undoing; that he may see, before he buys it by a too dear experience, that those who persuade him not to follow the sober advices he has received from his governors, and the counsel of his own reason, which they call being governed by others, do it only that they may have the government of him themselves; and make him believe he goes like a man of himself, by his own conduct and for his own pleasure, when, in truth, he is wholly as a child, led by them into those vices which best serve their purposes. This is a knowledge which, upon all occasions, a tutor should endeavor to instill, and by all methods try to make him comprehend and thoroughly relish.



CONTENTEDNESS IN ALL ESTATES AND ACCIDENTS.

By JEREMY TAYLOR.

(From "Holy Living.")

[JEREMY TAYLOR: An English theologian; born at Cambridge, August 15, 1613; died at Lisburn, Ireland, August 13, 1687. He was the son of a barber, and received his degree at Cambridge. He was probably a chaplain during the Civil War, later became a schoolmaster, and after the Restoration was made bishop of Down and Connor, in Ireland. He published "Episcopacy Asserted against the Acephali and Aérians, New and Old" (1642), "Discourse on the Liberty of Prophesying" (1647), "The Great Exemplar of Sanctity and Holy Life" (1649), "The Rule and Exercise of Holy Living" (1650), and "Ductor Dubitantium" (1660).]

VIRTUES and discourses are like friends, necessary in all fortunes; but those are the best which are friends in our sad-



JEREMY TAYLOR, D.D.
BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR

nesses, and support us in our sorrows and sad accidents : and, in this sense, no man that is virtuous can be friendless ; nor hath any man reason to complain of the Divine Providence, or accuse the public disorder of things, or his own infelicity, since God hath appointed one remedy for all the evils in the world, and that is a contented spirit : for this alone makes a man pass through fire, and not be scorched ; through seas, and not be drowned ; through hunger and nakedness, and want nothing. For since all the evil in the world consists in the disagreeing between the object and the appetite, as when a man hath what he desires not, or desires what he hath not, or desires amiss ; he that composes his spirit to the present accident hath variety of instances for his virtue, but none to trouble him ; because his desires enlarge not beyond his present fortune : and a wise man is placed in the variety of chances, like the nave or center of a wheel in the midst of all the circumsolutions and changes of posture, without violence or change, save that it turns gently in compliance with its changed parts, and is indifferent which part is up and which is down ; for there is some virtue or other to be exercised, whatever happens ; either patience or thanksgiving, love or fear, moderation or humility, charity or contentedness ; and they are every one of them equally in order to his great end and immortal felicity : and beauty is not made by white or red, by black eyes and a round face, by a straight body and a smooth skin ; but by a proportion to the fancy. No rules can make amiability, our minds and apprehensions make that : and so is our felicity : and we may be reconciled to poverty and a low fortune, if we suffer contentedness and the grace of God to make the proportions. For no man is poor, that does not think himself so : but if, in a full fortune, with impatience he desires more, he proclaims his wants and his beggarly condition. But, because this grace of Contentedness was the sum of all the old moral philosophy, and a great duty in Christianity, and of most universal use in the whole course of our lives, and the only instrument to ease the burdens of the world and the enmities of sad chances, it will not be amiss to press it by the proper arguments by which God hath bound it upon our spirits : it being fastened by reason and religion, by duty and interest, by necessity and conveniency, by example, and by the proposition of excellent rewards, no less than peace and felicity.

Contentedness in all estates is a duty of religion ; it is the great reasonableness of complying with the Divine Providence

which governs all the world, and hath so ordered us in the administration of His great family. He were a strange fool that should be angry because dogs and sheep need no shoes, and yet himself is full of care to get some. God hath supplied those needs to them by natural provisions, and to thee by an artificial: for He hath given thee reason to learn a trade, or some means to make or buy them; so that it only differs in the manner of our provision: and which had you rather want, shoes or reason? And my patron that hath given me a farm is freer to me than if he gives a loaf ready baked. But, however, all these gifts come from Him, and therefore it is fit He should dispense them as He pleases; and if we murmur here, we may at the next melancholy be troubled that God did not make us to be angels or stars. For, if that which we are or have do not content us, we may be troubled for everything in the world which is besides our being or our possessions.

God is the master of the scenes; we must not choose which part we shall act; it concerns us only to be careful that we do it well, always saying, *if this please God, let it be as it is*: and we, who pray that God's will may be done in earth as it is in heaven, must remember that the angels do whatsoever is commanded them, and go wherever they are sent, and refuse no circumstances: and if their employment be crossed by a higher decree, they sit down in peace and rejoice in the event; and, when the Angel of Judæa could not prevail in behalf of the people committed to his charge, because the Angel of Persia opposed it, he only told the story at the command of God, and was as content, and worshiped with as great an ecstasy in his proportion as the prevailing Spirit. Do thou so likewise: keep the station where God hath placed you, and you shall never long for things without, but sit at home feasting upon the Divine Providence and thy own reason, by which we are taught that it is necessary and reasonable to submit to God.

For, is not all the world God's family? Are not we His creatures? Are we not as clay in the hand of the potter? Do not we live upon His meat, and move by His strength, and do our work by His light? Are we anything but what we are from Him? And shall there be a mutiny among the flocks and herds, because their Lord or their Shepherd chooses their pastures, and suffers them not to wander into deserts and unknown ways? If we choose, we do it so foolishly that we cannot like it long, and most commonly not at all: but God, who can do

be freer than himself : but if not till anon or to-morrow, I will dine first, or sleep, or do what reason and nature calls for, as at other times." This in Gentile philosophy is the same with the discourse of St. Paul, *I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound : everywhere and in all things I am instructed, both how to be full and how to be hungry, both to abound and suffer need.*

We are in the world like men playing at tables ; the chance is not in our power, but to play it is ; and when it is fallen we must manage it as we can ; and let nothing trouble us, but when we do a base action, or speak like a fool, or think wickedly : these things God hath put into our powers ; but concerning those things which are wholly in the choice of another, they cannot fall under our deliberation, and therefore neither are they fit for our passions. My fear may make me miserable, but it cannot prevent what another hath in his power and purpose : and prosperities can only be enjoyed by them who fear not at all to lose them ; since the amazement and passion concerning the future takes off all the pleasure of the present possession. Therefore if thou hast lost thy land, do not also lose thy constancy : and if thou must die a little sooner, yet do not die impatiently. For no chance is evil to him that is content, and *to a man nothing miserable, unless it be unreasonable.* No man can make another man to be his slave, unless he hath first enslaved himself to life and death, to pleasure or pain, to hope or fear : command these passions, and you are freer than the Parthian kings.



OF THE LIBERTY OF SUBJECTS.

By THOMAS HOBBEES.

(From "The Leviathan.")

[THOMAS HOBBEES, a great English metaphysician, was born at Malmesbury, April 5, 1588 ; died December 4, 1679. His works are so numerous and special, in metaphysical exposition and controversy, that only students of such subjects would find them of use ; the one still familiar is "The Leviathan," an analysis of society.]

LIBERTY, or "freedom," signifieth, properly, the absence of opposition ; by opposition, I mean external impediments of motion ; and may be applied no less to irrational and inanimate

creatures than to rational. For whatsoever is so tied, or environed, as it cannot move but within a certain space, which space is determined by the opposition of some external body, we say it hath not liberty to go further. And so of all living creatures whilst they are imprisoned, or restrained, with walls or chains ; and of the water whilst it is kept in by banks or vessels, that otherwise would spread itself into a larger space, we use to say, they are not at liberty to move in such manner, as without those external impediments they would. But when the impediment of motion is in the constitution of the thing itself, we use not to say, it wants the liberty, but the power to move ; as when a stone lieth still, or a man is fastened to his bed by sickness.

And according to this proper and generally received meaning of the word, a "freeman is he that, in those things which by his strength and wit he is able to do, is not hindered to do what he has a will to." But when the words "free" and "liberty" are applied to anything but "bodies," they are abused ; for that which is not subject to motion is not subject to impediment ; and therefore, when it is said, for example, the way is free, no liberty of the way is signified, but of those that walk in it without stop. And when we say a gift is free, there is not meant any liberty of the gift, but of the giver, that was not bound by any law or covenant to give it. So when we "speak freely," it is not the liberty of voice, or pronunciation, but of the man, whom no law hath obliged to speak otherwise than he did. Lastly, from the use of the word "free-will," no liberty can be inferred of the will, desire, or inclination, but the liberty of the man ; which consisteth in this, that he finds no stop in doing what he has the will, desire, or inclination to do.

Fear and liberty are consistent ; as when a man throweth his goods into the sea for "fear" the ship should sink, he doth it nevertheless very willingly, and may refuse to do it if he will : it is therefore the action of one that was "free" ; so a man sometimes pays his debt, only for "fear" of imprisonment, which because nobody hindered him from detaining, was the action of a man at "liberty." And generally all actions which men do in commonwealths, for "fear" of the law, are actions which the doers had "liberty" to omit.

"Liberty" and "necessity" are consistent, as in the water, that hath not only "liberty," but a "necessity," of descending by the channel ; so likewise in the actions which men voluntarily do : which, because they proceed from their will, proceed

from "liberty," and yet, because every act of man's will, and every desire and inclination, proceedeth from some cause, and that from another cause, in a continual chain, whose first link is in the hand of God the first of all causes, proceed from "necessity." So that to him that could see the connection of those causes, the "necessity" of all men's voluntary actions would appear manifest. And therefore God, that seeth and disposeth all things, seeth also that the "liberty" of man in doing what he will is accompanied with the "necessity" of doing that which God will, and no more nor less. For though men may do many things which God does not command, nor is therefore author of them, yet they can have no passion, nor appetite to anything, of which appetite God's will is not the cause. And did not His will assure the "necessity" of man's will, and consequently of all that on man's will dependeth, the "liberty" of men would be a contradiction and impediment to the omnipotence and "liberty" of God. And this shall suffice, as to the matter in hand, of that natural "liberty," which only is properly called "liberty."

But as men, for the attaining of peace, and the conservation of themselves thereby, have made an artificial man, which we call a commonwealth; so also have they made artificial chains, called "civil laws," which they themselves, by mutual covenants, have fastened at one end, to the lips of that man, or assembly, to whom they have given the sovereign power; and at the other end to their own ears. These bonds, in their own nature but weak, may nevertheless be made to hold, by the danger, though not by the difficulty, of breaking them.

In relation to these bonds only it is that I am to speak now of the "liberty" of "subjects." For seeing there is no commonwealth in the world wherein there be rules enough set down for the regulating of all the actions and words of men, as being a thing impossible, it followeth necessarily that in all kinds of actions by the laws pretermitted, men have the liberty of doing what their own reasons shall suggest, for the most profitable to themselves. For if we take liberty in the proper sense, for corporal liberty; that is to say, freedom from chains and prison; it were very absurd for men to clamor as they do for the liberty they so manifestly enjoy. Again, if we take liberty for an exemption from laws, it is no less absurd for men to demand as they do that liberty by which all other men may be masters of their lives. And yet, as absurd as it is, this is it they demand:

not knowing that the laws are of no power to protect them, without a sword in the hands of a man, or men, to cause those laws to be put in execution. The liberty of a subject lieth therefore only in those things which, in regulating their actions, the sovereign hath pretermitted: such as is the liberty to buy and sell, and otherwise contract with one another; to choose their own abode, their own diet, their own trade of life, and institute their children as they themselves think fit; and the like.

Nevertheless we are not to understand that by such liberty the sovereign power of life and death is either abolished or limited. For it has been already shown that nothing the sovereign representative can do to a subject, on what pretense soever, can properly be called injustice or injury; because every subject is author of every act the sovereign doth; so that he never wanteth right to anything, otherwise than as he himself is the subject of God, and bound thereby to observe the laws of Nature. And therefore it may, and doth often happen in commonwealths, that a subject may be put to death by the command of the sovereign power; and yet neither do the other wrong: as when Jephtha caused his daughter to be sacrificed; in which, and the like cases, he that so dieth, had liberty to do the action, for which he is nevertheless without injury put to death. And the same holdeth also in a sovereign prince that putteth to death an innocent subject. For though the action be against the law of Nature, as being contrary to equity, as was the killing of Uriah by David; yet it was not an injury to Uriah, but to God. Not to Uriah, because the right to do what he pleased was given him by Uriah himself: and yet to God, because David was God's subject, and prohibited all iniquity by the law of Nature: which distinction, David himself, when he repented the fact, evidently confirmed, saying, "To Thee only have I sinned." In the same manner the people of Athens, when they banished the most potent of their commonwealth for ten years, thought they committed no injustice; and yet they never questioned what crime he had done, but what hurt he would do: nay, they commanded the banishment of they knew not whom; and every citizen bringing his oyster shell into the market place, written with the name of him he desired should be banished, without actually accusing him, sometimes banished an Aristides, for his reputation of justice, and sometimes a scurrilous jester, as Hyperbolus, to make a jest of it. And yet a man cannot say, the

sovereign people of Athens wanted right to banish them, or an Athenian the liberty to jest or to be just.

The liberty whereof there is so frequent and honorable mention in the histories and philosophy of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and in the writings and discourse of those that from them have received all their learning in the politics, is not the liberty of particular men, but the liberty of the commonwealth: which is the same with that which every man then should have, if there were no civil laws, nor commonwealth at all. And the effects of it also be the same. For as amongst masterless men there is perpetual war, of every man against his neighbor; no inheritance to transmit to the son, nor to expect from the father; no propriety of goods or lands; no security; but a full and absolute liberty in every particular man: so in states and commonwealths not dependent on one another, every commonwealth, not every man, has an absolute liberty to do what it shall judge, that is to say, what that man, or assembly that representeth it, shall judge most conducing to their benefit. But withal, they live in the condition of a perpetual war, and upon the confines of battle, with their frontiers armed, and cannons planted against their neighbors round about. The Athenians and Romans were free; that is, free commonwealths: not that any particular men had the liberty to resist their own representative, but that their representative had the liberty to resist or invade other people. There is written on the turrets of the city of Lucca, in great characters, at this day, the word "Libertas"; yet no man can thence infer that a particular man has more liberty, or immunity from the service of the commonwealth there, than in Constantinople. Whether a commonwealth be monarchical or popular, the freedom is still the same.

But it is an easy thing for men to be deceived by the specious name of liberty, and for want of judgment to distinguish, mistake that for their private inheritance and birthright which is the right of the public only. And when the same error is confirmed by the authority of men in reputation for their writings on this subject, it is no wonder if it produce sedition and change of government. In these western parts of the world we are made to receive our opinions concerning the institution and rights of commonwealths, from Aristotle, Cicero, and other men, Greeks and Romans, that living under popular states derived those rights, not from the principles of Nature, but transcribed them into their books out of the practice of their own

commonwealths, which were popular; as the grammarians describe the rules of language out of the practice of the time, or the rules of poetry out of the poems of Homer and Virgil. And because the Athenians were taught to keep them from desire of changing their government, that they were free men, and all that lived under monarchy were slaves; therefore Aristotle put it down in his "Politics" (lib. 6, cap. ii.): "In democracy, 'liberty' is to be supposed: for it is commonly held that no man is 'free' in any other government." And as Aristotle, so Cicero and other writers have grounded their civil doctrine on the opinions of the Romans, who were taught to hate monarchy, at first, by them that, having deposed their sovereign, shared amongst them the sovereignty of Rome, and afterwards by their successors. And by reading of these Greek and Latin authors, men from their childhood have gotten a habit, under a false show of liberty, of favoring tumults, and of licentious controlling the actions of their sovereigns, and again of controlling those controllers; with the effusion of so much blood as I think I may truly say there was never anything so dearly bought as these western parts have bought the learning of the Greek and Latin tongues.

To come now to the particulars of the true liberty of a subject; that is to say, what are the things which, though commanded by the sovereign, he may nevertheless, without injustice, refuse to do; we are to consider what rights we pass away, when we make a commonwealth; or, which is all one, what liberty we deny ourselves, by owning all the actions, without exception, of the man, or assembly, we make our sovereign. For in the act of our "submission" consisteth both our "obligation" and our "liberty"; which must therefore be inferred by arguments taken from thence; there being no obligation on any man, which ariseth not from some act of his own; for all men equally are by Nature free. And because such arguments must either be drawn from the express words, I "authorize all his actions," or from the intention of him that submitteth himself to his power, which intention is to be understood by the end for which he so submitteth, the obligation and liberty of the subject is to be derived, either from those words, or others equivalent; or else from the end of the institution of sovereignty, namely, the peace of the subjects within themselves, and their defense against a common enemy.

First, therefore, seeing sovereignty by institution is by

covenant of every one to every one ; and sovereignty by acquisition, by covenants of the vanquished to the victor, or child to the parent ; it is manifest that every subject has liberty in all those things the right whereof cannot by covenant be transferred. I have shown before, in the 14th chapter, that covenants not to defend a man's own body are void. Therefore,

If the sovereign command a man, though justly condemned, to kill, wound, or maim himself ; or not to resist those that assault him ; or to abstain from the use of food, air, medicine, or any other thing, without which he cannot live ; yet hath that man the liberty to disobey.

If a man be interrogated by the sovereign, or his authority, concerning a crime done by himself, he is not bound, without assurance of pardon, to confess it ; because no man, as I have shown in the same chapter, can be obliged by covenant to accuse himself.

Again, the consent of a subject to sovereign power is contained in these words, "I authorize, or take upon me, all his actions ;" in which there is no restriction at all, of his own former natural liberty : for by allowing him to "kill me," I am not bound to kill myself when he commands me. It is one thing to say, "Kill me, or my fellow, if you please ;" another thing to say, "I will kill myself, or my fellow." It followeth therefore that

No man is bound by the words themselves, either to kill himself, or any other man ; and consequently, that the obligation a man may sometimes have, upon the command of the sovereign to execute any dangerous or dishonorable office, dependeth not on the words of our submission, but on the intention which is to be understood by the end thereof. When therefore our refusal to obey frustrates the end for which the sovereignty was ordained, then there is no liberty to refuse : otherwise there is.

Upon this ground, a man that is commanded as a soldier to fight against the enemy, though his sovereign have right enough to punish his refusal with death, may nevertheless in many cases refuse, without injustice ; as when he substituteth a sufficient soldier in his place : for in this case he deserteth not the service of the commonwealth. And there is allowance to be made for natural timorousness ; not only to women, of whom no such dangerous duty is expected, but also to men of feminine cour-

age. When armies fight, there is on one side, or both, a running away ; yet when they do it not out of treachery, but fear, they are not esteemed to do it unjustly, but dishonorably. For the same reason, to avoid battle is not injustice, but cowardice. But he that enrolleth himself a soldier, or taketh impressed money, taketh away the excuse of a timorous nature, and is obliged, not only to go to the battle, but also not to run from it, without his captain's leave. And when the defense of the commonwealth requireth at once the help of all that are able to bear arms, every one is obliged ; because otherwise the institution of the commonwealth, which they have not the purpose or courage to preserve, was in vain.

To resist the sword of the commonwealth in defense of another man, guilty or innocent, no man hath liberty ; because such liberty takes away from the sovereign the means of protecting us, and is therefore destructive of the very essence of government. But in case a great many men together have already resisted the sovereign power unjustly, or committed some capital crime for which every one of them expecteth death, whether have they not the liberty then to join together, and assist and defend one another ? Certainly they have ; for they but defend their lives, which the guilty man may as well do as the innocent. There was indeed injustice in the first breach of their duty ; their bearing of arms subsequent to it, though it be to maintain what they have done, is no new unjust act. And if it be only to defend their persons, it is not unjust at all. But the offer of pardon taketh from them to whom it is offered the plea of self-defense, and maketh their perseverance in assisting or defending the rest unlawful.

As for other liberties, they depend on the silence of the law. In cases where the sovereign has prescribed no rule, there the subject hath the liberty to do, or forbear, according to his own discretion. And therefore such liberty is in some places more, and in some less ; and in some times more, in other times less, according as they that have the sovereignty shall think most convenient. As for example, there was a time when, in England, a man might enter into his own land, and dispossess such as wrongfully possessed it, by force. But in after times, that liberty of forcible entry was taken away by a statute made by the king in parliament. And in some places of the world, men have the liberty of many wives ; in other places such liberty is not allowed.

If a subject have a controversy with his sovereign, of debt, or of right of possession of lands or goods, or concerning any service required at his hands, or concerning any penalty, corporal or pecuniary, grounded on a precedent law, he hath the same liberty to sue for his right as if it were against a subject, and before such judges as are appointed by the sovereign. For seeing the sovereign demandeth by force of a former law, and not by virtue of his power, he declareth thereby that he requireth no more than shall appear to be due by that law. The suit therefore is not contrary to the will of the sovereign; and consequently the subject hath the liberty to demand the hearing of his cause, and sentence, according to that law. But if he demand or take anything by pretense of his power, there lieth, in that case, no action of law; for all that is done by him in virtue of his power is done by the authority of every subject, and consequently he that brings an action against the sovereign brings it against himself.

If a monarch, or sovereign assembly, grant a liberty to all or any of his subjects, which grant standing, he is disabled to provide for their safety, the grant is void, unless he directly renounce or transfer the sovereignty to another. For in that he might openly, if it had been his will, and in plain terms, have renounced or transferred it, and did not; it is to be understood it was not his will, but that the grant proceeded from ignorance of the repugnancy between such a liberty and the sovereign power, and therefore the sovereignty is still retained; and consequently all those powers which are necessary to the exercising thereof; such as are the power of war and peace, of judicature, of appointing officers and councilors, of levying money, and the rest named in the 18th chapter.

The obligation of subjects to the sovereign is understood to last as long, and no longer, than the power lasteth by which he is able to protect them. For the right men have by nature to protect themselves, when none else can protect them, can by no covenant be relinquished. The sovereignty is the soul of the commonwealth, which once departed from the body, the members do no more receive their motion from it. The end of obedience is protection, which, wheresoever a man seeth it, either in his own or in another's sword, nature applieth his obedience to it, and his endeavor to maintain it. And though sovereignty, in the intention of them that make it, be immortal, yet is it in its own nature not only subject to violent death by

foreign war, but also, through the ignorance and passions of men, it hath in it, from the very institution, many seeds of a natural mortality, by intestine discord.

If a subject be taken prisoner in war, or his person, or his means of life be within the guards of the enemy, and hath his life and corporal liberty given him on condition to be subject to the victor, he hath liberty to accept the condition ; and having accepted it, is the subject of him that took him, because he had no other way to preserve himself. The case is the same, if he be detained on the same terms, in a foreign country. But if a man be held in prison, or bonds, or is not trusted with the liberty of his body, he cannot be understood to be bound by covenant to subjection, and therefore may, if he can, make his escape by any means whatsoever.

If a monarch shall relinquish the sovereignty, both for himself and his heirs, his subjects return to the absolute liberty of nature ; because, though nature may declare who are his sons, and who are the nearest of his kin, yet it dependeth on his own will, as hath been said in the precedent chapter, who shall be his heir. If therefore he will have no heir, there is no sovereignty, nor subjection. The case is the same if he die without known kindred, and without declaration of his heir. For then there can no heir be known, and consequently no subjection be due.

If the sovereign banish his subject, during the banishment he is not subject. But he that is sent on a message, or hath leave to travel, is still subject ; but it is by contract between sovereigns, not by virtue of the covenant of subjection. For whosoever entereth into another's dominion is subject to all the laws thereof, unless he have a privilege by the amity of the sovereigns, or by special license.

If a monarch subdued by war render himself subject to the victor, his subjects are delivered from their former obligation, and become obliged to the victor. But if he be held prisoner, or hath not the liberty of his own body, he is not understood to have given away the right of sovereignty ; and therefore his subjects are obliged to yield obedience to the magistrates formerly placed, governing not in their own name, but in his. For, his right remaining, the question is only of the administration ; that is to say, of the magistrates and officers, which, if we have not means to name, he is supposed to approve those which he himself had formerly appointed.

THE BETRAYAL.

By THOMAS OTWAY.

(From "Venice Preserved.")

[THOMAS OTWAY, English dramatist, was born in Sussex, March 3, 1651. He was educated at Winchester, and at Christ Church, Oxford; attempted to become an actor; became a playwright and dissolute bohemian; and died April 14, 1685. His one remembered play is "Venice Preserved"; but he wrote, among others, "The Orphan," "The Soldier's Fortune," and its sequel, "The Atheist."]

Scene: The Senate House.

The Duke of VENICE, PRIULI, ANTONIO, and eight other Senators
discovered in session.

Duke—

Antony, Priuli, senators of Venice,
Speak; why are we assembled here this night?
What have you to inform us of, concerns
The state of Venice' honor, or its safety?

Priuli—

Could words express the story I've to tell you,
Fathers, these tears were useless, these sad tears
That fall from my old eyes; but there is cause
We all should weep; tear off these purple robes,
And wrap ourselves in sackcloth, sitting down
On the sad earth, and cry aloud to Heaven.
Heaven knows if yet there be an hour to come
Ere Venice be no more!

All the Senators—

How!

Priuli—

Nay, we stand
Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.
Within this city's formed a dark conspiracy
To massacre us all, our wives and children,
Kindred and friends; our palaces and temples
To lay in ashes: nay, the hour too fixed;
The swords, for aught I know, drawn even this moment,
And the wild waste begun. From unknown hands
I had this warning: but, if we are men,
Let's not be tamely butchered, but do something
That may inform the world in after ages
Our virtue was not ruined, though we were.

Voices [without] —

Room, room, make room for some prisoners!

Second Senator —

Let's raise the city.

Enter Officer and Guard.

Priuli —

Speak there, what disturbance?

Officer —

Two prisoners have the guard seized in the streets,
Who say they come to inform this reverend Senate
About the present danger.

All —

Give them entrance. —

Enter JAFFIER and BELVIDERA, guarded.

Well; who are you?

Jaffier —

A villain.

Antonio —

Short and pithy.
The man speaks well.

Jaffier —

Would every man that hears me
Would deal so honestly, and own his title!

Duke —

'Tis rumored that a plot has been contrived
Against this state; that you've a share in't too.
If you're a villain, to redeem your honor,
Unfold the truth, and be restored with mercy.

Jaffier —

Think not that I, to save my life, come hither;
I know its value better; but in pity
To all those wretches whose unhappy dooms
Are fixed and sealed. You see me here before you,
The sworn and covenanted foe of Venice;
But use me as my dealings may deserve,
And I may prove a friend.

Duke —

The slave capitulates [proposes conditions]!
Give him the tortures.

Jaffier —

That you dare not do;

Your fears won't let you, nor the longing itch
 To hear a story which you dread the truth of,—
 Truth, which the fear of smart shall ne'er get from me.
 Cowards are scared with threatenings; boys are whipped
 Into confessions: but a steady mind
 Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body counsel.
 Give him the tortures! Name but such a thing
 Again, by Heaven, I'll shut these lips forever;
 Not all your racks, your engines, or your wheels
 Shall force a groan away that you may guess at.

Antonio — A bloody-minded fellow, I'll warrant; a damned
 bloody-minded fellow.

Duke —

Name your conditions.

Jaffier —

For myself full pardon,
 Besides the lives of two and twenty friends [*Delivers a list.*
 Whose names are here enrolled: nay, let their crimes
 Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the oaths
 And sacred promise of this reverend council,
 That in a full assembly of the Senate
 The thing I ask be ratified. Swear this,
 And I'll unfold the secrets of your danger.

All —

We'll swear.

Duke —

Propose the oath.

Jaffier —

By all the hopes
 Ye have of peace and happiness hereafter,
 Swear.

All —

We all swear.

Jaffier —

To grant me what I've asked,
 Ye swear?

All —

We swear.

Jaffier —

And as ye keep the oath,
 May you and your posterity be blessed,
 Or cursed forever!

All —

Else be cursed forever!

Jaffier —

Then here's the list, and with it the full disclose
Of all that threatens you. Now, fate, thou'st caught me.

[*Delivers another paper.*]

Antonio — Why, what a dreadful catalogue of cutthroats is here!
I'll warrant you, not one of these fellows but has a face like a lion.
I dare not so much as read their names over.

Duke —

Give order that all diligent search be made
To seize these men; their characters are public:
The paper intimates their rendezvous
To be at the house of a famed Grecian courtesan,
Called Aquilina; see that place secured.

Antonio —

What, my Nicky Nacky, hurry durry, Nicky
Nacky in the plot? — I'll make a speech. —
Most noble senators,
What headlong apprehension drives you on,
Right noble, wise, and truly solid senators,
To violate the laws and right of nations?
The lady is a lady of renown.
'Tis true, she holds a house of fair reception,
And though I say it myself, as many more
Can say as well as I —

Second Senator —

My lord, long speeches
Are frivolous here, when dangers are so near us.
We all well know your interest in that lady;
The world talks loud on't.

Antonio —

Verily, I have done,
I say no more.

Duke —

But, since he has declared
Himself concerned, pray, captain, take great caution
To treat the fair one as becomes her character,
And let her bedchamber be searched with decency.
You, Jaffier, must with patience bear till morning
To be our prisoner.

Jaffier —

Would the chains of death
Had bound me fast ere I had known this minute!
I've done a deed will make my story hereafter
Quoted in competition with all ill ones:
The history of my wickedness shall run

Down through the low traditions of the vulgar,
And boys be taught to tell the tale of Jaffier.

Duke—

Captain, withdraw your prisoner.

Jaffier—

Sir, if possible,
Lead me where my own thoughts themselves may lose me;
Where I may doze out what I've left of life,
Forget myself, and this day's guilt and falsehood.
Cruel remembrance, how shall I appease thee!

[*Exeunt JAFFIER and BELVIDERA, guarded.*]

Voices [without]—

More traitors; room, room, make room there.

Duke—

How's this! Guards!
Where are our guards? Shut up the gates; the treason's
Already at our doors.

Enter Officer.

Officer—

My lords, more traitors;
Seized in the very act of consultation;
Furnished with arms and instruments of mischief.—
Bring in the prisoners.

*Enter PIERRE, RENAULT, THEODORE, ELIOT, REVILLIDO, and other
Conspirators, in fetters, guarded.*

Pierre—

You, my lords and fathers
(As you are pleased to call yourselves) of Venice,
If you sit here to guide the course of justice,
Why these disgraceful chains upon the limbs
That have so often labored in your service?
Are these the wreaths of triumphs ye bestow
On those that bring you conquests home, and honors?

Duke—

Go on; you shall be heard, sir.

Antonio—

And be hanged, too, I hope.

Pierre—

Are these the trophies I've deserved for fighting
Your battles with confederated powers?
When winds and seas conspired to overthrow you,
And brought the fleets of Spain to your own harbors;
When you, great Duke, shrunk trembling in your palace,
And saw your wife, the Adriatic, plowed,
Like a lewd whore, by bolder prowls than yours,

Stepped not I forth, and taught your loose Venetians
 The task of honor, and the way to greatness;
 Raised you from your capitulating fears,
 To stipulate the terms of sued-for peace?
 And this my recompense? If I'm a traitor,
 Produce my charge; or show the wretch that's base enough
 And brave enough to tell me I'm a traitor.

Duke—

Know you one Jaffier? [*All the Conspirators murmur.*]

Pierre—

Yes, and know his virtue.
 His justice, truth, his general worth, and sufferings
 From a hard father taught me first to love him.

Duke—

See him brought forth.

Reënter JAFFIER, guarded.

Pierre—

My friend too bound! nay, then,
 Our fate has conquered us, and we must fall.
 Why droops the man whose welfare's so much mine,
 They're but one thing? These reverend tyrants, Jaffier,
 Call us all traitors: art thou one, my brother?

Jaffier—

To thee I am the falsest, veriest slave
 That e'er betrayed a generous, trusting friend,
 And gave up honor to be sure of ruin.
 All our fair hopes, which morning was to have crowned,
 Has this cursed tongue o'erthrown.

Pierre—

So, then, all's over:
 Venice has lost her freedom; I my life.
 No more; farewell.

Duke—

Say, will you make confession
 Of your vile deeds, and trust the Senate's mercy?

Pierre—

Cursed be your Senate; cursed your constitution;
 The curse of growing factions and division
 Still vex your councils, shake your public safety,
 And make the robes of government you wear,
 Hateful to you, as these base chains to me!

Duke—

Pardon, or Death?

Pierre—

Death, honorable death!

Renault—

Death's the best thing we ask, or you can give.

All Conspirators—

No shameful bonds, but honorable death.

Duke—

Break up the council. Captain, guard your prisoners.

Jaffier, you're free, but these must wait for judgment.

[*Exeunt all the Senators.*]

Pierre—

Come, where's my dungeon? lead me to my straw:

It will not be the first time I've lodged hard

To do your Senate service.

Jaffier—

Hold one moment.

Pierre—

Who's he disputes the judgment of the Senate?

Presumptuous rebel—on—— [Strikes JAFFIER.]

Jaffier—

By Heaven, you stir not!

I must be heard, I must have leave to speak.

Thou hast disgraced me, Pierre, by a vile blow:

Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice?

But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me,

For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries;

Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,

With pity and with charity behold me;

Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance,

But, as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,

Listen with mildness to my supplications.

Pierre—

What whining monk art thou? what holy cheat,

That wouldst encroach upon my credulous ears,

And cant'st thus vilely? Hence! I know thee not.

Dissemble and be nasty: leave me, hypocrite.

Jaffier—

Not know me, Pierre?

Pierre—

No, know thee not: what art thou?

Jaffier—

Jaffier, thy friend, thy once loved, valued friend,

Though now deservedly scorned, and used most hardly.

Pierre—

Thou Jaffier! thou my once loved, valued friend?

By Heavens, thou liest! The man so called, my friend,
 Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant,
 Noble in mind, and in his person lovely,
 Dear to my eyes and tender to my heart:
 But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,
 Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect;
 All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
 Prithee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,
 Like something baneful, that my nature's chilled at.

Jaffier —

I have not wronged thee, by these tears I have not,
 But still am honest, true, and hope, too, valiant;
 My mind still full of thee: therefore still noble.
 Let not thy eyes then shun me, nor thy heart
 Detest me utterly: oh, look upon me,
 Look back and see my sad, sincere submission!
 How my heart swells, as even 'twould burst my bosom,
 Fond of its goal, and laboring to be at thee!
 What shall I do — what say to make thee hear me?

Pierre —

Hast thou not wronged me? dar'st thou call thyself
 Jaffier, that once loved, valued friend of mine;
 And swear thou hast not wronged me? Whence these chains?
 Whence the vile death which I may meet this moment?
 Whence this dishonor, but from thee, thou false one?

Jaffier —

All's true, yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.

Pierre —

What's that?

Jaffier —

To take thy life on such conditions
 The Council have proposed: thou and thy friends
 May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pierre —

Life! ask my life? confess! record myself
 A villain, for the privilege to breathe,
 And carry up and down this cursèd city
 A discontented and repining spirit,
 Burthensome to itself, a few years longer,
 To lose it, maybe, at last in a lewd quarrel
 For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
 No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
 And cannot part on better terms than now,
 When only men like thee are fit to live in't.

Jaffier —

By all that's just —

Pierre—

Swear by some other powers,
For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.

Jaffier—

Then, by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee,
Till to thyself, at least, thou'rt reconciled,
However thy resentments deal with me.

Pierre—

Not leave me!

Jaffier—

No; thou shalt not force me from thee.
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head; I'll bear it all with patience,
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty:
Lie at thy feet and kiss them, though they spurn me,
Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.

Pierre—

Art thou not——

Jaffier—

What?

Pierre—

A traitor?

Jaffier—

Yes.

Pierre—

A villain?

Jaffier—

Granted.

Pierre—

A coward, a most scandalous coward,
Spiritless, void of honor, one who has sold
Thy everlasting fame for shameless life?

Jaffier—

All, all, and more, much more: my faults are numberless.

Pierre—

And wouldst thou have me live on terms like thine?
Base as thou'rt false——

Jaffier—

No; 'tis to me that's granted.
The safety of thy life was all I aimed at,
In recompense for faith and trust so broken.

Pierre—

I scorn it more, because preserved by thee:

And as when first my foolish heart took pity
 On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
 Relieved thy wants, and raised thee from thy stato
 Of wretchedness in which thy fate had plunged thee,
 To rank thee in my list of noble friends,
 All I received in surety for thy truth
 Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
 Given with a worthless pledgo thou since hast stolen,
 So I restore it back to thee again;
 Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,
 Never from this cursed hour to hold communion,
 Friendship, or interest with thee, though our years
 Were to exceed those limited tho world.
 Take it — farewell! — for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaffier —

Say thou wilt live then.

Pierre —

For my life, dispose it

Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tired with.

Jaffier —

O Pierre!

Pierre —

No more.

Jaffier —

My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,

But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.

Pierre —

Leave me! — Nay, then thus, thus I throw thee from me,
 And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee!

[*Exeunt PIERRE and Conspirators, guarded.*]



THE GRASSHOPPER.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND, MR. CHARLES COTTON.

By RICHARD LOVELACE.

[1618-1658.]

O THOU that swing'st upon the waving ear
 Of some well-filled oaten beard,
 Drunk every night with a delicious tear
 Dropt thee from heaven, where now thou art reared,

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
And when thy poppy works thou dost retire
To thy carved acorn bed to lie.

Up with the day, the Sun thou welcom'st then,
Sport'st in the gilt plaits of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But ah! the sickle! golden ears are crott;
Ceres and Bacchus bid good night;
Sharp frosty fingers all your flowers have topt,
And what scythes spared, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool! and now green ice, thy joys
Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass,
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter rain, and poise
Their floods with an o'erflowing glass.

Thou best of men and friends, we will create
A genuine summer in each other's breast;
And spite of this cold time and frozen fate,
Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally
As vestal flames; the North Wind, he
Shall strike his frost-stretched wings, dissolve, and fly
This Ætna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come weeping in,
Bewail th' usurping of his reign;
But when in showers of old Greek we begin,
Shall cry, he hath his crown again!

Night as clear Hesper shall our tapers whip
From the light casements where we play,
And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,
And stick there everlasting day.

Thus richer than untempted kings are we,
That asking nothing, nothing need;
Though lord of all what seas embrace, yet he
That wants himself is poor indeed.